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Return to Father Black

ERASMI
Colloquia Selecta:

OR, THE

Select Colloquies

OF

ERASMUS.

WITH AN

Engliſh TRANSLATION,

As Literal as poſſible, deſign'd for the Uſe of Beginners in the *Latin* Tongue.

The EIGHTH EDITION.

By *JOHN CLARKE*,

AUTHOR of the ESSAYS upon EDUCATION and STUDY.

LONDON:

Printed for C. HITCH, at the *Red-Lion* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and ſold by T. HAMMOND in *York*; and J. MACE, and J. MUNBY, in *Hull*, 1740.

THE

PREFACE.

I *NEED say nothing here, about the Neceſſity of* Literal Tranſlations *of* Latin *Authors, for the Uſe of Beginners in the* Latin *Tongue; having already ſaid ſo much to that Purpoſe in my* DISSERTATION *upon that Subject, and my* Eſſay upon the Education of YOUTH in Grammar-Schools. *Thither therefore I muſt refer my Reader, if he wants Satisfaction in the Matter: For if that will not ſatisfy him, nothing I can ſay further to the Point, will ſignify any thing at all. It is to me a Wonder, it ſhould be neceſſary to ſay any thing indeed in ſo plain a Caſe. For this Method of proceeding with Beginners, does ſo viſibly recommend itſelf, by its great Eaſineſs, both for Teacher and Learner, that it is really ſurpriſing, the World ſhould not long ſince have hit upon what lies ſo obvious to common Senſe; and I ſhould have much ado to think any Man could, upon the leaſt Conſideration, fail of being convinc'd*

of the Reasonableness and Necessity of it, did I not consider that Prejudice has a strange Influence upon the Minds of Men, and that it has been commonly found somewhat difficult to beat them out of a Road they have been us'd to. The only Reason I can imagine, why this Method has not been taken long before this, is the Difficulty of Translating any thing in Latin *literally, and at the same Time tolerably into our* English *Tongue. A* Literal Translation, *it was thought, would look ridiculous, and bring no great Credit to its Author; and therefore no Body was willing to stoop to a Piece of Drudgery, how useful and necessary soever, that was not likely to turn much to the Undertaker's Reputation. For we see in the Teaching of other Languages, where the Manner of Expression lies not so cross to that of the* English *Tongue, but that they will commonly admit of an easy Literal Translation: Translations have been thought necessary, and constantly used.*

IT is impossible indeed Literal Translations *should be every where easy, handsome, smooth* English; *but whoever considers the vast Usefulness of them, and that they are not design'd to teach Boys* English, *but* Latin, *by informing them in the precise and proper Import of the Words in that Language, (which they visibly do, with vastly more Expedition, as well as Ease to both Master and Scholar, than any other Method that can be taken with them) I say, whoever considers this, will not be offended at the Stiffness and Awkwardness of the Lan-*

Language here and there, which is unavoidable in this Way of Tranſlation.

THE Reader will here find the moſt comical and diverting Dialogues of Eraſmus, *publiſhed exactly in the ſame Method with my* Cordery: *That is to ſay, the Tranſlation is as Literal as it could well be made, and the Order of the* Latin *Words altered and accommodated to the* Engliſh *Tongue. All concern'd in the Inſtruction of young Boys in the* Latin *Tongue, cannot but be ſenſible, how much their Progreſs is retarded, by the Difficulty ariſing from the perplex'd intricate Order of the Words in that Language. This is a continual Rub in their Way, that hinders them, at leaſt, to ſpeak within Compaſs, half in half. This, therefore, I have here removed, that they may not be confounded and diſcouraged by a Difficulty that occurs almoſt every where, and which they cannot get over without that continual Aſſiſtance, which no Maſter can give them, to keep them conſtantly doing; or if he could, yet it would be a needleſs Piece of Drudgery, ſince it may be ſaved by this Contrivance.*

The following BOOKS, *all by Mr.* Clarke, *are sold by* C. Hitch, *at the* Red-Lion *in* Pater-Noster-Row, LONDON.

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ERASMI

ERASMI *Colloquia Selecta.*

NAUFRAGIUM.

A. NArras *horrenda*, eſt *iſthuc* navigare? *Deus* prohibeat *ne* quidquam *tale* veniat *unquam* in mentem.

THou telleſt *dreadful Things*, is *that* ſailing? *God* forbid *that* any *ſuch Thing* ſhould come *ever* into my Mind.

B. Imo, *quod* memoravi *hactenus*, eſt *merus* luſus *præ* his, *quæ* nunc *audies*.

Nay, *what* I have related *hitherto*, is *meer* Play, *in Compariſon* of theſe Things *which* now *you ſhall hear*.

A. Audivi *plus* ſatis *malorum*. Inhorreſco *te memorante*, quaſi *ipſe* interſim *periculo*.

I have heard *more than* enough *of Evils*. I tremble *whilſt you relate*, as if I *my ſelf* were preſent *in the Danger*.

B. Imo, *acti* labores *ſunt* jucundi *mihi*. Ea *nocte* quiddam *accidit*, quod *ex magna parte* ademit *ſpem* ſalutis *Nauclero*.

Nay, *paſt* Labours *are* pleaſant *to me*. That *Night* ſomething *happened*, which *in a great Meaſure*, took away *the Hopes* of Safety *from the Maſter*.

A. Quid

A. Quid *obsecro?*

What *I pray you?*

B. Erat *subluſtris* nox, *et* quidam *e nautis* ſtabat *in galea*; nam *ſic* vocant, *opinor*; circumſpectans, *ſi* videret *quam* terram. *Quædam* ſphæra *ignea* cæpit *adſiſtere* huic; *id* eſt *triſtiſſimum* oſtentum *nautis*, ſi *quando* ignis *eſt* ſolitarius, *felix* cum *gemini*. Vetuſtas *credidit* hos *eſſe* Caſtorem *et* Pollucem.

It was a *Moon-ſhine* Night, *and* one *of the Sailors* ſtood *upon the Round Top*; for *ſo* they call it, *I think*; looking about, *if* he could ſee *any* Land. *A certain* Globe *of Fire* begun *to ſtand by* him; *that* is *a very ſad* Sign *to the Sailors*, if *at any time* the Fire *is* but one, *a happy one* when *there are two*. Antiquity *believed* theſe *to be* Caſtor *and* Pollux.

A. Quid illis *cum* nautis, *quorum* alter *fuit* Eques, *alter* Pugil?

What have they to do *with* Sailors, *of which* one *was* a Horſeman, *the other* a Boxer.

B. Sic *viſum eſt* Poetis. *Nauclerus*, qui *aſſidebat* clavo, *inquit*, Socie (*nam* Nautæ *compellant* ſe mutuo *eo* nomine) *videſne* quod *ſodalitium* claudat *tibi latus?* Video, *reſpondit* ille, & precor *ut* ſit *felix*. Mox *igneus* globus *delapſus* per *funes*, devolvit *ſe* uſque ad *Nauclerum*.

So *it ſeemed good* to the Poets. *The Maſter*, who *ſat* at the Helm, *ſays*, Comrade (*for* Sailors *call* one another *by that* Name) *do you ſee* what *Company* covers *your Side?* I ſee, *anſwered* he, *and* I wiſh *that* it may be *lucky*. By and by *the fiery* Globe *ſliding* along *the Ropes*, rowls *itſelf to the Maſter*.

A. Num

A. Num ille exanimatus eſt *metu?*

Was he not killed *with Fear?*

B. Nautæ *aſſuevere* monſtris. *Ibi* commoratus *pauliſper*, volvit *ſe* per *margines* totius *navis*, inde *diloplus* per *medios foros* evanuit. Sub *meridiem* tempeſtas *cæpit* increſcere *magis* ac *magis*. Vidiſtine *Alpes* unquam?

Sailors *are uſed to* ſtrange Things. *There* ſtaying *a little while*, it roll'd *itſelf* along *the Edges* of the whole *Ship*, after that *ſlipping* through *the middle of the Decks*, it vaniſh'd away. About *Noon* the Storm *began* to rage *more* and *more*. Have you ſeen *the Alps* ever?

A. Vidi.

I have ſeen them.

B. Illi *montes* ſunt *verrucæ*, ſi *conferantur* ad *undas* Maris. *Quoties* tollebamur *in altum*, licuiſſet *contingere* lunam *digito*. Quoties *demittebamur*, videbamur *ire* recta *in tartara*, terra *dehiſcente*.

Thoſe *Mountains* are *Mole-hills*, if *they be compared* to *the Waves* of the Sea. *As oft as* we were lift up *on high*, one might *have touch'd* the Moon *with a Finger*. As oft as *we were let down*, we ſeemed *to go* directly *into Hell*, the Earth *gaping*.

A. O inſanos *qui* credunt *ſe* Mari!

O mad Folks, *who* truſt *themſelves* to the Sea!

B. Nautis *luctantibus* fruſtra *cum* tempeſtate, *tandem* Nauclerus *totus* pallens *adiit* nos.

The Sailors *ſtruggling* in vain *with* the Tempeſt, *at length* the Maſter *all* pale *came to* us.

A. I

A. Is *pallor* præsagit *aliquod* magnum *malum*.

That *Paleneſs* preſages *ſome* great *Evil*.

B. Amici, *inquit*, deſii *eſſe* dominus *meæ* navis; *venti* vicere; *reliquum eſt*, ut *collocemus* noſtram *ſpem* in deo; *et* quiſque *paret* ſe *ad extrema*.

Friends, *ſaith he*, I have ceaſed *to be* Maſter *of my* Ship; *the Winds* have conquered; *it remains* that *we place* our *Hopes* in God; *and* every one *prepare* himſelf *for Extremities*.

A. O concionem *vere* Scythicam!

O Speech *truly* Scythian!

B. Autem *imprimis*, inquit, *navis* eſt *exoneranda*, ſic *neceſſitas* jubet, *durum* telum: *Præſtat* conſulere *vitæ* diſpendio *rerum*, quam *interire* ſimul *cum* rebus. *Veritas* perſuaſit; *plurima* vaſa *plena* precioſis *mercibus* projecta ſint *in Mare*.

But *firſt*, quoth he, *the Ship* is *to be unloaded*, ſo *Neceſſity* commands *a hard* Weapon: *It is better* to take Care *of Life*, with the Loſs *of Goods*, than *to periſh* together *with* our Goods. *Truth* perſwaded; *very many* Veſſels *full* of precious *Wares* were thrown *into the Sea*.

A. Hoc *erat* vere *facere* jacturam.

This *was* truly *to make* Loſs.

B. Quidam *Italus* aderat, *qui* egerat legatum *apud* regem *Scotiæ*; huic erat *ſerinium* plenum *argenteis* vaſis, *annulis*, panno, *ac* ſericis *veſtimentis*.

A certain *Italian* was there, *who* had been Ambaſſador *with* the King *of Scotland*; he had *a Box* full *of Silver* Veſſels, *Rings*, Cloth, *and* Silk *Cloaths*.

A. Nolebat

A. Nolebat *is* decidere *cum* Mari?

Would not *he* compound *with* the Sea?

B. Non; *ſed* cupiebat *aut* perire *cum* ſuis *amicis* opibus, *aut* ſervari *ſimul* cum *illis*; itaque *refragabatur*.

No; *but* he deſired *either* to periſh *with* his *beloved* Wealth, *or* to be ſaved *together* with *them*; therefore *he refuſed*.

A. Quid *dixit* Nauclerus?

What *ſaid* the Maſter?

B. Liceret tibi *per nos*, inquit *ille*, perire *ſolum* cum *tuis*; ſed *non æquum eſt*, ut *nos* omnes *periclitemur* cauſa *tui* ſcrinii, *alioqui* dabimus *te* præcipitem *in Mare* una *cum* ſcrinio.

You might *for us*, quoth *he*, periſh *alone* with *your Things*; but *it is not fit*, that *we* all *ſhould be endangered* for the ſake *of your* Box, *otherwiſe* we will throw *you* headlong *into the Sea*, together *with* your Box.

A. Orationem *vere* nauticam!

A Speech *truly* Sailor-like!

B. Sic *Italus* quoque *fecit* jacturam, *precans* multa *mala* ſuperis *et* inferis, *quod* credidiſſet *ſuam* vitam *tam barbaro* elemento: *Paulo* poſt *venti* facti *nihilo* mitiores *noſtris* muneribus, *rupere* funes, *disjecere* vela.

So *the Italian* too *made* Loſs, *wiſhing* many *evil Things* to thoſe above *and* below, *that* he had truſted *his* Life *to ſo barbarous* an Element: *A little* after *the Winds*, made *nothing* milder *by our* Preſents, *broke* the Ropes, *tore away* the Sails.

A. O calamitatem!

O Calamity!

B. Ibi *rurſus* nauta *adit* nos.

There *again* the Sailor *comes* to us.

A. Con

A. Concionaturus?

To make a Speech?

B. Salutat. *Amici*, inquit, *tempus* hortatur *ut* unuſquiſque *commendet* ſe *Deo*, ac *præparet* ſe *morti*. Rogatus *a* quibuſdam *non* imperitis *nauticæ* rei, *ad quot* horas *crederet* ſe *poſſe* tueri *navem*, negavit *ſe* poſſe *polliceri* quidquam, *ſed* non poſſe *ultra* tres *horas*.

He ſalutes us. *Friends*, ſays he, *the Time* exhorts *that* every one *commend* himſelf *to God*, and *prepare* himſelf *for Death*. Being aſked *by* ſome *not* unſkill'd *in the ſailing* Buſineſs, *for how many* Hours *he believed* he *could* maintain *the Ship*, he denied *that he* could *promiſe* any Thing, *but* that he could not *above* three *Hours*.

A. Hæc *concio* erat *etiam* durior *priore*.

This *Speech* was *even* harder *than the former*.

B. Ubi *locutus eſt* hæc, *jubet* omnes *funes* incidi, *ac* malum *incidi* ſerra, *uſque* ad thecam, *cui* inſeritur, *ac* devolvi *ſimul* cum *antennis* in mare.

When *he had ſaid* this, *he orders* all *the Ropes* to be cut, *and* the Maſt *to be cut* with a Saw, *cloſe* by the Caſe, *into which* it is put, *and* to be tumbled *together* with *the Sail-Yards* into the Sea.

A. Cur hoc?

Why this?

B. Quia, *velo* ſublato *aut* lacero, *erat* oneri, *non* uſui; *tota* ſpes *erat* in clavo.

Becauſe *the Sail* being taken away, *or* torn, *it was* a Burden, *not* of uſe; *all* our Hopes *was* in the Helm.

A. Quid *interea* vectores?

What *in the mean time did* the Paſſengers?

B. Ibi

B. Ibi *vidisses* miseram *faciem* rerum. *Nautæ* canentes, *salve* regina, *implorabant* virginem *matrem*, appellantes *eam* stellam *maris*, reginam *cæli*, dominam *mundi*, portam *salutis*, ac *blandientes* illi *multis* aliis *titulis*, quos *sacræ* literæ *nusquam* tribuunt *illi*.

There *you would have seen* a miserable *Face* of Things. *The Sailors* singing, *God save you O* Queen, *implored* the Virgin *Mother*, calling *her* the Star *of the Sea*, the Queen *of Heaven*, Lady *of the World*, Harbour *of Safety*, and *flattering* her *with many* other *Titles*, which *the Holy* Scriptures *no where* attribute *to her*.

A. Quid illi *cum* mari, *quæ* nunquam *navigavit*, opinor ?

What has she to do *with* the Sea, *who* never *sailed*, I believe ?

B. Venus *olim* agebat *curam* nautarum, *quæ* credebatur, *nata* ex mari ; *quoniam* ea *desiit* curare, *virgo* mater *est* suffecta *huic* matri *non* virgini.

Venus *formerly* took *Care* of the Sailors, *because* she was believed to be *born* of the Sea ; *because* she *has ceased* to take Care, *the Virgin* Mother is substituted *to this* Mother, *not* a Virgin.

A. Ludis.

You banter.

B. Nonnulli *procumbentes* in *tabulas* adorabant *mare*, effundentes *quicquid* olei *erat* in undas, *blandientes* illi *non* aliter *quam* solemus *irato* principi.

Some *falling down* upon *the Boards*, worshipped *the Sea*, pouring *whatsoever* Oil *there was* into the Waves, *flattering* it, *no* otherwise, *than* we use to do *an angry* Prince.

A. Quid *aiebant?* What *did they say?*

B. O clementiſſimum *mare!* O generoſiſſimum *mare!* O ditiſſimum *mare!* O formoſiſſimum *mare!* miteſce, *ſerva.* Occinebant *multa* hujuſmodi *ſurdo* mari.

O moſt merciful *Sea!* O moſt noble *Sea!* O moſt rich *Sea!* O moſt beautiful *Sea!* grow mild, *ſave us.* They ſung *many Things* of this kind *to the deaf* Sea.

A. Ridicula *ſuperſtitio!* quid *alii?*

Ridiculous *Superſtition!* what did *others?*

B. Quidam *nihil* aliud *quam* vomebant, *plerique* nuncupabant *vota.* Aderat *quidam* Anglus, *qui* promittebat *aureos* montes *Virgini* Walſingamicæ, *ſi* attigiſſet *terram* vivus. *Alii* promittebant *multa* ligno *crucis*, quod *eſſet* in *tali* loco, *alii* rurſus *quod* eſſet *in* tali *loco.* Idem *factum eſt* de *Virgine* Maria, *quæ* regnat *in* multis *locis*, et *putant* votum *irritum*, niſi *exprimas* locum.

Some did *nothing* elſe *than* vomit, *moſt* put up *Vows.* There was there *a certain* Engliſh Man, *who* promiſed *golden* Mountains *to the Maid* of Walſingham, *if* he touch'd *Land* alive. *Others* promis'd *many Things* to the Wood *of the Croſs*, which *was* in *ſuch a* Place, *others* again to that *which* was *in* ſuch *a Place.* The ſame *was done* as to *the Virgin* Mary, *who* reigns *in* many *Places*, and *they think* the Vow *to no Purpoſe*, unleſs *you expreſs* the Place.

A. Ridiculum! *quaſi* divi *non habitent* in *cœlis.*

Ridiculous! *as tho'* the Saints *do not dwell* in *the Heavens.*

B. Erant *qui* promitterent *ſe* fore *Car-*

There were *who* promiſed *that they* would be *thuſianos.*

thuſianos. Erat *unus,* qui *polliceretur* ſe *aditurum* Jacobum *qui* habitat *Compoſtellæ,* nudis *pedibus* et *capite,* corpore *tantum* tecto *ferrea* lorica, *ad hæc* emendicato *cibo.*

Carthuſians. There was *One,* who *promiſed* that he *would go to* James, *who* dwells *at Compoſtella,* bare *Foot* and *Head,* with his Body *only* covered *with an Iron* Coat of Mail, *beſide this* begging *his Meat.*

A. Nemo *meminit* Chriſtophori?

Did no Body *mention* Chriſtopher?

B. Audivi *unum* non *ſine* riſu, *qui* clara *voce,* ne *non exaudiretur,* polliceretur *Chriſtophoro,* qui *eſt* Lutetiæ *in ſummo templo,* mons *verius* quam *ſtatua,* cereum *tantum* quantus *eſſet ipſe.* Cum *vociferans* hæc *quantum* poterat *inculcaret* identidem, *qui* forte *aſſiſtebat* proximus, *notus* illi, *tetigit* eum *cubito,* ac *ſubmonuit*; vide *quid* pollicearis; *etiamſi* facias *auctionem* omnium tuarum *rerum,* non fueris ſolvendo. *Tum* ille *inquit* voce *jam* preſſiore, *videlicet* ne *Chriſtophorus* exaudiret, *tace* fatue; *an credis* me *loqui* ex animo? *Si* ſemel *con-*

I heard *One* not *without* Laughter, *who* with a clear *Voice,* leſt *he ſhould not be heard,* promiſed *Chriſtopher,* who *is* at Paris *on the Top of a Church,* a Mountain *more truly* than *a Statue,* a Wax-Candle *as big* as *he was himſelf.* When *bawling out* this *as hard as* he could, *he inculcated it* now and then; *he that* by Chance *ſtood* next, *known* to him, *touched* him *with his Elbow,* and *adviſed him*; have a Care *what* you promiſe; *tho'* you make *an Auction* of all your *Goods,* you'll not be able to pay. *Then* he *ſays* with a Voice *now* lower, *to wit,* leſt *Chriſtopher* ſhould hear, *Hold your Tongue,* you Fool; *do you think* I *ſpeak* from my Heart? *If* once *I touch*

tigero terram, *non daturus sum* ei *sebaceam* candelam.

Land, *I'll not give* him *a Tallow* Candle.

A. O crassum *ingenium!* suspicor *fuisse* Batavum.

O gross *Wit!* I suspect *he was a* Dutchman.

B. Non, *sed* erat *Zelandus.*

No, *but* he was *a Zealander.*

A. Miror *Paulum* Apostolum *venisse* nulli in mentem, *qui* navigarit *ipse* olim, *et* navi *fracta*, desilierit *in terram:* nam *is* haud ignarus *mali* didicit *succurrere* miseris.

I wonder *that Paul* the Apostle *came* into no body's Mind, *who* sailed *himself* formerly, *and* the Ship *being broke*, leap'd out *upon Land:* For *he* not being ignorant *of Evil*, has learnt *to succour* the Miserable.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *Pauli.*

There was *no* Mention *of Paul.*

A. Precabantur *interim?*

Did they pray *in the mean Time?*

B. Certatim. *Alius* canebat, *salve* Regina; *alius*, credo *in Deum.* Erant *qui* habebant *quasdam* peculiares *preculas*, non *dissimiles* Magicis, *adversus* pericula.

Hard. *One* sung, *God save you*, O Queen; *another*, I believe *in God.* There were *who* had *some* peculiar *Prayers*, not *unlike* Magical ones, *against* Dangers.

A. Ut *Religiosos* afflictio *facit!* Secundis rebus, *nec* Deus

How *Religious* Affliction *makes us!* In Prosperity, *neither* God *nor* Saint *comes*

nec

nec Divus *venit* in mentem : *Quid* tu *interea ?* nuncupabas *vota* nulli *divorum*.

into our Mind : *What did* you *in the mean Time ?* Did you make *Vows* to none *of the Saints ?*

B. Nequaquam.

Not at all.

A. Cur *ita ?*

Why *ſo ?*

B. Quia *non paciſcor* cum *Divis*. Nam *quid* eſt *aliud* quam *contractus* juxta *formulam*. Do *ſi* facias, *aut* faciam *ſi* facias, *dalo* cereum *ſi* enatem ; *ibo* Romam, *ſi* ſerves.

Becauſe *I do not bargain* with *the Saints*. For *what* is it *elſe* than *a Contract* according to *Form*. I give *if* you will do, *or* I will do *if* you will do. *I will give you* a Wax Candle *if* I ſwim out ; I *will go to* Rome, *if* you ſave me.

A. At *implorabas* præſidium *alicujus* Divi.

But *you implored* the Protection *of ſome* Saint.

B. Ne *id* quidem.

Not *that* indeed.

A. Quamobrem ?

Why ?

B. Quia *Cælum* eſt *ſpatioſum*. Si *commendaro* meam *ſalutem* cui *Divo*, puta *Sancto* Petro, *qui* fortaſſe *audiet* primus, *quod* aſtet *oſtio* ; priuſquam *ille* conveniat *Deum*, priuſquam *exponat* cauſam, *ego jam periero*.

Becauſe *Heaven* is *ſpacious*. If *I recommend* my *Safety* to any *Saint*, ſuppoſe *to Saint* Peter, *who* perhaps *will hear* firſt, *becauſe* he ſtands *at the Door* ; before *he* goes to *God*, before *he declares* my Caſe, *I am already ruined*.

A. Quid *faciebas* igitur ?

What *did you do* then ?

B. Adibam *recta* patrem *ipsum*, dicens, *noster* pater, *qui* es *in* cœlis. *Nemo* Divorum *audit* citius *illo*, aut *donat* libentius *quod* petitur.

I went *directly* to the Father *himself*, saying, *our* Father, *which* art *in* Heaven. *None* of the Saints *hears* sooner *than him*, or *gives* more willingly *what* is asked.

A. Sed *interea* non Conscientia reclamabat tibi? *non vereba-ris* appellare *eum* patrem, *quem* offendera-s *tot* sceleribus?

But *in the mean Time*, did not your Conscience cry out against you? *Were you not afraid* to call *him* Father, *whom* you had offended *with so many* Crimes?

B. Ut *dicam* ingenue, *conscientia* deterrebat *nonnihil*; sed *mox* recipiebam *animum*, cogitans *ita* mecum, *est* nullus *pater* tam *iratus* filio, *quin* si *videat* eum *periclitantem* in torrente *aut* lacu, *ejiciat* arreptum *capillis* in ripam. *Inter* omnes *nullus* agebat *se* tranquillius, *quam* quædam *mulier*, cui erat *infantulus* in sinu, *quem* lactabat.

That *I may speak* ingenuously, *my Conscience* did terrify me *a little*; but *by and by* I recovered *my Courage*, thinking *thus* with myself: *There is* no *Father* so *angry* with a Son, *but* if *he sees* him *in Danger* in a Torrent, *or* Lake, *he would throw him out*, taken *by the Hair*, upon the Bank. *Amongst* all *none* behaved *himself* more quietly *than* a certain *Woman*, who had *a Child* in her Bosom, *which* she suckled.

A. Quid *illa?*

What did *she?*

B. Sola *nec* vociferabatur, *nec* flebat, *nec* pollicitabatur:

She alone *neither* bawled, *nor* wept, *nor* promised: *Only* embracing *her tantum*

tantum complexa *puellum*, precabatur *tacite*. Interea *dum* navis *illideretur* vado *subinde*, nauclerus *metuens* ne *tota solveretur*, cinxit *eam* rudentibus *a prora*, et *a puppi*.

Child, she prayed *silently*. In the mean Time, *whilst* the Ship *was knock'd against* the Bottom *now and then*, the Master *fearing* lest *it should be all broke*, begirt *it* with Cables *at the Head*, and *at the Stern*.

A. O misera præsidia!

O miserable Helps!

B. Interim *exoritur* senex sacrificus, *sexaginta* annos *natus*, nomen *erat* Adamus: *is* abjectis *vestibus* usque ad *indusium*, abjectis *etiam* ocreis, *et* calceis, *jussit* ut omnes *pararemus* nos *itidem* ad natandum. *Atque* ita *stans* in medio *navis*, concionatus est *nobis* ex Gersone *quinque* veritates *de* utilitate *confitendi*; hortatus *omnes*, ut *quisque* pra pararet *se* et *vitæ* et *morti*. Aderat *et* quidam *Dominicanus*. Confessi sunt *his* qui *volebant*.

In the mean Time *starts up* an aged Priest, *sixty* Years *old*, his Name *was* Adam: *He* having cast off *his Cloaths* to *his Shirt*, having cast off *likewise* his Leather Stockings *and* Shoes, *bad* us all *prepare* ourselves *in like Manner* to swim. *And* so *standing* in the Middle *of the Ship*, he preached *to us* out of Gerson *the five* Truths *concerning* the Usefulness *of Confessing*; exhorting *all*, that *every one* should prepare *himself* both *for Life* and *Death*. There was present *also* a certain *Dominican*. They confessed *to these* that *would*.

A. Quid *tu?*

What did *you?*

B. Ego *videns* omnia *plena* tumultus,

I *seeing* all Places *full* of Tumult, *confessed* silently

confessus

confessus sum tacite *Deo*, damnans *apud* eum *meam* injustitiam, *et* implorans *ejus* misericordiam.

to God, condemning *before* him *my* Unrighteousness, *and* imploring *his* Mercy.

A. Quo *migraturus*, si *perisses* sic?

Whither *would you have gone*, if *you had died* so?

B. Committebam *hoc* Deo *Judici*. Nam *neque* volebam *esse* judex *mei ipsius*: tamen *quædam* bona *spes* interim *habebat* meum *animum*. Dum *hæc* aguntur, *Nauta* redit *ad nos* lachrymabundus. *Quisque* paret *se*, inquit, *nam* navis *non erit* usui *nobis* ad *quartam* partem *horæ*. Nam *jam* convulsa *aliquot* locis *hauriebat* mare. *Paulo* post *Nauta* renunciat *nobis*, se *videre* procul *sacram* turrim, *adhortans* ut *implo*raremus auxilium *Divi*, quisquis *esset* præses *ejus* templi. *Omnes* procumbunt, *et* orant *ignotum* Divum.

I left *this* to God *my Judge*. For *neither* would I *be* the Judge *of myself*: Yet *some* good *Hopes* in the mean Time *possessed* my *Mind*. Whilst *these Things* are doing, *the Sailor* returns *to us* weeping. *Let every one* prepare *himself*, says he, *for* the Ship *will not be* of Use *to us* for *a fourth* Part *of an Hour*. For *now* being broke *in several* Places, *it let in* the Sea. *A little* after, *the Sailor* tells *us*, that he *saw* far off *a sacred* Turret, *advising* that *we should implore* the Assistance *of the Saint*, whosoever *was* the Prefident *of that* Church. *All* fall down, *and* pray to *the unknown* Saint.

A. Si *compellassetis* nomine, *fortassis* audisset.

If *you had spoke to him* by his Name, *perhaps* he would have heard you.

B. Erat

B. Erat *ignotum.* Interim *Nauclerus* dirigit *navem* jam *laceram*, jam *combibentem* undas *undique*, ac *plane* dilapſuram, *ni* fuiſſet *fuccincta* rudentibus, *eo* quantum *poteſt.*

It was *unknown.* In the mean Time the *Maſter* ſteers *the Ship* now *torn*, now *drinking in* the Waters *on all Sides*, and *plainly* ready to fall in Pieces, *unleſs* it had been *girt* with Cables, *thither* as much as *he can.*

A. Dura *conditio* rerum.

A hard *Condition* of Affairs.

B. Provecti ſumus *eo*, ut *incolæ* ejus *loci* proſpicerent *nos* periclitantes; *ac* procurrentes *catervatim* in extremum littus, *togis* ſublatis, *ac* galeris *impoſitis* in lanceas, *invitabant* ad ſeſe; *ac* brachiis *jactatis* in Cœlum, *ſignificabant* ſe *deplorare* noſtram *fortunam.*

We advanced *ſo far*, that *the Inhabitants* of that *Place* ſaw *us* in Danger; *and* running out *in Companies* to the Edge of the Shore, *with their Coats* lift up, *and* Hats *put* upon Lances, *they invited us* to them; *and* with their Arms *toſſed up* towards Heaven, *ſignified* that they *lamented* our *Fortune.*

A. Expecto *quid* evenerit.

I wait to know *what* happened.

B. Jam *mare* occupaverat *totam* navim, *ut* futuri eſſemus *nihilo* tutiores *in navi* quam *in mari.*

Now *the Sea* had ſeized *the whole* Ship, *that* we were like to be *no* ſafer *in the Ship* than *in the Sea.*

A. Heic *confugiendum erat* ad *ſacram* Anchoram.

Here *you were to fly* to *the Holy* Anchor.

B. Imo

B. Imo *ad* miseram. *Nautæ* exonerant *scapham* aqua, *ac* demittunt *in Mare*. Omnes *conantur* conjicere *se* in hanc, *nautis* reclamantibus *magno* tumultu, *scapham* non esse *capacem* tantæ *multitudinis*; quisque *arriperet* sibi *quod* posset, *ac* nataret. *Res* non patiebatur *lenta* consilia; *alius* arripit *remum*, alius *contum*, alius *alveum*, alius *situlam*, alius *tabulam*; ac *quisque* nitentes *suo præsidio*, committunt *se* fluctibus.

Nay, *to* the miserable one. *The Sailors* empty *the Boat* of the Water, *and* let it down *into the Sea*. All *endeavour* to throw *themselves* into it, *the Sailors* remonstrating against it *with great* Tumult, *that the Boat* was not *capable* of so great *a Number*; that every one *should take* to himself *what* he could, *and* swim. *The Thing* did not admit *slow* Counsels; *one* takes *an Oar*, another *a Boat-Hook*, another *a Sink*, another *a Bucket*, another *a Board*; and *every one* resting upon *their Security*, commit *themselves* to the Waves.

A. Quid *interim* accidit *illi* mulierculæ, *quæ* sola *non ejulabat?*

What *in the mean Time* happened *to that* poor Woman, *who* alone *did not cry out?*

B. Illa *pervenit* prima *omnium* ad littus.

She *came* first *of all* to the Shore.

A. Qui *potuit?*

How *could she?*

B. Imposueramus *eam* repandæ *tabulæ*, et *alligaveramus* sic, *ut* non posset *facile* decidere; *dedi-*

We had set *her* upon a bent *Board*, and *had ty'd her* so, *that* she could not *easily* fall off; *we gave* her *a Board* in her Hand, *which*

mus

mus illi *tabellam* in manum, *qua* uteretur *vice* remi; *ac* precantes *bene*, expoſuimus *in fluctus*, protrudentes *conto*, ut *abeſſet* a navi, *unde* erat *periculum*; illa *tenens* infantulum *læva* remigabat *dextra*.

she might uſe *inſtead* of an Oar, *and* wiſhing her *well*, we plac'd her *upon the Waves*, thruſting her forward *with a Pole*, that *ſhe might be at a Diſtance* from the Ship, *from whence* there was *Danger*: She *holding* her Child *with her Left Hand*, rowed *with her Right*.

A. O viraginem!

O ſtout Laſs!

B. Cum *jam* nihil *ſupereſſet*, quidam *avulſit* ligneam *ſtatuam* Virginis *Matris*, jam *putrem*, atque *excavatam* a ſoricibus, *et* complexus *eam* cœpit *natare*.

When *now* nothing *remained*, one *pulled down* a wooden *Image* of the Virgin *Mother*, now *rotten*, and *hollowed* by the Rats, *and* embracing *it*, begun *to ſwim*.

A. Pervenit ſcapha *incolumis?*

Did the Boat get *ſafe?*

B. Nulli *periere* prius.

None *were loſt* ſooner.

A. Quo *malo* fato *id factum eſt?*

By what *ill* Fate *happened that?*

B. Priuſquam *poſſet* liberare *ſe* a *magna* navi, *ſubverſa eſt* illius vacillatione.

Before *it cou'd* deliver *itſelf* from the *great* Ship, *it was overſet* by its tottering.

A. O male factum! *quid* tum?

O ill done! *What* then?

B. Ego

B. Ego, *dum* conſulo *aliis*, pene perieram.

I, *whilſt* I take Care of *others*, had well nigh periſh'd.

A. Quo pacto?

After what Manner?

B. Quia *nihil* ſuperat *aptum* natationi.

Becauſe *nothing* was left *fit* for ſwimming.

A. Illic *ſubera* fuiſſent *uſui*.

There *Cork* would have been of *Uſe*.

B. In eo *articulo* rerum, *maluiſſem* vile *ſuber*, quam *aureum* candelabrum. *Tandem* venit *in mentem*, circumſpicienti, *de ima* parte *mali*; quoniam *non poteram* eximere eam *ſolus*, adſciſco *ſocium*: Ambo *innixi* huic *committimus* nos *mari*, ſic *ut* ego *tenerem* dextrum *cornu*, ille *lævum*. Dum *jactamur* ſic, *ille* ſacrificus *nauticus concionator* injecit *ſe* medium *in* noſtros *humeros*; autem *erat* ingenti *corpore*. Exclamamus, *quis* ille *tertius?* is *perdet* nos omnes; *ille* contra *inquit* placide, *ſitis* bono *animo*, eſt ſat ſpatii, *Deus* aderit *nobis*.

In that *Juncture* of Affairs, *I had rather have had* mean *Cork*, than a *Golden* Candleſtick. *At laſt* it came *into my Mind*, as I was looking about, *to think of the low* Part *of the Maſt*; becauſe *I could not* get it out *alone*, I take *a Companion*: We both *leaning upon* that, *commit* ourſelves *to the Sea*, ſo *that* I *held* the right *End*, he *the left*. Whilſt *we are toſſed about* ſo, *that* Prieſt, *the Sea Chaplain*, threw *himſelf* in the Middle *upon* our *Shoulders*. And *he was* of a huge *Body*. We cry out, *Who's* that *third?* He *will ruin* us all: *He* on the other Hand *ſays* ſmoothly, *Be* of good *Courage*, there is Room enough, *God* will be *with us*.

A. Cur

A. Cur *ille cœpit* eſſe *natator* tàm *ſero?*

Why *did he begin* to be *a Swimmer* ſo *late?*

B. Imo *futurus erat* cum *Dominicano* in ſcapha; *nam* omnes *deferebant* hoc *honoris* illi; *ſed* quanquam *confeſſi erant* invicem *in navi*, tamen *obliti* neſcio *quid* circumſtantiarum, *confitentur* rurſus *in ora* navis, *et* alter *imponit* manum *alteri*; interim *ſcapha* perit; *nam* Adamus *narravit* hæc *mihi.*

Nay, *he ſhould have been* with *the Dominican* in the Boat; *for* all *gave* this *Honour* to him; *but* altho' *they had confeſſed* to one another *in the Ship*, yet *having forgot* I do not know *what* Circumſtances, *they confeſs* again *upon the Edge* of the Ship; *and* one *lays* his Hand *upon the other*; in the mean Time *the Boat* is loſt; *for* Adam *told* this *to me.*

A. Quid *actum eſt* de Dominicano?

What *became* of the Dominican?

B. Is, *ut* idem *narrabat*, implorata *ope* Divorum, *abjectis* veſtibus, *commiſit* ſe *nudum* natationi.

He, *as* the ſame *told me*, having implored *the Help* of the Saints, *having caſt off* his Cloaths, *committed* himſelf *naked* to ſwimming.

A. Quos *Divos* invocabat?

What *Saints* did he invoke?

B. Dominicum, *Thomam*, Vincentium; *ſed* confidebat *imprimis* Catharinæ *Senenſi.*

Dominick, *Thomas*, Vincent; *but* he truſted *chiefly* in Catherine *of Sens.*

A. Chriſtus non veniebat *illi in mentem?*

Did not Chriſt come *into his Mind?*

B. Ita *Sacrificus* narrabat.

So *the Prieſt* told me.

A. Enataſſet *melius*, ſi *non abjeciſſet* ſacram *cucullam*; ea *depoſita*, qui *potuit* Catharina *Senenſis* agnoſcere *eum?* Sed *pergé* narrare *de te*.

He would have ſwum out *better*, if *he had not thrown off* his holy *Cawl:* that *being put off*, how *could* Catherine *of Sens* know *him?* But *go on* to tell *of yourſelf*.

B. Dum *volveremur* adhuc *juxta* navim *volventem* ſe *huc* atque *illuc* arbitrio *fluctuum*, clavus *frangebat* ejus *femur*, qui *tenebat* lævum *cornu:* ſic *ille* revulſus eſt. *Sacrificus* precatus *illi* æternam *requiem*, ſucceſſit *in locum illius*, adhortans *me*, ut *tuerer* meum *cornu* magno *animo*, ac *moverem* pedes *ſtrenue*. Interim *potabamus* multum *ſalſæ* aquæ. *Neptunus* temperaverat *nobis* non *tantum* ſalſum *balneum*, ſed *etiam* ſalſam *potionem*; quanquam *Sacrificus* monſtrabat *remedium* ſi rei.

Whilſt *we were rowling* as yet *nigh* the Ship, *rowling* itſelf *hither* and *thither*, at the Pleaſure *of the Waves*, the Helm *broke* his *Thigh*, who *held* the left *End:* So *he* was knock'd off. *The Prieſt* wiſhing *him* eternal *Reſt*, ſucceeded *in his Place*, adviſing *me*, that *I ſhould take Care of* my *End* with great *Courage*, and *move* my Feet *ſtrenuouſly*. In the mean Time *we drank* much *Salt* Water. *Neptune* had mixed *for us* not *only* a Salt *Bath*, but *alſo* a Salt *Drink*, tho' *the Prieſt* ſhew'd *a Remedy* for that Thing.

A. Quid *obſecro?*

What *I beſeech you?*

B. Quo-

B. Quoties *unda* occurreret *nobis*, ille *oppoſuit* occipitium *ore* clauſo.

As oft as *a Wave* met *us*, he *oppoſed* the Back-ſide of his Head, *with his Mouth* ſhut.

A. Narras *mihi* ſtrenuum *ſenem*.

You tell *me* of a ſtout *old Fellow*.

B. Ubi *natantes* ſic *aliquandiu*, promoviſſemus *jam* nonnihil, *Sacrificus*, quoniam *erat* miræ *proceritatis*, inquit, *es* bono *animo*; ſentio *vadum*. Ego, *non auſus* ſperare *tantum* felicitatis, *inquam*, abſumus *longius* a littore, *quam* ut *vadum* ſit *ſperandum*. Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *terram* pedibus: *Eſt*, inquam, *fortaſſis* aliquod *e ſcriniis*, quod *mare* devolvit *huc*: Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *plane* terram *ſcalptu* digitorum. *Cum* nataſſemus *adhuc* aliquandiu, *ac* ſentiret *vadum* rurſus, *tu fac*, inquit, *quod* videtur *tibi* optimum *factu*, ego *cedo* tibi *totum* malum, *et* credo *me* vado, *ſimulque* expectato *deceſſu* fluctuum

When *ſwimming* thus *ſome Time*, we had advanced *now* ſomething, *the Prieſt*, becauſe *he was* of wonderful *Tallneſs*, ſays, *be* of good *Courage*, I feel *the Bottom*. I, *not daring* to hope for *ſo much* Happineſs, *ſay*, we are *further* from the Shore, *than* that *the Bottom* is *to be hop'd for*. Nay, *ſays he*, I feel *the Earth* with my Feet. *It is*, ſay I, *perhaps* ſome *of the Boxes*, which *the Sea* has tumbled *hither*: Nay, *ſays he*, I perceive *plainly* the Earth *with the ſcratching* of my Toes. *When* we had ſwum *as yet* ſome Time, *and* he perceived *the Bottom* again, *Do you*, ſaith he, *what* ſeems *to you* beſt *to be done*, I *give* you *the whole* Maſt, *and* truſt *myſelf* to the Bottom, *and at the ſame Time* having waited *the going in* of the

tuum, *ſequutus eſt* pedibus *quanto* curſu *potuit*. Rurſus *undis* accedentibus, *complexus* utrumque *genu* utraque *manu*, obnitebatur *fluctui*, occultans *ſeſe* ſub undis, *quemadmodum* mergi *et* anates *ſolent*; rurſus *fluctu* abeunte, *promicabat* et *currebat*. Ego *videns* hoc *ſuccedere* illi *ſum imitatus*. Stabant *in arena*, qui *fulciebant* ſe *adverſus* impetum *undarum*, prælongis *haſtilibus* porrectis *inter ſe*, robuſti *viri*, et *aſſueti* fluctibus, *ſic* ut *ultimus* porrigeret *haſtam* adnatanti; *ea* contacta, *omnibus* recipientibus *ſe* ad littus, *pertrahebatur* tuto *in ſiccum*. Aliquot *ſervati ſunt* hac ope.

Waves, *he followed* on his Feet *with as great* Pace *as he could*. Again *the Waves* coming on, *embracing* both *Knees* with both *Hands*, he oppoſed *the Waves*, hiding *himſelf* under the Water, *as* your Sea-Gulls *and* Ducks *uſe to do*; again *the Wave* going back, *he ſprung out* and *ran*. I *ſeeing* this *ſucceed* with him, *imitated it*. There ſtood *on the Sand*, who *propp'd* themſelves *againſt* the Force *of the Waves*, with long *Poles* ſtretch'd *between them*, ſtrong *Men*, and *uſed* to the Waves, *ſo* that *the laſt* held *a Poll* to him that ſwam towards him; *that* being touch'd, *all* betaking *themſelves* to the Shore, *he was drawn* ſafely *on dry Ground*. Some *were ſaved* by this Means.

A. Quot?

How many?

B. Septem. *Verum* duo *ex his* ſoluti ſunt *tepore*, admoti *igni*.

Seven: *But* two *of theſe* fainted away *with the Warmth*, being ſet by *the Fire*.

A. Quot *eratis* in navi?

How many *were you* in the Ship?

B. Quin-

B. Quinquaginta *octo.*

Fifty *eight.*

A. O sævum *mare!* saltem *fuisset* contentum *decimis*, quæ *sufficiunt* sacerdotibus; *reddidit* tam *paucos* ex *tanto* numero?

O cruel *Sea!* at least *it might have been* content *with the Tythes*, which *suffice* the Priests; *did it return* so *few* out of *so great* a Number?

B. Ibi *experti sumus* incredibilem *humanitatem* gentis, *suppeditantis* nobis *omnia* mira *alacritate*, hospitium, *ignem*, cibum, *vestes*, viaticum.

There *we experienc'd* the incredible *Humanity* of the Nation, *furnishing* us *with all Things* with wonderful *Chearfulness*, Lodging, *Fire*, Meat, *Cloaths*, Provisions for our Way Home.

A Quæ *gens* erat?

What *Nation* was it?

B. Hollandica.

Holland.

A. Nihil *humanius* ista, *cum* tamen *cincta sit* feris *nationibus*. Non repetes *Neptunum* posthac, *opinor.*

There is none *more civil* than that, *tho'* yet *it be surrounded* with savage *Nations*. You will not go again *to Sea* hereafter, *I suppose.*

B. Non *nisi* Deus *adimat* sanam mentem *mihi.*

Not *unless* God *take away* my Wits *from me.*

A. Et *ego* malim *audire* tales *fabulas*, quam *experiri.*

And *I* had rather *hear* such *Stories*, than *know them by Experience.*

DIVERSORIA.

A. CUR *ita visum eſt* pleriſque *commorari* biduum *aut* triduum *Lugduni?* Ego *ingreſſus* iter *ſemel*, non conquieſco, *donec* pervenero *quo* conſtitui.

WHY *does it ſeem good* to moſt People *to ſtay* two Days *or* three *at Lyons?* I *having enter'd upon* a Journey *once*, do not reſt, *'till* I come *whither* I deſign'd.

B. Imo *ego* admiror *quenquam* poſſe *avelli* illinc.

Nay, *I* wonder *that any one* can *be got* from thence.

A. Quamobrem *tandem?*

What for *at length?*

B. Quia *illic* eſt *locus*, unde *ſocii* Ulyſſis *non poterant* avelli; *illic* Sirenes. *Nemo* tractatur *melius* ſuæ *domi*, quam *illic* in pandocheo.

Becauſe *there* is *the Place*, from whence *the Companions* of Ulyſſes *could not* be drawn away; *there are* the Sirens. *No body* is treated *better* at his own *Home*, than *there* in an Inn.

A. Quid *fit?*

What *is done?*

B. Aliqua *mulier* aſtabat *menſæ* ſemper,

Some *Woman* ſtood by *the Table* always, *to divert* quæ

quæ exhilararet convivas *facetiis* ac *leporibus*. Primum *materfamilias* adibat, *quæ* salutabat, *jubens* nos *esse* hilares, *et* boni consulere *quod* apponeretur. *Filia* succedebat *huic*, elegans *mulier*, moribus *ac* lingua *adeo* festivis, *ut* posset *exhilarare* Catonem *ipsum*. Nec *confabulantur* ut *cum* ignotis *hospitibus*, sed *velut* cum *olim notis* et *familiaribus*.

the Company *with Wit*, and *Drollery*. First, *the good Woman of the House* came to us, *who* saluted us, *bidding* us *be* merry, *and* take in good Part *what* was set before us. *The Daughter* succeeded *her*, a neat *Woman*, of an Humour *and* Tongue *so* merry, *that* she might *divert* Cato *himself*. Nor *do they talk* as *with* unknown *Guests*, but *as* with *People formerly known to them*, and *familiar Friends*.

A. Agnosco *humanitatem* Gallicæ *gentis*.

I perceive *the Civility* of the French *Nation*.

B. Quoniam autem *illæ* non poterant *adesse* semper, *quod* munia *Domestica* essent *obeunda*, ac *reliqui* convivæ *consalutandi*, quædam *puella* adstabat *continenter*, instructa *ad* omnes *jocos*. Una *erat* satis *excipiendis* omnium *jaculis*: hæc *sustinebat* fabulam, *donec* filia *rediret*: nam *mater* erat *natu grandior*.

But because *they* could not *be present* always, *because* the Business *of the House* was *to be minded*, and *the rest* of the Guests *to be saluted*, a certain *Girl* stood by *constantly*, furnished *for* all *Jests*. She alone *was* sufficient *to receive* all *their Darts*: She *kept up* the Farce, *'till* the Daughter *return'd*: For *the Mother* was *elderly*.

A. Sed *qualis* erat *apparatus* tandem?

But *what* was *your Provision* at last? *for* the

nam

nam venter *non expletur* fabulis.

Belly *is not fill'd* with Tales.

B. Profecto *lætus*, ut *ego* mirer *illos* posse *accipere* hospites *tam* vili: *rursus* convivio *peracto*, alunt *hominem* lepidis *fabulis*, ne *quid* tædii *obrepat*. Videbar *mihi* esse *domi* non *peregre*.

Truly *dainty*, that *I* wonder *that they* can *entertain* Guests *so* cheap: *Again* the Feast *being ended*, they treat *a Man* with pretty *Stories*, lest *any Thing* of Wearinefs *should creep upon him*. I seemed *to myself* to be *at Home*, not *Abroad*.

A. Quid *factum est* in cubiculis?

What *was done* in the Chambers?

B. Illic *aderant* aliquot *puellæ* nusquam non, *ridentes*, lascivientes, *lusitantes*: ultro *rogabant*, si *haberemus* quid *vestium sordidarum*, lavabant *eas*, ac *reddebant*. Quid multis? *videbamus* nihil *illic* præter *puellas* ac *mulieres*, nisi *in stabul*, quanquam *puellæ* irrumpebant *et* huc *frequenter*. Complectuntur *abeuntes*, ac *dimittunt* tanto *affectu*, quasi *omnes* essent *fratres*, aut *propinquæ* cognationis.

There *were* some *Girls* every where, *laughing*, wantoning, *playing*: Of their own Accord *they ask'd us*, if *we had* any *foul Cloaths*, they wash'd *them*, and *gave us them again*. What needs many Words? *we saw* nothing *there* besides *Girls*, and *Women*, but *in the Stable*, altho' *the Girls* broke in *too* hither *frequently*. They embrace *Men departing*, and *dismiss them* with so much *Affection*, as if *they all* were *their Brothers*, or *of near* Relation.

A. Fortassis *isti* mores *decent* Gallos:

Perhaps *those* Manners *become* the French.

Mores

Mores Germaniæ *arrident* mihi *magis*, utpote *maſculi*.

The Manners of Germany *pleaſe* me *more*, as being *maſculine*.

B. Nunquam contigit *mihi* videre *Germaniam*: quare, *quæſo* te, *ne gravere* commemorare, *quibus* modis *accipiant* hoſpitem.

It never happened *to me* to ſee *Germany*: Wherefore, *I pray* you, *do not think much* to relate *after what* Manner *they entertain* a Gueſt.

A. Neſcio *an* ſit *ubique* eadem *ratio* tractandi: *Narrabo* quod *ego vidi*. Nemo *ſalutat* advenientem, *ne* videantur *ambire* hoſpitem. *Nam* exiſtimant *id* ſordidum, *et* indignum *Germanica* ſeveritate. *Ubi* inclamaveris *diu*, tandem *aliquis* profert *caput* per *feneſtram* æſtuarii (*nam* degunt *in his* fere *uſque ad* æſtivum *ſolſtitium*) non *aliter* quam *teſtudo* proſpicit *e teſta*. Is *eſt* rogandus, *an* liceat *diverſari* illic. *Si* non renuit, *intelligis* locum *dari*: commonſtrat *manu* mota, *rogantibus* ubi *ſit ſtabulum*. Illic *licet tibi* tractare *tuum* equum *tuo* more; *nam* nullus *famulus*

I know not *whether* there be *every where* the ſame *Manner* of Treatment. *I will tell* what *I have ſeen*. No body *ſalutes* a Man upon his coming, *leſt* they ſhould ſeem *to court* a Gueſt. *For* they think *that* mean, *and* unworthy *of the German* Gravity. *When* you have call'd *a long Time*, at laſt *ſome body* puts *his Head* through *the Window* of a Stove (*for* they live *in them* almoſt *'till* the Summer *Solſtice*) no *otherwiſe* than *a Snail* looks *out of its Shell*. He *is* to be aſked, *whether* you may *Inn* there. *If* he does not refuſe, *you underſtand* a Place *is allowed you*: He ſhews *with his Hand* moved, *to thoſe that aſk* where *the Stable is*. There *you may* manage *your* Horſe *after your* admo-

admovet *manum*. Si *eſt* celebrius *diverſorium*, ibi *famulus* commonſtrat *ſtabulum*, atque *etiam* locum *minime* commodum *equo*. Nam *ſervant* commodiora *venturis*, præſertim *nobilibus*. Si *cauſeris* quid, *audis* ſtatim, *ſi* non placet, *quære* aliud *diverſorium*. Præbent *fœnum* in urbibus *ægre* et *parce*, nec *vendunt* multo *minoris*, quam *avenam* ipſam. *Ubi* conſultum eſt *equo*, commigras *totus* in hypocauſtum, *tum* ocreis, *farcinis*, luto. *Id eſt* unum *commune* omnibus.

Manner; *for* no *Servant* puts to *a Hand*. If *it be* a famous *Inn*, there *a Servant* ſhews *the Stable*, and *alſo* a Place *not at all* convenient *for a Horſe*. For *they keep* the more convenient *for thoſe that are to come*, eſpecially *Noblemen*. If *you find Fault* with any Thing, *you hear* preſently, *if* it do not pleaſe you, *ſeek* another *Inn*. They afford you *Hay* in the Cities *with Difficulty*, and *very ſparingly*, nor *do they ſell it* for much *leſs* than *Oats* themſelves. *When* Proviſion is made *for your Horſe*, you go *altogether* into a Stove, *with* your Boots, *Baggage*, Dirt. *That is* one *common* to all.

B. Apud *Gallos* deſignant *cubicula*, ubi *exuant* ſeſe, *extergant*, calefaciant, *aut* quieſcant *etiam*, ſi *libeat*.

Among *the French* they ſhew People *Chambers*, where *they may ſtrip* themſelves, *wipe*, warm themſelves, *or* reſt *too*, if *they pleaſe*.

A. Hic *nihil tale*. In hypocauſto *exuis* ocreas, *induis* calceos. *Si* vis, *mutas* induſium; *ſuſpendis* veſtes *madidas* pluvia *juxta* hypocauſtum; *ipſe*

Here's *no ſuch Thing*. In the Stove *you put off* your Boots, *put on* Shoes. *If* you will, *you change* your Shirt; *you hang up* your Cloaths *wet* with Rain *nigh* the Stove; *you* place yourſelf admo-

admoves te, *ut* ficceris. *Eſt* et *aqua* parata, *ſi* libeat *lavare* manus; *ſed* ita *munda* plerumque, *ut* alia *aqua* ſit *quærenda* tibi, *qua* abluas *eam* lotionem.

by it, *that* you may be dry. *There is* alſo *Water* ready, *if* you pleaſe *to waſh* your Hands; *but* ſo *clean* for the moſt part, *that* other *Water* is *to be ſought* by you, *with which* you may waſh off *that* waſhing.

B. Laudo *viros* effœminatos *nullis* deliciis.

I commend *the Men* effeminated *with no* Delicacies.

A. Quod *ſi* tu *appuleris* ad quartam *horam* a meridie, *tamen* non cænabis *ante* nonam, & nonnunquam *decimam*.

But *if* you *arrive* at the fourth *Hour* after Noon, *yet* you will not ſup *before* the Ninth, *and* ſometimes *the Tenth*.

B. Quamobrem?

What for?

A. Apparant *nihil*, niſi *videant* omnes, *ut* miniſtretur *omnibus* eadem *opera*.

They provide *nothing*, unleſs *they ſee* all, *that* they may ſerve *all* with the ſame *Trouble*.

B. Quærunt *compendium*.

They ſeek *the ſhorteſt Way*.

A. Tenes. *Itaque* frequenter *octoginta* aut *nonaginta* conveniunt *in* idem *hypocauſtum*, pedites, *equites*, negotiatores, *nautæ*, aurigæ, *agricolæ*, pueri, *fœminæ*, ſani, *ægroti*.

You have it. *Wherefore* frequently *eighty* or *ninety* meet *in* the ſame *Stove*, Footmen, *Horſemen*, Tradeſmen, *Sailors*, Coachmen, *Huſbandmen*, Boys, *Women*, ſound Folks, *ſick Folks*.

B. Iſthuc

B. Isthuc *est* vere *cœnobium.*

That *is* really *living in common.*

A. Alius *ibi* pectit *caput*, alius *abstergit* sudorem, *alius* repurgat *perones* aut *ocreas*, alius *eructat* allium. *Quid multis?* Est *non* minor *confusio* ibi *linguarum* et *personarum* quam *olim* in turri *Babel.* Quod *si* conspexerint *quem* peregrinæ *gentis*, qui *præ se ferat* nonnihil *dignitatis* cultu, *omnes* sunt *intenti* in hunc, *contemplantes* oculis *defixis*, quasi *aliquod* novum *genus* animantis *advectum sit* ex Africa. *Adeo ut* postquam *accubuerint*, adspiciant *continenter*, vultu *reflexo* in tergum; *nec* dimoveant *oculos* immemores *cibi.*

One *there* combs *his Head*, another *wipes off* Sweat, *another* cleans *his Winter Shoes* or *Boots*, another *belches up* Garlick. *What needs many Words?* There is *no* less *Confusion* there *of Tongues* and *Persons*, than *formerly* in the Tower *of Babel.* But *if* they see *any one* of a foreign *Nation*, who *makes Shew of* something *of Dignity* by his Dress, *all* are *intent* upon him, *viewing him* with their Eyes *fixt*, as if *some* new *Kind* of Animal *was brought* out of Africa. *So that* after *they have sat down*, they look at him *continually*, with their Face *turn'd* backward; *nor* do they take off *their Eyes*, being unmindful *of their Meat.*

B. Romæ, *Lutetiæ*, ac *Venetiæ*, nemo *miratur* quidquam.

At Rome, *Paris*, and *Venice*, no body *wonders at* any Thing.

A. Interim *est* nefas *tibi* petere *quidquam.* Ubi *jam* est *multa vespera*, nec plures *expectantur* ven-

In the mean Time *it is* unlawful *for you* to call for *any Thing.* When *now* it is *far in the Evening*, and no more *are expected* to come,

turi

turi, *senex* famulus *prodit* cana *barba*, tonso *capite*, torvo *vultu*, sordido *vestitu*.

an old Servant *comes out* with a hoary *Beard*, shorn *Head*, grim *Look*, mean *Cloaths*.

B. Oportebat *tales* esse *a poculis* Romanis *Cardinalibus*.

It behoved *such* to be *Cup-bearers* to the Roman *Cardinals*.

A. Is *circumactis* oculis, *dinumerat* tacitus *quot* sint *in hypocausto*: Quo *plures* videt *adesse*, hoc *vehementius* hypocaustum *accenditur*, etiamsi *alioqui* Sol *sit* molestus *æstu*. Hæc *est* præcipua *pars* bonæ *tractationis*, si *omnes* diffluant *sudore*. Si *quis* non *assuetus* vapori, *aperiat* rimam *fenestræ*, ne *præfocetur*, protinus *audit* claude. *Si* respondeas, *non fero*, audis, *quære* igitur *aliud* diversorium.

He *having cast about* his Eyes, *reckons* silently *how many* there are *in the Stove*: By how much *the more* he sees *present*, by so much *the more violently* the Stove *is heated*, altho' *otherwise* the Sun *be* troublesome *by his Heat*. This *is* the greatest *Part* of good *Treatment*, if *all* run down *with Sweat*. If *any one* not *accustomed* to the Heat, *open* a Chink *of a Window*, lest *he be stifled*, immediately *he hears* shut it. *If* you answer, *I cannot endure*, you hear, *seek* then *another* Inn.

B. Atqui *nihil* videtur *periculosius*, quam *tam* multos *haurire* eundem *vaporem*, maxime *corpore* resoluto, *atque* heic *capere* cibum, *et* commorari *complures* horas. *Nam* jam *omitto* allia tos

But *nothing* seems *more dangerous*, than that *so* many *should take in* the same *Vapour*, especially *the Body* being open, *and* here *take* Meat, *and* stay *several* Hours. *For* now *I omit* Garlick *Belches*, and *the Blast* of the Bel-

ructus, et *flatum* ventris, *putres* halitus: *Sunt* multi *qui* laborant *occultis* morbis, *et* omnis *morbus* habet *suum* contagium. *Certe* plerique *habent* Hispanicam *scabiem*, sive, *ut* quidam *vocant*, Gallicam, *cum* sit *communis* omnium *nationum*. Opinor *esse* non *multo* minus *periculi* ab *his*, quam *leprosis*. Jam *tu divina* quantum *discriminis* sit *in Pestilentia*.

ly, *Stinking* Breaths: *There are* many, *who* are troubled *with secret* Diseases, *and* every *Distemper* has *its* Infection. *Certainly* most *have* the Spanish *Pox*, or, *as* some *call it*, the French, *tho'* it be *common* to all *Nations*. I think *there is* not *much* less *Danger* from *these*, than *Lepers*. Now *do you guess*, how much *Danger* there is *in the Plague*.

A. Sunt *fortes* viri, *rident* ac *negligunt* ista.

They are *stout* Fellows, *they laugh at*, and *neglect* those Things.

B. Sed *interim* sunt *fortes* periculo *multorum*.

But *in the mean Time* they are *stout* at the Hazard *of many*.

A. Quid *facias*? sic *assueverunt*; et *est* constantis *animi* non *discedere* ab institutis.

What *can you do*? So *they have been used*, and *it is the Part* of a constant *Mind* not *to depart* from old Customs.

B. Atqui *ante viginti quinque annos*, nihil *erat* receptius *apud* Brabantos, *quam* publicæ *thermæ*; eæ *nunc* frigent *ubique*;

But *twenty five Years ago*, nothing *was* more common *amongst* the Brabanti, *than* publick *Baths*; those *now* are out of Use *every where*; for *the*

nam

nam *nova* ſcabies *docuit* nos *abſtinere*.

new Pox *has taught* us *to abſtain*.

A. Sed *audi* cætera: *Poſt* ille *barbatus* Ganymedes *redit*, ac *inſternit* menſas *linteis*, quot *putat* eſſe *ſatis* illi *numero*. Sed *O immortalem* Deum! *quam non Mileſiis!* diceres *cannabea* detracta *ex antennis*. Nam *deſtinavit* ad minimum *octo* convivas *unicuique* menſæ. *Jam* quibus *patrius* mos *eſt* notus, *accumbunt*, ubi *libitum fuerit* cuique. *Nam* eſt *nullum* diſcrimen *inter* pauperem *et* divitem, *inter* herum *et* ſervum.

But *hear* the reſt: *Afterwards* that *bearded* Ganymede *returns*, and *ſpreads* the Tables *with Cloths*, as many as *he thinks* to be *ſufficient* for that *Number*. But *O immortal* God! *how far from being fine!* you would ſay *they were Canvaſs* taken down *from the Sail-Yards*. For *he deſign'd* at leaſt *eight* Gueſts *for every* Table. *Now* they to whom *the Country* Cuſtom *is* known, *ſit down* where *it pleaſes* every one. *For* there is *no* Difference *betwixt* a Poor Man *and* a Rich, *betwixt* a Maſter *and* a Servant.

B. Hæc *eſt* illa *vetus* æqualitas, *quam* nunc *tyrannis* ſubmovit *e vita*. Sic *opinor* Chriſtum *vixiſſe* cum *Diſcipulis*.

This *is* that *old* Equality, *which* now *Tyranny* has removed *out of Life*. So *I believe* Chriſt *lived* with *his Diſciples*.

A. Poſtquam *omnes* accubuerunt, *rurſum* ille *torvus* Ganymedes *prodit*, ac *denuo* dinumerat *ſua* ſodalitia. *Mox* reverſus, *ap-*

After *all* are ſate, *again* that *grim* Ganymede *comes out*, and *over again* counts *his* Companies. *By and by* returning, *he ſets before* each *a wooden* Diſh,

ponit ſingulis *ligneum* pinacium, *et* cochleare *factum* ex *eodem* argento, *deinde* cyathum vitreum : *aliquanto* poſt *panem*. Eum *quiſque* repurgat *ſibi* per otium, *dum* pultes *coquuntur*. Ita *ſedetur* nonnunquam *ferme* ſpatio *horæ*.

and a Spoon *made* of *the ſame* Silver, *then* a Glaſs, *a little* after *Bread*. That *every Man* cleans *for himſelf* at his Leiſure, *whilſt* the Pulſe *are boiling*. So *they ſit* ſometimes *almoſt* the Space *of an Hour*.

B. Nullus *hoſpitum* efflagitat *cibum* interim ?

Does none *of the Gueſts* call for *the Meat* in the mean Time ?

A. Nullus *cui* ingenium *regionis* eſt *notum*. Tandem *vinum* apponitur, *bone* Deus, *quam non fumoſum !* oportebat *Sophiſtas* non *bibere* aliud ; *tanta* eſt *ſubtilitas* et *acrimonia*. Quod *ſi* quis *hoſpes*, pecunia *oblata* privatim, *roget* ut *aliud* genus *vini* paretur *aliunde*, primum *diſſimulant*, ſed *eo* vultu, *qui ſi* interſecturi. *Si* urgeas, *reſpondent*, hic *tot* Comites *et* Marchiones *diverſati ſunt*, neque *quiſquam queſtus eſt* de *meo* vino ; *ſi* non placet, *quære* tibi *aliud*

None *to whom* the Temper *of the Country* is *known*. At length *Wine* is ſerved up, *good* God, *how far from being taſteleſs !* it behoved *Sophiſters* not *to drink* any other ; *ſuch* is *the Thinneſs* and *Sharpneſs*. But *if* any *Gueſt*, Money *being offer'd* privately, *deſires* that *ſome other* Sort *of Wine* may be got *from ſomewhere elſe*, at firſt *they diſſemble the Matter*, but *with that* Countenance, *as if* they would kill you. *If* you preſs them, *they anſwer*, here *ſo many* Earls *and* Marquiſſes *have lodg'd*, nor *did any one complain* of *my* Wine ; *if* it do not pleaſe, *ſeek* diver-

diverſorium; nam *habent* nobiles *ſuæ* gentis *ſolos* pro *hominibus*, et *oſtentant* horum *inſignia* nuſquam non. *Jam* igitur *habent* oſſam *quam* objiciant *latranti* ſtomacho. *Mox* diſci *veniunt* magna *pompa*. Primus *ferme* habet *oſſas* panis *madefactas* jure *carnium*, aut *ſi* eſt *piſculentus* dies, *jure* leguminum. *Deinde* aliud *jus*, poſt *aliquid* carnium *recoctarum*, aut *ſalſamentorum* recalfactorum. *Rurſus* aliquid *pultis*, mox *aliquid* ſolidioris *cibi*, donec *ſtomacho* probe domito *apponant* aſſas *carnes*, aut *elixos* piſces, *quos* non poſſis *contemnere* omnino: *ſed* heic *ſunt* parci, *et* ſubito *tollunt*. Hoc pacto *temperant* convivium, *quemadmodum* actores *fabularum*, qui *admiſcent* choros *ſcenis*: autem *curant* ut *extremus* actus *ſit* optimus.

for yourſelf *another* Inn; for *they account* the Noblemen *of their* Nation *alone* for *Men*, and *they ſhew* their *Coats of Arms* every where. *Now* therefore *they have* a Piece *which* they may throw *to the barking* Stomach. *By and by* the Diſhes *come* in great *Pomp*. The firſt *commonly* has *Pieces* of Bread *ſoaked* in the Broth *of Fleſh*, or *if* it be *a Fiſh* Day, *in the Broth* of Herbs. *After that* another *Broth*, after *ſomething* of Fleſh *boiled over again*, or *Salt-Fiſh* warm'd again. *Again* ſome *Pulſe*, by and by *ſome* more ſolid *Meat*, 'till *the Stomach* being well tamed, *they ſet up* roaſted *Fleſh*, or *boiled* Fiſh, *which* you cannot *contemn* at all. *But* here *they are* ſparing, *and* ſuddenly *take away*. After this Manner *they mix* their Entertainment, *as* the Actors *of Plays*, who *mix* Chorus's *with their Scenes*; but *they take care* that *the laſt* Act *is* the beſt.

B. Et *hoc* eſt *boni* poetæ.

And *this* is the Part *of a good* Poet.

A. Porro *sit* piaculum, *si* quis *interim* dicat, *tolle* hunc *discum*, nemo *vescitur*. Desidendum est *usque ad* spatium *præscriptum*, quod *illi* metiuntur *clepsydris*, ut *opinor*. Tandem *ille* barbatus, *aut* pandocheus *ipse* minimum *differens* a famulis *vestitu* prodit, *rogat* ecquid animi nobis sit. *Mox* aliquod *generosius* vinum *adfertur*. Autem *amant* eos *qui* bibunt *largius*, cum *solvat* nihilo *plus*, qui *hauserit* plurimum *vini*, quam *qui* minimum.

Moreover *it would be* a heinous Crime, *if* any one *in the mean Time* say, *take away* this *Dish*, no body *eats*. You must sit *'till* the Time *appointed*, which *they* measure *with Hour-Glasses*, as *I suppose*. At last *that* bearded Fellow, *or* the Inn-keeper *himself* very little *differing* from the Servants *in Cloaths* comes out, *asks* if we have a Mind to any Thing. *By and by* some *more generous* Wine *is brought*. But *they love* those *who* drink *plentifully*, though *he pays* no *more*, who *drinks* most *Wine*, than *he that drinks* least.

B. Ingenium *gentis* mirum.

The Temper *of the Nation* is strange.

A. Cum *nonnunquam* sint *qui* absumant *plus* in vino, *quam* solvant *pro* toto *convivio*. Sed *antequam* finiam *hoc* convivium, *mirum* dictu, *quis* strepitus *ac* tumultus *vocum* sit *ibi*, postquam *omnes* cœperunt *incalescere* potu. *Quid multis?* omnia *surda*. Ficti

When *sometimes* there are some *who* consume *more* in Wine, *than* they pay *for* the whole *Feast*. But *before* I end *this* Entertainment, *it is wonderful* to be said, *what* a Noise *and* Confusion *of Voices* there is *there*, after that *all* have begun *to grow warm* with Drink. *What needs many Words?* all Places *are full*

mori-

moriones admiscent *se* frequenter, *quo* genere *hominum*, cum *sit* nullum *magis* detestandum, *tamen* vix credas *quanto opere* Germani *delectentur*. Illi *faciunt* cantu, *garritu*, clamore, *saltatione*, pulsu, *ut* hypocaustum *videatur* corruiturum. *Neque* quisquam audiat *alterum* loquentem. *At* interim *videntur* sibi *vivere* suaviter; *atque* desidendum est *illic*, volenti *nolenti*, usque ad multam noctem.

of Noise. Pretended *Fools* thrust in *themselves* frequently, *with which* kind *of Men*, tho' *there be* none *more* detestable, *yet* you'll scarce believe *how much* the Germans *are delighted*. They *cause* by singing, *prating*, shouting, *dancing*, thumping, *that* the Stove *seems* ready to fall. *Nor* can any one hear *another* speaking. *But* in the mean Time *they seem* to themselves *to live* sweetly; *and* you must sit *there*, willing *or unwilling*, till late at Night.

B. Nunc *tandem* absolve *convivium*; nam *me tædet* quoque *tam prolixi*.

Now *at last* finish *the Entertainment*; for *I am weary* too *of so long a one*.

A. Faciam. *Tandem* caseo *sublato*, qui *vix* placet *illis*, nisi *putris* ac *scatens* vermibus, *ille* barbatus *prodit*, adferens *pinacium* secum, *in quo* pinxit *creta* aliquot *circulos* et *semicirculos*, deponit *id* in mensa, *tacitus* interim *ac* tristis, *diceres* quempiam *Charontem*.

I will do it. *At last* the Cheese *being taken away*, which *scarce* pleases *them*, unless *rotten*, and *full* of Maggots, *that* bearded Fellow *comes forth*, bringing *a Trencher* with him, *in which* he hath drawn *with Chalk* some *Circles* and *Semi-Circles*, he lays *that* upon the Table, *silent* in the mean Time *and* sad; *you would say* he was some

Qui

Qui *agnoſcunt* picturam, *deponunt* pecuniam, *deinde* alius *atque* alius, *donec* pinacium *expleatur*. Deinde *notatis* qui *depoſuerunt*, ſupputat *tacitus*; ſi *nihil* deſit, *annuit* capite.

Charon. They who *know* the Picture, *lay down* their Money, *then* another *and* another, *'till* the Trencher *be filled*. Then *having obſerved thoſe* who *laid down*, he reckons *ſilently*; if *nothing* be wanting, *he nods* with his Head.

B. Quid *ſi* quid *ſuperſit*?

What *if* any Thing *be over*?

A. Fortaſſe *redderet*, et *faciunt* hoc *nonnunquam*.

Perhaps *he would return it*, and *they do* this *ſometimes*.

B. Nemo *reclamat* rationi *iniquæ*?

Does no body *cry out* upon the Reckoning *as unjuſt*?

A. Nemo *qui* ſapit, *nam* audiret *protinus*, quid *tu es* hominis? *ſolves* nihilo *plus* quam *alii*.

No body *that* is wiſe; *for* he would hear *forthwith*, What *are you* of a Man? *You ſhall pay* no *more* than *others*.

B. Narras *liberum* genus *hominum*.

You tell of *a free* kind *of Men*.

A. Quod *ſi* quis *laſſus* ex itinere, *cupiet* mox *a cœna* petere *lectum*, jubetur *expectare*, donec *cæteri* quoque *eant* cubitum.

But *if* any one, *weary* with his Journey, *deſires* preſently *after Supper* to go *to Bed*, he is ordered *to wait* 'till *the reſt* too *go* to Bed.

B. Videor *mihi* videre *Platonicam* urbem.

I ſeem *to myſelf* to ſee *a Platonick* City.

A. Tum

A. Tum *suus* nidus *ostenditur* cuique, *et* vere *nihil* aliud *quam* cubiculum; *nam* ibi *sunt* lecti *tantum*, et *nihil* præterea, *quo* utaris, *aut* quod *fureris*.

Then *his* Neſt *is ſhewn* to every one, *and* truly *nothing* elſe *than* a Bed-Chamber; *for* there *are* Beds *only*, and *nothing* elſe *that* you can uſe, *or* that *you can ſteal*.

B. Eſt *mundities* illic?

Is there *Cleanlineſs* there?

A. Eadem *quæ* in convivio, *lintea* lota forte *ante ſex menſes*.

The ſame *as* in the Feaſt, *Linnen* waſhed perhaps *ſix Months before*.

B. Quid *interim* fit *de equis?*

What *in the mean Time* becomes *of the Horſes?*

A. Tractantur *ad* eandem *diſciplinam*, ad quam *homines*.

They are treated *according to* the ſame *Diſcipline* as *the Men*.

B. Sed *eſt* eadem *tractatio* ubique?

But *is there* the ſame *Treatment* every where?

A. Alicubi *eſt* civilior, *alicubi* durior *quam* narravi; *verum* in genere *eſt* talis.

In ſome Places *it is* civiller, *in ſome Places* harder *than* I have told you; *but* in general *it is* ſuch.

B. Quid *ſi* ego *nunc* narrem *tibi* quibus modis *hoſpites* tractentur *in ea parte* Italiæ, *quam* vocant *Longobardiam*, rurſus *in Hiſpania*, deinde *in Anglia*, et *in Wallia*. Nam

What *if* I *now* tell *you* after what Manner *Gueſts* are treated *in that Part* of Italy, *which* they call *Lombardy*, again *in Spain*, then *in England*, and *in Wales?* For *the Engliſh*

Angli

Angli obtinent *partim* Gallicos, *partim* Germanicos *mores*, ut *mixti* ex *his* duabus *gentibus*. Walli *prædicant* ſe *aborigines* Anglos.

have *partly* the French, *partly* the German *Manners*, as *being mix'd* of *thoſe* two *Nations*. The Welſh *pretend* themſelves *the original* Engliſh.

A. Quæſo *te* ut *narres*, nam *nunquam contigit* mihi *videre* eas.

I pray *you* that *you would tell me*, for *it never happened* to me *to ſee* them.

B. In præſentia *non eſt* otium; *nam* nauta *juſſit* adeſſem *ad tertiam* horam, *niſi* vellem *relinqui*; et *habet* ſarcinulam: *alias* opportunitas *dabitur* nobis *garriendi* uſque ad ſatietatem.

At preſent *there is not* Time; *for* the Sailor *ordered me* to be with him *by the third* Hour, *unleſs* I would *be left*, and *he has* my Baggage; *another Time* an Opportunity *will be given* us of *Prattling* to Satisfaction.

SPEC-

SPECTRUM.

A. QUid *bonæ* rei *eſt*, quod *rides* tecum *tam* ſuaviter, *quaſi* nactus ſis *theſaurum?*

WHat *good* Thing *is there*, that *you laugh* with yourſelf *ſo* ſweetly, *as tho'* you had got *a Treaſure?*

B. Tua *divinatio* non aberrat *procul* a ſcopo.

Your *Gueſs* does not wander *far* from the Mark.

A. Annon impertis *ſodali* quicquid *boni* iſtuc *eſt?*

Will you not impart *to your Companion* whatſoever *good Thing* that *is?*

B. Imo *jamdudum* optabam *quempiam* dari *mihi*, in cujus ſinum *effunderem* hoc *gaudium* meum.

Nay, *ſome Time ſince* I was wiſhing *ſome Body* might be offered *me*, into whoſe Boſom *I might pour out* this *Joy* of mine.

A. Age *igitur* imperti.

Come *then* impart it.

B. Audivi *modo* lepidiſſimam *fabulam*, quam *jures* eſſe *comicum* figmentum, *niſi* locus, *perſonæ*, ac *tota* res

I have heard *juſt now* a very pretty *Story*, which *you would ſwear* was *a Comick* Fiction, *unleſs* the Place, *the Perſons*, and *the*

res *esset* tam *nota* mihi, *quam* tu *es* notus *mihi*.

whole Affair *was* as well *known* to me, *as* you *are* known *to me*.

A. Gestio *audire*.

I long *to hear it*.

B. Nostine *Polum* generum *Fauni?*

Do you know *Pool* the Son-in-Law *of Faun?*

A. Maxime.

Yes.

B. Is *est* et *auctor* et *actor* hujus *fabulæ*.

He *is* both *the Author* and *the Actor* of this *Play*.

A. Facile crediderim, *nam* ille *possit* agere *quamvis* fabulam, *vel* absque *persona*.

I can easily believe it, *for* he *could* act *any* Play, *even* without *a Vizard*.

B. Sic *est*. Nosti, *opinor*, prædium *quod* habet *non* ita *procul* a Londino.

So *it is*. You know, *I fancy*, the Estate *which* he has *not* so *far* from London.

A. Phy! *compotavimus* illic *sæpe*.

Pugh! *We have drunk together* there *often*.

A. Agnoscis *igitur* viam *septam* utrinque *arboribus* digestis *pari* intervallo.

You know *therefore* the Way *hedg'd in* on both Sides *with Trees* placed *at an equal* Distance.

A. Ad lævam *partem* ædium, *fere* altero jactu baliste.

On the Left *Side* of the House, *almost* two Bow-shots off.

B. Tenes. *Alterum* latus *viæ* habet *siccum*

You have it. *One* Side *of the Way* has *a dry* alve-

alveum *obſitum* dumis *et* vepribus ; *e ponticulo* eſt *iter* in planitiem.

Ditch *ſet* with Thorns *and* Briars ; *over the Bridge* there is *a Way* into a Plain.

A. Memini.

I remember.

B. Jampridem *vagabatur* rumor, *ac* fabula *per* ruſticos *ejus* loci, *ſpectrum* obverſari *juxta* hunc *ponticulum*, cujus *miſerandi* ejulatus *exaudirentur* ſubinde : *ſuſpicabantur* eſſe *animam* cujuſpiam *quæ* torqueretur *diris* cruciatibus.

Some Time ago *there went* a Report, *and* a Story, *amongſt* the Country People *of that* Place, *that a Spirit* haunted *nigh* this *Bridge*, whoſe *miſerable* Howlings *were heard* now and then : *They ſuſpected* that it was *the Soul* of ſome Man *which* was tortured *with direful* Torments.

A. Quis *erat* auctor *iſtius* rumoris ?

Who *was* the Author *of that* Report ?

B. Quis *niſi* Polus ? *Præſtruxerat* hoc *proœmium* ſuæ *fabulæ*.

Who *but* Pool ? *He had prepared* this *Prologue* for his *Play*.

A. Quid *venit iſti in mentem* ut confingeret *iſta ?*

What *came into his Mind* to invent *thoſe Things ?*

B. Neſcio, *niſi* quia *ingenium* hominis *eſt* ſic ; *gaudet* ludere *ſtultitiam* populi *commentis* hujuſmodi : *Dicam* quid *deſignarit* nuper *hujus* generis.

I know not, *unleſs* becauſe *the Humour* of the Man *is* ſo ; *he loves* to play upon *the Folly* of the People, *with Inventions* of this Kind. *I will tell you* what *he contrived* lately

Aliquammulti equitabamus *Richmondum*, inter *quos* erant, *quos* tu *diceres* cordatos *viros*. Cœlum *erat* mite *serenum*, nec *suffuscatum* usquam *ulla* nubecula. *Ibi* Polus *oculis* intentis *in cœlum* signavit *totam* faciem *et* scapulas *imagine* crucis, *et* vultu *compositio* ad stuporem, *ita dixit* secum, *Immortalem* Deum! *quid* ego video? *Rogantibus* qui *equitabant* proxime, *quid* videret, *rursus* obsignans *se* majore *cruce*, clementissimus *Deus* avertat *hoc* ostentum, *inquit*. Cum *instarent* cupiditate *cognoscendi*, ille *defixis* oculis *in cœlum*, ac *commonstrans* locum *cœli* digito, *inquit*, nonne videtis *immanem* draconem, *armatum* igneis *cornibus*, cauda *retorta* in circulum? *Cum* negarent *se* videre, *atque* ille *jussisset* intenderent *oculos*, ac *subinde* commonstraret *locum*, tandem *unus quispiam*, *of this* Sort. *A good many of us* were riding *to Richmond*, amongst *whom* there were some *whom* you *would call* prudent *Men*. The Sky *was* wonderful *clear*, nor *overcast* any where *with any* little Cloud. *There* Pool *with his Eyes* directed *towards Heaven*, mark'd *all* his Face *and* Shoulder-Blades *with the Sign* of the Cross, *and* with a Countenance *composed* to Astonishment, *said thus* with himself, *Immortal* God! *What* do I see? *They asking* who *rode* next, *what* he saw, *again* signing *himself* with a greater *Cross*, the most merciful *God* avert *this* Omen, *says he*. When *they urged him* out of a Desire *of knowing*, he *having fix'd* his Eyes *upon Heaven*, and *shewing* the Place *of the Heaven* with his Finger, *says*, Do you not see *a huge* Dragon, *armed* with fiery *Horns*, with his Tail *turn'd up* into a Circle? *When* they denied *that they* saw it, *and* he *bad them* direct *their Eyes*, and *now and then* shewed them *the Place*, at last *some one*, lest

ne

ne *videretur* parum oculatus, *affirmavit* ſe *quoque* videre: *Unus* item *atque* alter *imitatus eſt* hunc; *nam* pudebat *non videre* quod *eſſet* tam *perſpicuum*. Quid multis? *intra* triduum *hic* rumor *pervacerat* totam *Angliam*, tale *portentum* apparuiſſe. *Mirum autem* quantum *popularis* fama *addidit* fabulæ. *Nec* deerant *qui* ſerio *interpretarentur* quid *oſtentum* vellet ſibi. *Ille* qui *commentus fuerat* argumentum, *fruebatur* horum *ſtultitia* cum *magna* voluptate.

he ſhould ſeem bad-ſighted, *affirmed* that he *too* ſaw it: *One* likewiſe *and* another *imitated* him, *for* they were aſhamed *not to ſee* what *was* ſo *plain*. What needs many Words? *Within* three Days *this* Report *had gone through* all *England*, that ſuch a *Monſter* had appear'd. *But it's wonderful* how much *popular* Fame *added* to the Story. *Nor* were there wanting ſome *who* in Earneſt *interpreted* what *this Prodigy* meant. *He* who *had invented* the Matter, *enjoy'd* their *Folly* with *great* Pleaſure.

A. Agnoſco *ingenium* hominis; *ſed* redi *ad ſpectrum*.

I know *the Temper* of the Man; *but* return *to the Apparition*.

B. Interea *divertit* quidam *Faunus* ſacerdos *ad Polum* commodum, *ex eorum genere*, quibus *non ſatis eſt* appellari *latine* regulares, *niſi* idem *cognomen* accinatur *græce*, parochus *vicini* oppidi *illic alicunde*. Is *videbatur* ſibi *non vulgari-*

In the mean Time *comes* one *Faun* a Prieſt *to Pool* very opportunely, *of their Kind*, to whom *it is not enough* to be called *in Latin* Regulars, *unleſs* the ſame *Sirname* be ſung to them *in Greek*, a Parſon *of a neighbouring* Town *thereabouts*. He *ſeemed* to himſelf *not to be vulgar-*

ter ſapere, præſertim *in ſacris* rebus.

ly wiſe, eſpecially *in holy* Things.

A. Intelligo, *actor* fabulæ *repertus eſt.*

I. underſtand, *an Actor* of the Play *was found.*

B. Super cænam *ſermo* ortus eſt *de rumore* ſpectri, *cum* Polus *ſentiret* hunc *rumorem* non ſolum *auditum eſſe* Fauno, *verum* etiam *creditum*, cœpit *obteſtari* hominem, *ut* doctus *ac* pius *vir* ſuccurreret *animulæ* patienti *tam* dira; *et* ſi *quid dubitas*, inquit, *explora* rem, *vbambula* ad decimam *juxta* illum *ponticulum*, et *audies* miſerum *ejulatum*, adjunge *tibi* quem *voles* comitem, *ita* audies *et* tutior *et* certius.

At Supper *a Diſcourſe* aroſe *about the Report* of the Apparition, *when* Pool *perceived* that this *Report* not only *had been heard* by Faun, *but was* alſo *believed*, he began *to beſeech* the Man, *that* he being a learned *and* godly *Man*, would ſuccour *the poor Soul* ſuffering *ſuch* dreadful Things; *and* if *you doubt at all*, ſays he, *examine* the Matter, *walk* about Ten *nigh* that *Bridge*, and *you will hear* miſerable *Howling*, take *to you* whom *you will* as a Companion, *ſo* you will hear *both* more ſafe *and* more certainly.

A. Quid *deinde?*

What *then?*

B. Cæna *peracta*, Polus *ex more* abiit *venatum* aut *aucupatum.* Faunus *obambulans* cum *jam* tenebræ *fuſtuliſſent* certum *judicium* de rebus, *tandem* audit *miſerandos* gemitus. *Hos* artifex

Supper *being ended*, Pool *according to his Cuſtom* goes *a Hunting*, or *a Fowling.* Faun *walking* when *now* the Darkneſs *had taken away* a certain *Judgment* of Things, *at length* he hears *miſerable* Groans. *Theſe* the Artiſt *Pool* feigned *won-*

Polus

Polus effingebat *mire*, abditus *illic* in vepreto, *fictili* ola *adhibita* ad id; *quo* vox *reddita* e cavo *ſonaret* quiddam *lugubrius*.

derfully, being hid *there* in a buſhy Place, *an earthen* Pot *being uſed* for that Purpoſe; *that* the Voice *being return'd* from the Hollow, *might ſound* ſomething *more mournfully*.

A. Hæc *fabula*, ut *video*, vincit *phaſma* Menandri.

This *Farce*, as far as *I ſee*, exceeds *the Apparition* of Menander.

B. Dices *iſtuc* magis, *ſi* audieris *totam*. Faunus *recepit* ſe *domum*, cupiens *narrare* quid *audiſſet*. Polus *anteverterat* jam *alia* compendiaria *via*. Ibi *Faunus* narrat *Polo*, quod *erat actum*, et *affingit* aliquid *etiam*, quo *res* eſſet *admirabilior*.

You will ſay *that* the more, *if* you hear *the whole*. Faun *got* him *Home*, deſiring *to tell* what *he had heard*. Pool *had got before* already *by another* ſhort *Way*. There *Faun* tells *Pool*, what *had been done*, and *invents* ſomething *too*, that *the Thing* might be *more wonderful*.

A. Poterat *Polus* interim *tenere* riſum?

Could *Pool* in the mean Time *hold from* Laughing?

B. Illene! *Habet* vultum *in manu*. Dixiſſes *rem* agi *ſerio*. Tandem *Faunus* Polo *obteſtante* vehementer, *ſuſcepit* negotium *exorciſmi*, et *agit* totam *eam* noctem *inſomnem*, dum *deſpicit* quibus modis *aggrederetur*

He! *He has* his Countenance *in his Hand*. You would have ſaid *that the Thing* was doing *in earneſt*. At laſt *Faun*, Pool *beſeeching him* very much, *undertook* the Buſineſs *of Exorciſm*, and *he ſpends* all *that* Night *without Sleep*, whilſt *he conſiders* which

rem *tuto*, nam *misere metuebat* sibi *quoque*. Primum *itaque* efficaciſſimi *exorciſmi* congeſti ſunt, *et* nonnulli *novi* additi *per* viſcera *beatæ* Mariæ, *per* oſſa *beatæ* Werenfridæ. *Deinde* locus *delectus eſt* in planitie *vicina* vepreto, *unde* vox *exaudiebatur*. Satis amplus *circulus* circumductus eſt, *qui* haberet *crebras* cruces, *variaſque* notulas: *Hæc omnia* peragebantur *conceptis verbis*. Ingens *vas* plenum *conſecratæ* aquæ *adhibitum eſt*. Sacra *ſtola*, quam vocant, *addita eſt* in collum, *unde* pendebat *initium* Evangelii *ſecundum* Joannem. *Habebat* in loculis *cerulam* ſolitam *conſecrari* quotannis *a* Romano *Pontifice*, quæ *dicitur* vulgo *Agnus* Dei. His armis *olim* muniebant *ſe* adverſus *noxios* Dæmones, *priuſquam* cuculla *Franciſci* cœpit *eſſe* formidabilis *illis*. Omnia *hæc* procurata ſunt, *ne*, ſi *eſſet* maway *he might attempt* the Thing *ſafely*, for *he was miſerably afraid* of himſelf *too*. Firſt *then* the moſt effectual *Exorciſms* were got together, *and* ſome *new ones* added *by* the Bowels *of bleſſed* Mary, *by* the Bones *of bleſſed* Werenfrid. *Then* a Place *was choſen* in the Plain *nigh* the buſhy Place, *from whence* the Voice *was heard*. A good large *Circle* was drawn, *which* had *many* Croſſes, *and divers* Marks: *All theſe Things* were done *with a Form of Words*. A huge *Veſſel* full *of holy* Water, *was made uſe of*: A holy *Gown*, as they call it, *was put* over his Neck, *from whence* hung *the Beginning* of the Goſpel *according to* John. *He had* in his Pocket *a Bit of Wax* uſed *to be conſecrated* every Year *by* the Roman *Pontiff*, which *is called* commonly *the Lamb* of God. With theſe Arms *formerly* they fortify'd *themſelves* againſt *miſchievous* Dæmons, *before* the Hood *of Francis* began *to be* terrible *to them*. All *theſe Things* were provided, *leſt*, if *it ſhould be*

lus

lus *ſpiritus*, faceret *impetum* in exorciſtam. *Nec* tamen *auſus eſt* committere *ſe* ſolum *circulo*, ſed *decretum eſt* alterum *ſacerdotem* adhibendum eſſe. *Ibi* Polus *metuens*, ne, *ſi* naſutior *eſſet* adjunctus, *myſterium* fabulæ *proderetur*, adjungit *quendam* parochum *ex vicinia*, cui *aperit* totam *rem*; nam *ſic* actio *fabulæ* poſtulabat, *et* erat *is* qui *non abhorreret a* tali ludo. *Poſtridie*, omnibus *rebus* paratis *rite*, ſub *decimam* horam *Faunus* cum *parocho* ingreditur *circulum*. Polus, *qui* præceſſerat, *gemit* miſerabiliter *e vepreto*. Faunus *auſpicatur* exorciſmum. *Interim* Polus *ſubducit* ſe *clam* per tenebras, *in proximam* villam. *Illinc* adducit *aliam* perſonam *fabulæ*, nam *non poterat* agi *ni* per multos.

an evil *Spirit*, it ſhould make *an Attack* upon the Exorciſt. *Neither* yet *durſt he* truſt *himſelf* alone *in the Circle*, but *it was determined* that another *Prieſt* ſhould be employed. *There* Pool *fearing*, leſt, *if* a cunninger Man *was* join'd with him, *the Myſtery* of the Farce *ſhould be betray'd*, he joins to him *a certain* Parſon *of the Neighbourhood*, to whom *he diſcloſes* the whole *Matter*; for *ſo* the Acting *of the Farce* required, *and* he was *one* that *was not averſe to* ſuch Sport. *The Day after*, all *Things* being prepared *rightly*, about *the Tenth* Hour *Faun* with *the Parſon* enters *the Circle*. Pool, *who* had gone before, *groans* miſerably *out of the buſhy Place*. Faun *begins* the Exorciſm. *In the mean Time* Pool *withdraws* himſelf *privately* in the dark, *into the next* Village. *Thence* he brings *another* Actor *of the Play*; for *it could not* be acted *but* by many.

A. Quid *faciunt?*

What *do they?*

B. Conſcendunt *nigros* equos, *ferunt*

They mount *black* Horſes? *they carry* cover'd *Fere* occul-

occultum *ignem* ſecum, *ubi* non abeſſent *procul* a circulo, *oſtentant* ignem, *quo* metu *abigerent* Faunum *e circulo.*

with them, *when* they were not *far* from the Circle, *they ſhew* their Fire, *that* by Fear *they might drive* Faun *out of the Circle.*

A. Quantum *operæ* ſumpſit *ille* Polus, *ut* falleret!

How much *Pains* took *that* Pool, *that* he might deceive!

B. Sic *homo* eſt. *Verum* ea *res* propemodum ceſſerat *peſſime* illis.

So *the Man* is. *But* that *Thing* had well nigh fall'n out *very badly* for them.

A. Qui *ſic?*

How *ſo?*

B. Nam *equi* conſternati *igne* ſubito *prolato*, parum abfuit quin præcipitarent *et* ſe, *et* ſeſſores. *Habes* primum *actum* fabulæ. *Ubi* reditum eſt *in colloquium*, Polus, *velut* ignarus *omnium*, rogat *quid* eſſet actum. *Ibi* Faunus *narrat* duos *teterrimos Dæmones* conſpectos *ſibi*, in nigris *equis*, igneis *oculis*, ac *ſpirantes* ignem *naribus*, qui *tentaſſent* ingredi *circulum*, verum *abactos* in malam rem *efficacibus* verbis. *Cum* animus *accrevif-*

For *the Horſes* being frighted *with the Fire* ſuddenly *produced*, had like to have thrown *both* themſelves, *and* their *Riders*. *You have* the firſt *Act* of the Play. *When* they return'd *to confer together*, Pool, *as if* ignorant *of all Things*, aſks *what* had been done. *There* Faun *tells him* that two *very ugly Devils* had been ſeen *by him*, upon black *Horſes*, with fiery *Eyes*, and *breathing* Fire *out of their Noſes*, who *had tried* to enter *the Circle*, but *were driven away* with a Vengeance *by powerful* Words. *When*

ſet

ſet Fauno *his* rebus, *die* poſtero *rediit* in circulum *cum* ſummo *apparatu :* Cumque *provocaſſet* ſpectrum *multis* obteſtationibus, *Polus* rurſum *cum* collega *oſtendit* ſe *procul* ex *atris* equis, *horrendo fremitu,* quaſi *cuperent* irrumpere *circulum.*

Courage *grew upon* Faun *by theſe* Things, *the Day* following *he returned* into the Circle *with his* utmoſt *Furniture.* And when *he had called out* the Spirit *with many* Entreaties, *Pool* again *with his* Colleague *ſhewed* himſelf *at a Diſtance* from *black* Horſes, *with a horrid muttering Noiſe,* as if *they deſired* to break into *the Circle.*

A. Habebant *nihil* ignis ?

Had they *nothing* of Fire ?

B. Nihil, *nam* id *ceſſerat* male. *Sed* audi *aliud* commentum. *Ducebant* longum *funem* ; eo *tracto* leviter *per humum,* dum *uterque* proripit ſe *hinc* atque *hinc,* velut *abacti* exorciſmis *Fauni,* provolvunt *in terram* utrumque *ſacerdotem,* una *cum* vaſe *quod* habebant *plenum* ſacræ *aquæ.*

Nothing, *for* that *fell out* badly. *But* hear *another* Invention. *They took* a long *Rope* ; that *being drawn* lightly *along the Ground,* whilſt *each* throws himſelf out *on this Side* and *that Side,* as if *driven away* by the Conjuring *of Faun,* they tumble down *upon the Ground* both *Prieſts,* together *with* the Tub *which* they had *full* of Holy *Water.*

A. Parochus tulit *hoc* præmii *pro* ſua actione ?

Did the Parſon get *this* Reward *for* his acting his Part ?

B. Tulit, *et* tamen *maluit* perpeti *hoc,*

He did get it, *and* yet *he choſe rather* to ſuffer *this,*

quam

quam *deserere* fabulam *cœptam*. His *gestis* ita, *ubi* reditum est *ad colloquium*, Faunus *deprædicat* apud Polum *in quanto* periculo *fuisset*, et *quam* fortiter *profligasset* utrumque *Cacodæmonem* suis verbis; *jamque* conceperat *certam* fiduciam, *esse* nullum *Dæmonem* tam *noxium*, aut *impudentem*, qui *posset* irrumpere *circulum*.

than *to forsake* the Play *begun*. These Things *being done* thus, *when* they returned *to the Conference*, Faun *tells* to Pool *in how great* Danger *he had been*, and *how* stoutly *he had put to Flight* both *the Devils* with his Words; *and now* he had conceived *a certain* Assurance *that there was* no *Devil* so *mischievous*, or *impudent*, who *could* break into *the Circle*.

A. Ille *Faunus* non multùm abest *a fatuo*.

That *Faun* is not far removed *from a Fool*.

B. Audisti *nihil* adhuc. *Fabula* progressa *hucusque*, commodum *supervenit* Poli *gener*, nam *duxerat* ejus *natu maximam* filiam, *juvenis*, ut *scis*, mire festivo *ingenio*.

You have heard *nothing* as yet. *The Play* being advanc'd *thus far*, in good Time *comes in* Pool's *Son-in-Law*, for *he had married* his *eldest* Daughter, *a young Man*, as *you know*, of a wonderful merry *Humour*.

A. Scio, *nec* abhorrens ab *hujusmodi* jocis.

I know, *nor* averse to *such* Jests.

B. Abhorrens, *ille* desereret *nullum non* vadimonium, *si* talis *fabula* esset *vel* spec-

Averse, *he* would forsake *any* Bail, *if* such *a Play* was *either* to be seen, *or* to be acted. *The Father-*

tanda,

tanda, *vel* agenda. *Socer* denarrat *omnem* rem *huic*; atque *delegat* ei *partes*, ut *agat* animam. *Sumit* ornatum, *ac* lubens *convolvit* se *linteo*, quemadmodum *funera* solent *apud nos*. Habet *vivam* prunam *in testa*, quæ *per linteum* reddebat *speciem* incendii. *Sub noctem* itum est *ad locum* ubi *hæc* fabula *agebatur*. Miri *gemitus* audiuntur. *Faunus* expedit *omnes* exorcismos. *Tandem* anima *ostendit* sese *procul* intra *vepretum*, subinde *ostentans* ignem, *ac* suspirans *misere*. Cum *Faunus* obtestaretur *hanc*, ut *eloqueretur* quisnam *esset*, Polus *prosiliit* subito *e vepreto*, ornatu *cacodæmonis*, fictoque *fremitu*, inquit, *est tibi* nihil *juris* in hanc *animam*, est *mea*, ac *subinde* procurrit *usque ad* oram *circuli*, veluti *facturus* impetum *in exorcistam*: Moxque *velut* submotus *verbis* exorcismi, *in-Law* tells *all* the Matter *to him*, and *appoints* him *his Part*, that *he may act* the Soul. *He takes* his Dress, *and* willingly *wraps* himself *in a Sheet*, as *dead Bodies* use to be *with us*. He has *a live* Coal *in a Shell*, which *through the Sheet* made *an Appearance* of Fire. *At Night* they went *to the Place* where *this* Play *was acted*. Wonderful *Groans* are heard. *Faun* makes ready *all* his Exorcisms. *At length* the Soul *shews* itself *a great Way off* within *the bushy Place*, now and then *shewing* the Fire, *and* groaning *miserably*. When *Faun* besought *it*, that *it would declare* who *it was*, Pool *jump'd* suddenly *out of the bushy Place* in the Dress *of a Devil*, and with a feign'd *muttering Noise*, says, *You have* no *Right* to this *Soul*, it is *mine*; and *now and then* he runs *up to* the Edge *of the Circle*, as if *he would make* an Attack *upon the Conjurer*, ; and by and by, *as if* beat off *by the Words* of the Conjuration, *and* the Virtue *of the Holy* Water, *which* he sprinkled *upon him* in great Plenty,

et

et vi *sacræ* aquæ, *quam* aſperſit *illi* multam, *retroceſſit*. Tandem *Pædagogo* Dæmone *abacto*, naſcitur *dialogiſmus* Fauni *cum* anima. *Reſpondet* percunctanti *et* obteſtanti *ſe* eſſe animam Chriſtiani *hominis*. Rogata *quo* nomine *vocaretur*, reſpondit, *Faunus :* Faunus *inquit*, idem *eſt mihi* nomen, *jamque* res cœpit *eſſe cordi* illi *magis* ex *communi* nomine, *ut* Faunus *liberaret* Faunum. *Cum* Faunus *percontaretur* multa, *ne* diutina *Confabulatio* proderet *fucum*, anima *ſubducebat* ſeſe, *negans* eſſe *fas* ſibi *colloqui* diutius, *quod* tempus *urgeret*, quo *cogeretur* abire, *quo* liberet *Pædagogo* Dæmoni : *tamen* pollicita eſt *ſe* redituram *poſtridie*, hora *qua* eſſet *fas*. Rurſus *convenitur* in *Poli* ædibus, *qui* erat *Choragus* Fabulæ. *Ibi* Exorciſta *denarrat* quid *eſſet* geſtum, *admentiens* nonnulla *etiam*, quæ *tamen* per*he drew off*. At length *the Pedagogue* Devil *being driven away*, begins *a Dialogue* of Faun's *with* the Soul. *It anſwered him* aſking *and* beſeeching, *that it* was *the Soul* of a Chriſtian *Man*. Being aſk'd *by what* Name *it was call'd*, it anſwer'd, *Faun :* Faun *ſays he*, the ſame *is my* Name ; *and now* the Thing begun *to pleaſe* him *more* becauſe of *their common* Name, *that* Faun *might deliver* Faun. *When* Faun *aſked* many Things, *leſt* a long *Diſcourſe* ſhould betray *the Roguery*, the Soul *withdrew* itſelf, *denying* that it was *lawful* for him *to talk* longer, *becauſe* the Time *was at Hand*, when *he ſhould be oblig'd* to go, *whither* it pleas'd *the Pedagogue* Devil : *Yet* he promiſed *that he* would return *the Day after*, at the Hour *when* it ſhould be *lawful*. Again *they meet* in *Pool's* Houſe, *who* was *the Furniſher* of the Play. *There* the Conjurer *tells* what *was* done, *lying* in ſome Things *too*, which *yet* he perſwaded *himſelf* to *be true*, ſo much *he favoured* the Buſineſs *which* was doing. *Now* this *was* fuade-

ſuadebat *ſibi* eſſe *vera*, adeo *favebat* negotio *quod* agebatur. *Jam* hoc *compertum erat*, ſcilicet, *eſſe* Chriſtianam *animam*, quæ *vexaretur* diris *cruciatibus* ſub *inclementiſſimo* dæmone. *Huc* omnis *conatus* intenditur. *Verum*, quiddam *ridiculum* accidit *in proximo* exorciſmo.

found out, to wit, *that it was* a Chriſtian *Soul*, which *was plagued* with dreadful *Torments*, under *a moſt unmerciful* Devil. *To this* all *his Endeavour* is directed. *But* a certain *comical Thing* happened *in the next* Conjuring Bout.

A. Obſecro *quidnam?*

I beſeech you *what?*

B. Cum *Faunus* evocaſſet *animam*, Polus, *qui* agebat *dæmonem*, aſſiliit *prorſus* ſic, *quaſi* irrupturus *intra* circulum, *cumque* Faunus *pugnaret* exorciſmis, *et* aſpergeret *multam vim* aquæ; *tandem* dæmon *exclamat* ſe *ne facere* omnia *iſta* quidem *pili*; inquit, *habuiſti* rem *cum* puella, *es* mei juris. *Cum* Polus *diceret* id *joco*, tamen *forte Fortuna* viſus eſt *dixiſſe* verum: *Nam* Exorciſta *tactus* hoc *dicto*, illico *recepit* ſe *in centrum* circuli, *et* immuſſavit

When *Faun* had call'd out *the Soul*, Pool, *who* acted *the Devil*, leaped up *juſt* ſo, *as if* he would break *within* the Circle, *and when* Faun *fought* by Conjuration, *and* ſprinkled on him *a vaſt Quantity* of Water; *at laſt* the Devil *cries out* that he *did not value* all *thoſe Things* ſo much as *a Hair*; quoth he, *thou haſt had* Dealings *with* a Girl, *thou art* a Part of my Right. *Tho'* Pool *ſaid* that *in Jeſt*, yet *by good Fortune* he ſeemed *to have ſaid* the Truth: *For* the Conjurer *being ſtruck* with this *Saying*, preſently *betook* himſelf *into the Centre* of the Circle, *and* mut-

neſcio quid *in aurem* parocho. *Polus* ſentiens *id* recepit *ſeſe*, ne *audiret* quid, *quod* non eſſet *fas* audire.

tered *I know not* what *in the Ear* to the Parſon. *Pool* perceiving *that*, withdrew *himſelf*, leſt *he ſhould hear* any Thing, *which* it was not *lawful* to hear.

A. Sane *Polus* agebat *religioſum* et *modeſtum* dæmonem.

Truly *Pool* acted *the Religious* and *Modeſt* Devil.

B. Sic *eſt*. Actio *poterat* reprehendi, *quod* parum meminiſſet *decori*. Tamen *exaudivit* vocem *parochi* indicentis *ſatisfactionem*.

So *it is*. The Action *might* be blamed, *becauſe* he little regarded *Decency*. Yet *he overheard* the Voice *of the Parſon* appointing *Satisfaction*.

A. Quam?

What?

B. Ut *diceret* Dominicam *precationem* ter. *Ex hoc* conjiciebat *habuiſſe* rem *ter* eadem nocte.

That *he ſhould ſay* the Lord's *Prayer* thrice. *By this* he gueſſed *that he had had* Dealings *thrice* the ſame Night.

A. Hoc *ſane* ille *regularis* præter *regulam*.

This *truly* that *Regular did* beſides *his Rule*.

B. Sunt *homines*, et *erat* humanus *lapſus*.

They are *Men*, and *it was* a human *Failing*.

A. Perge, *quid* deinde *factum?*

Go on, *what* then *was done?*

B. Jam

B. Jam *Faunus* redit *ferocior* ad oram *circuli*, et *ultro* provocat *dæmonem*; at *ille* jam *timidior* refugiebat, *inquiens*, fefellisti *me*, si *sapuissem*, non monuissem *te*. Hoc *est* persuasum *multis*, quæ *confessus sis* semel *sacerdoti*, esse *prorsus* abolita *e memoria* dæmonis, *ne possit* opprobrare.

Now *Faun* returns *more fierce* to the Edge *of the Circle*, and *of his own Accord* challenges *the Devil*; but *he* now *being more timorous* ran away, *saying*, thou hast deceived *me*, if *I had been wise*, I should not have told *thee*. This *is* believed *by many*, what *you confess* once *to the Priest* is *quite* wiped *out of the Memory* of the Devil, *that he cannot* upbraid you.

A. Narras *plane ridiculum* jocum.

You tell me *a very comical* Jest.

B. Sed *ut* finiam *fabulam* aliquando, *colloquium* habitum est *cum* anima *in hunc modum* aliquot *diebus*. *Summa* evasit *huc*. Illa *respondit* Exorcistæ *roganti*, num *posset* qua via *liberari* a cruciatu, *posse* si *pecunia* quam *reliquisset* partam *fraude*, restitueretur. *Ibi* Faunus *inquit*, quid *si* dispensaretur *in* pios *usus* per *bonos* viros? *Respondit* et hoc *profuturum*. Heic *exorcista* exhilaratus *percunctatus est* summa *diligentia*, quanta *sum-*

But *that* I may finish *the Story* at last, *a Conference* was held *with* the Soul *in this Manner* for some *Days*. *The Upshot* came *to this*. It *answered* the Conjurer *asking* whether *it could* any Way *be delivered* from Torment, *that it might*, if *the Money* which *it had left* got *by Cheating*, should be restored. *Upon that* Faun *says*, what *if* it should be disposed of *to* pious *Uses* by *good* Men? *It answered* that that also *would do Good*. Here *the Exorcist* being rejoiced, *enquired* with the greatest *Diligence*, how

ma eſſet. *Illa* dixit *ingentem*, quod *erat* bonum *et* commodum *illi*. Indicavit *et* locum, *ſed* procul *diſſitum*, ubi *hic* theſaurus *eſſet* defoſſus. *Præſcripſit* in quos *uſus* velſet *impendi*.

great *the Sum* was. *It* ſaid *a huge one*, which *was* good *and* convenient *for him*. It diſcovered *alſo* the Place, *but* a great Way *diſtant*, where *this* Treaſure *was* hid in the Earth. *It preſcribed* for what *Uſes* it would have it *laid out*.

A. In quos?

For what?

B. Ut *tres* ſuſciperent *peregrinationem*, unus *quorum* adiret *limina* Petri, *alter* iret *ſalutatum* Jacobum *Compoſtellanum*; tertius *oſcularetur* pectinem *Jeſu*, qui *eſt* Treviris. *Deinde* magna *vis* pſalteriorum *et* Miſſarum *perageretur* per *aliquot* Monaſteria. *Quod* ſupereſſet, *ipſe* diſpenſaret *pro* ſuo *arbitratu*. Jam *totus* animus *Fauni* erat *in Theſauro*. Devorarat *illum* toto pectore.

That *three* ſhould undertake *a Pilgrimage*, one *of which* ſhould go *to the Threſholds* of Peter, *another* ſhould go *to ſalute* James *of Compoſtella*; a third *ſhould kiſs* the Comb *of Jeſus*, which *is* at Triers. *Then* a great *Quantity* of Pſalms *and* Maſſes *ſhould be performed* thro' *ſome* Monaſteries. *What* remain'd *he* might diſpoſe of *according to* his *Pleaſure*. Now *the whole* Soul *of Faun* was *in the Treaſure*. He had devoured *it* with his whole Breaſt.

A. Eſt *vulgaris* morbus, *quanquam* ſacerdotes *peculiariter* male audiunt *hoc nomine*.

It is *a common* Diſeaſe; *tho'* Prieſts *peculiarly* have an ill Report *upon this Account*.

B. Ubi

B. Ubi *nihil* omissum esset, *quod* pertineret *ad Negotium* pecuniæ, *Exorcista* submonitus *a Polo*, cœpit *percunctari* animam *de Alcumistica*, deque Magia. *Et* anima *respondit* quædam *ad hæc* pro tempore; *cæterum* pollicita *se* indicaturum *plura*, simul atque *liberata fuisset* illius opera *a* pædagogo *dæmone*. Sit hic, *si* videtur, *tertius* actus *fabulæ*. In quarto *Faunus* cœpit *prædicare* hanc *prodigiosam* rem *ubique* serio, *crepare* nihil *aliud* in colloquiis, *in conviviis*, polliceri *quædam* magnifica *Monasteriis*, et *loquebatur* jam *nihil* omnino *humile*. Adit *locum*, reperit *signa*, tamen *non ausus est* effodere *Thesaurum*, quod *anima* injecisset *Scrupulum*, facturum *ingenti* periculo, *si* Thesaurus *attingeretur*, priusquam *Missæ* peractæ essent. *Jam* fucus *subolebat* multis *nasutioribus*. Cum *tamen* ille nusquam non

When *Nothing* had been omitted, *that* appertained *to the Business* of the Money, *the Conjurer* being put in Mind of it *by Pool*, began *to ask* the Soul *about the Alcumistick Art*, and of Magick. *And* the Soul *answered* some Things *to that* for that Time; *but* promised *that* it would discover *more*, as soon as *it was delivered* by his Means *from* the Pedagogue *Devil*. Let this be, *if* it seems good, *the third* Act *of the Play*. In the fourth *Faun* begun *to tell* of this *prodigious* Thing *every where* in Earnest, *to talk* of nothing *else* in Company, *in Feasts*, to promise *some* mighty Matters *to the Monasteries*, and *he spoke of* now *nothing* at all *mean*. He goes to *the Place*, finds *the Marks*, yet *he durst not* dig up *the Treasure*, because *the Soul* had thrown in *a Scruple*, that he would do it *with great* Danger, *if* the Treasure *should be touch'd*, before *the Masses* were perform'd. *Now* the Roguery *was smelt out* by many *more cunning People*. When *notwithstanding* he every where *published* his *Folly*;

deprædicaret ſuam *ſtultitiam*, admonitus eſt *clam* ab amicis, *præſertim* ab Abbate ſuo, *ne daret* diverſum *ſpecimen* de ſe *omnibus*, qui *hactenus* habitus eſſet *prudens* vir. *Tamen* ille *potuit* commoveri *nullius oratione*, quo minus crederet *rem* eſſe *ſeriam*: et *hæc* imaginatio *occupavit* animum *hominis* adeo *penitus*, ut *ſomniaret* nihil, *loqueretur* nihil, *præter* ſpectra *et* malos *genios*. Habitus *mentis* abierat *in ipſam* faciem, *quæ* ſic pallebat, *erat* ſic *extenuata*, ſic *dijecta*, ut *diceres* eſſe *larvam*, non *hominem*. Quid multis? *minimum aberat* a *vera* dementia, *ni* ſuccurſum fuiſſet *celeri* remedio.

he was adviſed *privately* by his Friends, *eſpecially* by his Abbot, *that he would not give* a different *Specimen* of himſelf *to all Men*, who *hitherto* had been accounted *a prudent* Man. *Yet* he *could* be moved *by no Man's Talk*, from believing *that the Matter* was *real*: And *this* Imagination *ſeized* the Mind *of the Man* ſo *thoroughly*, that he *dreamt* of nothing, *ſpoke of* nothing *beſides* Ghoſts *and* evil *Spirits*. The Habit *of his Mind* had got *into his very* Face, *which* was ſo pale, *was* ſo *thin*, ſo *dejected*, that *you would have ſaid* he was *a Ghoſt*, not *a Man*. What needs many Words? *He was very little removed* from *real* Madneſs, *unleſs* he had been relieved *by a ſpeedy* Remedy.

A. Nimirum *hic* erit *extremus* actus *fabulæ*.

Well *this* will be *the laſt* Act *of the Play*.

B. Reddam *eum* tibi. *Polus* et *ejus gener* commenti ſunt *hujuſmodi technam*. Effinxerunt *Epiſtolam* de-

I will give *it* to you. *Pool* and *his Son-in-Law* invented *ſuch a Trick as this*. They forged *an Epiſtle* writ *in rare Letters*, and that *not* ſcriptam

ſcriptam *in raris literis*, idque *non* in vulgaribus chartis. *Sententia* Epiſtolæ *erat* hæc. *Faunus* dudum *captivus*, nunc *liber* æternam ſalutem *Fauno* ſuo *optimo* liberatori. *Non eſt* mi Faune, *cur* maceres *te* diutius *in hoc negotio*. Deus *reſpexit* piam *voluntatem* tui animi, *et* illius merito *liberavit* me *a ſuppliciis* : Ego *nunc* ago *feliciter* inter Angelos. *Locus* manet *te* apud *Divum* Auguſtinum, *qui* eſt *proximus* Choro *Apoſtolorum*. Ubi *veneris* ad nos, *agam* tibi *gratias* coram. *Interim* cura *ut* vivas *ſuaviter*. Datum *ex* Empyreo *cælo*, Idibus *Septembribus*, anno *milleſimo* quadringenteſimo *nonageſimo* octavo, *ſub* ſigillo *mei annuli*. Hæc *epiſtola* poſita eſt *clam* in altari, *ubi* Faunus *facturus erat* rem divinam. *Subornatus*, qui, *ea* peracta, *ſubmoneret eum* de re *quaſi* deprehenſa *caſu*. Nunc *circumſtrt* eam epiſtolam, upon common Paper. *The Subject* of the Letter *was* this. *Faun* ſome Time ago *a Priſoner*, now *free*, wiſheth eternal Salvation *to Faun* his *very good* Deliverer. *There is no Reaſon*, my Faun, *why* you ſhould trouble *yourſelf* any further *in this Buſineſs*. God *hath regarded* the pious *Intention* of your Mind, *and* for the Merit of it *hath delivered* me *from Puniſhment* : I now live *happily* amongſt the Angels. *A Place* is reſerv'd *for you* near *Saint* Auſtin, *which* is *next* to the Choir *of the Apoſtles*. When *you come* to us, *I ſhall give* you *Thanks* Face to Face. *In the mean Time* take care *that* you live *merrily*. Given *from* the Empyrean *Heaven*, on the Ides of *September*, in the Year *one thouſand* four hundred *and ninety* eight, *under* the Seal *of my Ring*. This *Letter* was laid *privately* upon the Altar, *where* Faun *was to perform* divine Service. *One was ſuborn'd*, who, *that* being over, *ſhould tell him* of the Thing, *as* obſerv'd *by Chance*. Now *he carries about* that Letter, *and* believes *nothing* more cer-

ac credit *nihil* certius, *quam* eam *perlatam* e cœlo *ab Angelo.*

tainly *than* that it *was brought* from Heaven *by an Angel.*

A. Iſtud *non eſt* liberaſſe *hominem* inſania, *ſed* mutaſſe *genus* inſaniæ.

That *is not* to free *the Man* from Madneſs, *but* to change *the Kind* of Madneſs.

B. Sic *eſt* profecto, *niſi* quod *nunc* inſanit ſuavius.

So *it is* indeed, *but* that *now* he is more ſweetly mad.

A. Antehac *non ſolebam* tribuere multum *fabulis*, quæ *feruntur* vulgo de *ſpectris*; ſed *poſthac* tribuam *multo* minus; *nam* ſuſpicor *multa* prodita *literis* pro veris *ab credulis* hominibus, *et* ſimilibus *Fauni*, quæ *adfimulata ſunt* ſimili *artificio.*

Heretofore *I did not uſe* to give much Regard *to Stories*, that *are told* commonly of *Apparitions*; but *hereafter* I ſhall give *much* leſs; *for* I ſuſpect *that many Things* have been delivered *in Books* for true *by credulous* Men, *and* Men like *Faun*, which *have been contrived* by the like *Art.*

B. Ego credo *pleraque* eſſe *hujus generis.*

I believe *the moſt Part* are *of this Kind.*

ALCUMISTICA.

A. QUID *novæ* rei *eſt* quod *Lalus* ridet *ſic* apud ſeſe, *ſubinde* ſignans *ſe* cruce; *interpellabo* felicitatem *hominis*. Salve *multum* amiciſſime Lale. *Vidêre* mihi *admodum* felix.

WHat *new* Thing *is there* that *Lalus* laughs *ſo* with himſelf, *now and then* ſigning *himſelf* with the Croſs? *I will interrupt* the Felicity *of the Man*. God ſave you *much* my good Friend Lalus. *You ſeem* to me *very* happy.

B. Atqui *ero* felicior, *ſi* impertiam *tibi* hoc *gaudium*.

But *I ſhall be* more happy, *if* I impart *to you* this *Joy*.

A. Fac *igitur* bees me *quamprimum*.

See *therefore* you make me happy *as ſoon as poſſible*.

B. Noſti *Balbinum?*

Do you know *Balbinus?*

A. Illum *eruditum* ſenem, *ac* laudatæ *vitæ*.

That *learned* old Man, *and* of a commendable *Life*.

B. Sic *eſt* ut *dicis*, ſed *eſt* nullus *mortalium* qui *ſapit* omnibus

So *he is* as *you ſay*, but *there is* no one *of Mankind*, who *is wiſe* at all

horis.

horis, aut *qui* ſit *undiquaque* perfectus. *Ille* vir *habet* hoc *nævi* inter *multas* egregias *dotes*. Jam olim inſanit *in artem* quam *vocant* Alcumiſticam.

Hours, or *who* is *in all Reſpects* perfect. *That* Man *has* this *Blemiſh* amongſt *many* excellent *Qualities*. He has been for ſome Time mad *upon the Art* which *they call* Alcumiſtica.

A. Haud tu narras *nævum* quidem, *ſed* inſignem *morbum*.

You do not talk of *a Blemiſh* truly, *but* a conſiderable *Diſtemper*.

B. Utcunque *eſt*, ille *toties* deluſus *ab* hoc genere *hominum*, tamen *paſſus eſt* ſibi *dari verba* mirifice *dudum*.

Howſoever *it is*, he *ſo often* deluded *by* this Sort *of Men*, yet *ſuffered* himſelf *to be impoſed upon* wonderfully *ſome Time ago*.

A. Quo *pacto?*

After what *Manner?*

B. Quidam *ſacerdos* adiit *illum*, ſalutavit *honorifice*: Mox *ſic* exorſus eſt, *Doctiſſime* Balbine, *mirabere* fortaſſis, *quod* ignotus *interpellem* te *ſic*, quem *ſcio* nunquam non *occupatiſſimum* ſanctiſſimis *ſtudiis*. Balbinus *annuit*, qui *eſt* illi mos, *nam* eſt *mire* parcus *verborum*.

A certain *Prieſt* went *to him*, ſaluted him *reſpectfully*: By and by *thus* he began, *Moſt learned* Balbinus, *you will wonder* perhaps *that* I a Stranger to you, *ſhould break in upon* you *thus*, whom *I know to be* always *very buſy* in the moſt ſacred *Studies*. Balbinus *nodded to him*, which *is* his Cuſtom, *for* he is *wonderfully* ſparing *of Words*.

A. Narras *argumentum* prudentiæ.

You tell me *an Argument* of his Prudence.

B. Ve-

B. Verum *alter* prudentior *pergit* ſic. *Tamen* ignoſces *meæ* importunitati *ſi* cognoris *cauſam* cur *adierim* te. *Dic*, inquit *Balbinus*, ſed *paucis* ſi *potes*. Dicam, *inquit ille*, quanto compendio *potero*: Scis *doctiſſime vir*, fata *mortalium* eſſe *varia*. Ego *neſcio* in utro *numero* ponam *me*, felicium, *an* infelicium. *Etenim* ſi *contemplor* meum *fatum* ex altera parte, *videor* mihi *pulchre* felix; ſi *ex altera*, nihil *eſt* infelicius *me*. Balbino *urgente*, ut *conferret* rem *in compendium*; Finiam, *inquit*, doctiſſime *Balbine*. Id *erit* facilius *mihi* apud virum, *cui* hoc *totum* negotium *eſt* ſic *notum*, ut *notius* nulli.

But *the other* being more prudent, *goes on* thus. *Yet* you will pardon *my* Importunity, *if* you know *the Cauſe*, why *I am come to* you. *Tell me*, ſays *Balbinus*, but *in a few Words*, if *you can*. I will tell you, *ſaith he*, with as great Brevity as *I can*. You know, *moſt learned Sir*, that the Fates *of Men* are *various*. I *know not* in which *Number* I muſt rank *myſelf*, of the happy, *or* the unhappy. *For* if *I view* my *Fate* on one Side, *I ſeem* to myſelf *very happy*; if *on the other*, nothing *is* more unhappy *than me*. Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould bring* his Matter *into a ſhort Compaſs*; I will make an End, *quoth he*, moſt learned *Balbinus*. That *will be* more eaſy *for me* with a Man, *to whom* this *whole* Buſineſs *is* ſo *well known*, that *it is better known* to no body.

A. Depingis *Rhetorem* mihi, *non* Alcumiſtam.

You deſcribe *a Rhetorician* to me, *not* an Alcumiſt.

B. Mox *audies* Alcumiſtam. *Hæc* felicitas, *inquit*, contigit *mihi* a puero, *ut* diſ-

By and by *you will hear of* the Alcumiſt. *This* Happineſs, *ſaith he*, befel *me* from a Child, *that* I

cerem

cerem *artem* maxime *expetendam* omnium, *illam* Alcumisticam, *inquam*, medullam *totius* philosophiæ. *Balbinus* experrectus est *nonnihil* ad nomen *Alcumistices*, gestu *tantum*, cæterum *justit* gemitu, *ut* pergeret. *Tum* ille *inquit*, O me miserum! *qui* non inciderim *in eam* viam, *quam* oportuit. *Cum* Balbinus *rogasset* quasnam *vias* diceret. *Scis*, inquit, *optime* (nam *quid* fugit *te*, Balbine, *virum* undiquaque *doctissimum*) esse *duplicem* viam *hujus* artis, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* longatio, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* curtatio. *At* contigit *mihi* quodam *malo* fato *incidere* in Longationem. *Balbino* iscitante, *quodnam* discrimen *viarum* esset, *Impudentem me*, inquit, *qui* loquor *hæc* apud te, *cui* sciam *omnia* hæc *esse* sic *nota*, ut *notiora* nulli. *Itaque* accurri *huc* ad te *supplex*, ut learn *an Art* the most *to be desired* of all, *that* Alcumistick Art, *I say*, the Marrow *of all* Philosophy. *Balbinus* was awakened *a little* at the Name *of the Alcumistick Art*, in Gesture *only*; but *he ordered him* with a Groan, *that* he should go on. *Then* he *says*, O woe's me! *who* did not light *upon that* Way, *which* I ought. *When* Balbinus *asked him* what *Ways* he meant. *You know*, quoth he, *good Sir*, (for *what* escapes *you*, Balbinus, *a Man* in all Respects *the most learned*) that there is *a double* Way *of this* Art, *one of* which *is called* Longation, *another* which *is called* Curtation. *But* it happened *to me* by some *ill* Fate *to fall* upon Longation. *Balbinus* asking *what* the Difference *of the Ways* was, *Impudent that I am*, quoth he, *who* speak *these Things* before you, *to whom* I know *all* these Things *are* so well *known*, that *they are better known* to no Body. *Therefore* I am come *hither* to you *humbly begging*, that *pitying* us *you* mi-

miſertus noſtri *digneris* impertire *nobis* illam *feliciſſimam* viam *curtationis*. Quo *peritior* es *hujus artis*, hoc minore *negotio* potes *communicare* nobis. *Ita* Jeſus Chriſtus locupletet *te* ſemper *majoribus* dotibus. *Cum* hic *non faceret finem* obteſtandi, *Balbinus* coactus eſt *fateri*, ſe *prorſus ignorare*, quid *longatio* aut *curtatio* eſſet: *Jubet* exponat *ipſe* vim *harum* vocum. *Tum* inquit *ille*, quanquam *ſcio* me *loqui* peritiori, *tamen* quando *jubes* ita, *faciam:* Qui *contriverunt* totam *ætatem* in hac *divina* arte, *vertunt* ſpecies *rerum* duabus *rationibus*, altera *quæ* eſt *brevior*, ſed *habet* pluſculum *periculi*, altera *quæ* eſt *longior*, ſed *eadem* tutior. *Ego* videor *mihi* infelix, *qui* hactenus *ſudarim* in ea *via*, quæ *non arridet* meo *animo:* Neque *potui* nanciſci *quenquam* qui *vellet would vouchſafe* to impart *to us* that *moſt happy* Way *of Curtation*. By how much *the more ſkilful* you are *in this Art*, with ſo much the leſs *Trouble* can you *communicate it* to us. *So* may Jeſus Chriſt enrich *you* always *with greater* Gifts. *When* he *did not make an End* of entreating, *Balbinus* was forced *to confeſs*, that he *was wholly ignorant* what *Longation* or *Curtation* was. *He bids him* expound *himſelf* the Signification *of thoſe* Words. *Then* ſaith *he*, tho' *I know* I *ſpeak* to one more ſkilful, *yet* ſince *you order* ſo, *I will do it*. They who *have ſpent* their whole *Life* in this *divine* Art, *change* the Species *of Things* two *Ways*, one *which* is *the ſhorter*, but *has* a pretty good deal *of Danger*, another *which* is *longer*, but *the ſame is* ſafer. I ſeem *to myſelf* unhappy, *who* hitherto *have ſweat* in that *Way*, which *does not pleaſe* my *Mind*, neither *could* I get *any one*, that *would* ſhew me *the other*, with the Love of which *I periſh*. At laſt

indicare *alteram*, cujus amore *depereo*. Tandem *Deus* immisit *in mentem*, ut *adirem te*, virum *non minus* pium *quam* doctum. *Doctrina* præstat *tibi*, ut *possis* facile *dare* quod *peto*; pietas *commovebit*, ut *velis* opitulari *fratri*, cujus *salus* est tibi *in manu*. Ne faciam *longum*, cum *ille* veterator *amovisset* suspicionem *fuci* a se *hujusmodi sermonibus*, ac *feciſſet fidem*, alteram *viam* esse *perſpectiſſimam* sibi, *jampridem* Balbini *animus* pruriebat. *Tandem* non temperans *sibi*, inquit, *valeat* illa *curtatio*, cujus *nomen* ne audivi quidem *unquam*, tantum abest ut teneam, *dic* mihi *bona* fide, *teneſne* longationem *exacte ?* Phy ! *inquit* ille, *ad unguem*, sed *longitudo* displicet. *Cum* Balbinus *rogaſſet* quantum *temporis* requireretur, *nimium*, inquit, *pene* totus *annus*, sed *interim* est *God* put it *into my Mind*, that *I ſhould come to you*, a Man *no leſs* pious *than* learned. *Your Learning* enables *you*, that *you can* easily *give* what *I aſk*; your Piety *will move you*, that *you will* help *a Brother*, whose *Preſervation* you have *in your Power*. That I may not make it *tedious*, when *that* Cheat *had removed* all Suspicion *of Roguery* from himself *with this kind of Talk*, and *had made him believe*, that the other *Way* was *very well known* to him, *for ſome Time* Balbinus's *Mind* itched. *At length* not commanding *himſelf*, he says, *Farewel* to that *Curtation*, whose *Name* I have not so much as heard *ever*, so far am I from understanding it, *tell* me *in good* Faith, *do you underſtand* Longation *exactly ?* Puh ! *ſays* he, *to a Tittle*, but *the Length* displeases me. *When* Balbinus *had aſked* how much *Time* was required, *too much*, says he, *almoſt* a whole *Year*, but *in the mean Time* it is *very ſafe*. Do not trouble yourself, *ſays* Balbinus, *though* there should be *Occaſion tutiſſi-*

tutissima. Ne labora, *inquit* Balbinus, *etiamsi* sit *opus* biennio, *modo* fidas *tuæ* arti. *Ut* conferam *rem* in pauca; *convenit* inter eos, *ut* aggrederentur *rem* clam *in ædibus* Balbini, *hac lege*, ut *ille* suppeditaret *operam*, Balbinus *sumptum*, ac *lucrum* divideretur *ex æquo et bono*, quanquam *modestus* impostor *deferebat* ultro *Balbino* totum *lucrum* quod *provenisset*. Juratum est *utrinque* de silentio, *quod* faciunt *qui* initiantur *in mysteriis*. Jam *illico* pecunia *numeratur*, unde *artifex* mercaretur *ollas*, vitra, *carbones*, reliquaque, *quæ* pertinent *ad instruendam* officinam. *Ibi* noster *Alcumista* decoquit *eam* pecuniam *suaviter* in scorta, *aleam* et *compotationes*.

for two Years, *provided* you can trust *to your* Art. *That* I may bring *the Matter* into few Words: *It was agreed* betwixt them, *that* they should attempt *the Matter* privately *in the House* of Balbinus, *upon this Condition*, that *he* should give *his Labour*, Balbinus *the Charge*, and *the Gain* should be divided *equal and fairly*, tho' *the modest* Cheat *offered* of his own accord *to Balbinus* the whole *Gain* that *should accrue*. They swore *on both Sides* to Silence, *which* they do *who* are initiated *in Mysteries*. Now *presently* Money *is paid*, wherewith *the Artist* should buy *Pots*, Glasses, *Fuel*, and other Things, *which* are proper *for furnishing* the Forge. *There* our *Alcumist* spends *that* Money *sweetly* in Whores, *Dice* and *Drinking*.

A. Hoc *nimirum* est *vertere* species *rerum*.

This *indeed* is *to change* the Species *of Things*.

B. Balbino *urgente*, ut *aggrederetur* rem, *an non tenes*,

Balbinus *urging him*, that *he should set about* the Business, *Do you not under-*

inquit, *illud*, Qui *cæpit* bene *habet* dimidium *facti?* Eſt *magnum* præparare *materiam* bene. *Tandem* fornax *cæpit* adornari. *Hic* rurſus *erat* opus *novo* auro, *veluti* illecebra *auri* venturi: *Siquidem* ut *piſcis* non capitur *abſque eſca*, ſic *aurum* non provenit *Alcumiſtis*, niſi *pars* auri *admiſceatur*. Interea *Balbinus*, erat *totus* in ſupputationibus. *Nam* ſubducebat, *ſi* uncia *pareret* quindecim, *quantum* lucri *eſſet* rediturum ex *bis mille* unciis: *nam* decreverat *inſumere* tantum. *Cum* Alcumiſta *decoxiſſet* hanc *pecuniam* quoque, *jamque* ſimulaſſet *multum operæ* circa *folles* et *carbones*, unum *menſem* atque *alterum*, Balbino *rogante* ecquid res procederet; *primum* obmutuit, *tandem* reſpondit *urgenti*, ſicut *præclaræ* res *ſolent*, quæ *habent* ſemper *difficiles* aditus. *Cauſtand*, ſays he, *that*, He that *hath begun* well, *has done* half *his Work?* It is *a great Thing* to prepare *your Materials* well. *At length* the Furnace *begun* to be prepared. *Here* again *there was* Need *of new* Gold, *as it were* a wheedle *to the Gold* that was to come. *For* as *a Fiſh* is not taken *without a Bait*, ſo *Gold* comes not *to the Alcumiſts*, unleſs *a Parcel* of Gold *is mixt.* In the mean Time *Balbinus* was *all* upon Calculations. *For* he reckoned, *if* an Ounce *would produce* fifteen, *how much* Profit *would accrue* from *two thouſand* Ounces, *for* he had determined *to lay out* ſo much. *When* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* this *Money* too, *and now* had pretended to *abundance of Pains* about *the Bellows* and *Fuel*, one *Month* and *another*, Balbinus *aſking* if the Buſineſs advanced any Thing; *at firſt* he was ſilent, *at length* he anſwered him, *being urgent with him*, as *great* Things *uſe to do*, which *have* always *difficult* Beginnings. *He pretended* there was a Miſtake made

ſubatur

ſabatur erratum *in emendis* carbonibus: *Nam* emerat *quernos*, cum *eſſet opus* abiegnis *aut* colurnis. *Ibi* centum *aurei* perierant. *Nec* redierunt *ad aleam* eo *ſegnius*. Nova *pecunia* data, *carbones* mutantur, *jamque* res *cœpta eſt* majore *ſtudio* quam *antea*: Quemadmodum *in bello*, milites, *ſi* quid *accidit* ſecus *quam* vellent, *farciunt* virtute. *Cum* officina *ferbuiſſet* jam *aliquot* menſes, *et* aureus *fœtus* expectaretur, *at* ne *mica* quidem *auri* eſſet *in vaſis* (nam *jam* Alcumiſtica *decoxerat* et *omne* illud) *alia* cauſatio *inventa eſt*, nimirum, *vitra* quibus *uſus fuerat*, non fuiſſe *temperata* ſicut *oportuit*. Etenim *ut* Mercurius *non fit* ex *quovis* ligno, *ita* aurum *non conficitur* quibuſlibet *vitris*. Quo *plus* erat *impenſum*, hoc *minus* libebat *deſiſtere*.

in buying the Charcoal, *for* he had bought *Oak*: whereas *he had Occaſion* for Fir *or* Hazel. *There* a hundred *Crowns* were gone. *Nor* did they return *to the Game* for that *the more backwardly*. New *Money* being given, *Charcoal* is changed; *and now* the Thing *was begun* with greater *Eagerneſs* than *before*: As *in War*, Soldiers, *if* any Thing *happens* otherwiſe *than they* could wiſh, *mend it* by their Courage. *When* the Forge *had been heated* now *ſome* Months, *and* a Golden *Product* was expected, *and* not *a Bit* truly *of Gold* was *in the Veſſels* (for *now* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* alſo *all* that) *another* Pretence *was found out*, to wit, *that the Glaſſes* which *he had uſed*, had not been *temper'd* as *they ought*. For *as* a Mercury *is not made* out of *any* Wood, *ſo* Gold *is not made* with any *Glaſſes*. By how much *the more* was *laid out*, by ſo much *the leſs* had he a Mind *to deſiſt*.

A. Sic *aleatores* solent; *quasi* non sit *multo* satius *perdere* hoc *quam* totum.

So *Gamesters* use to do; *as tho'* it were not *much* better *to lose* that *than* all.

B. Sic *est*. Alcumista *dejerabat* nunquam impositum fuisse sibi *sic*. Nunc *errore* deprehenso *cætera* fore *tutiora*, et *sese* sarturum *hoc* dispendii *magno cum fœnore*. Vitris *mutatis*, officina *instaurata* est tertio. *Alcumista* admonebat *rem* successuram *felicius*, si *mitteret* aliquot *aureos* dono *Virgini* Matri, *quæ* colitur, *ut* scis, *Paraliis*, nam *artem* esse *sacram*, neque *rem geri* prospere, *absque* favore *numinum*. Id *consilium* vehementer *placuit* Balbino *pio* homini, *ut* qui *prætermitteret* nullum *diem*, quin *perageret* divinam rem. *Alcumista* suscepit *religiosam* profectionem, *nimirum* in proximum *oppidum*, atque *ibi* decoxit *pecuniam* in ganeis. *Reversus* domum *nunciat* sibi

So *it is*. The Alcumist *swore* that he was never imposed on *so*. Now *the Mistake* being discover'd, *the rest* would be *safer*. and *that he* would make up *this* Loss *with great Advantage*. The Glasses *being changed*, the Forge *was furnished* a third Time. *The Alcumist* put him in Mind, *that the Thing* would succeed *more happily*, if *he sent* some *Crowns* as a Present *to the Virgin* Mother, *who* is worshipped, *as* you know, *at Paralia*, for *the Art* was *sacred*, nor *would the Thing be managed* successfully *without* the Favour *of the Saints*. That *Advice* mightily *pleased* Balbinus *a pious* Man, *as* who *omitted* no *Day*, but *he performed* divine Service. *The Alcumist* undertook *the religious* Journey, *to wit*, into the next *Town*, and *there* he spent *the Money* in Taverns. *Being returned* Home, *he tells him*, that esse

esse *summam* spem, *negotium* successurum *ex sententia*, adeo *Divam* visam *annuere* suis votis. *Ubi* sudatum esset *jam* multo tempore, *ac* ne mica *quidem* auri *nusceretur* usquam, *respondit* Balbino *expostulanti*, nihil tale *unquam accidisse* sibi *in vita*, experto *artem* toties, *nec* posse *conjectare* satis *quid* esset *causa*. Quum *divinatum esset* diu, *tandem* illud *venit* in mentem *Balbino*, num *prætermisisset* quo die *audire* sacrum, *aut* dicere *horarias* preces, *quas vocant*. Nam *nihil* succedere *his* omissis. *Ibi* impostor *inquit*, me miserum! *id* admissum est *per oblivionem* semel *atque* iterum, *et* nuper *surgens* a *prolixo* convivio, *oblitus sum* dicere *salutationem* Virginis. *Tum* Balbinus *inquit*, non mirum, *si* tanta *res* non succedit. *Artifex* recipit, *pro* duobus *sacris* prætermissis, *auditurum* he had *the greatest* Hopes, *that the Business* would succeed *to their Mind*, so *the Saint* seem'd *to agree* to his Prayers. *When* he had sweat *now* a long Time, *and* not a Bit *indeed* of Gold *was produced* any where, *he answered* Balbinus *expostulating*, that no such Thing *had ever happen'd* to him *in his Life*, having try'd *his Art* so often; *nor* could he *guess* well *what* was *the Reason*. When *they had guessed* a long Time, *at length* that *came* into the Mind *of Balbinus*, whether *he had omitted* any Day *to hear* Mass, *or* to say *the Horary* Prayers, *as they call them*. For *nothing* would succeed, *these* being omitted. *There* the Cheat *says*, Wo's me! *that* was done *thro'* *Forgetfulness* once *and* again: *And* lately *rising* from *a long* Feast, *I forgot* to say *the Salutation* of the Virgin. *Then* Balbinus *says*, no Wonder, *if* so great *a Thing* does not succeed. *The Artist* promises, *for* two *Masses* omitted, *that he would hear* twelve, *and* for *one* Salutation *would pay* ten.

duode-

duodecim, *et* pro *unica* ſalutatione *repoſiturum* decem. *Cum* pecunia *defeciſſet* prodigum *Alcumiſtam* ſubinde, *nec* cauſæ *petendi* ſuppeterent, *tandem* commentus eſt *hanc* technam; *rediit* domum *admodum* exanimatus, *ac* lamentabili *voce*, perii, *inquit*, funditus, *Balbine*, perii, *actum eſt* de capite meo. *Balbinus* obſtupuit, *et* avebat *ſcire* cauſam *tanti* mali. *Aulici* ſubodorati ſunt, *inquit*, quod *egimus*; nec *expecto* aliud *quam* ut *mox* deducar *in carcerem*. Ad hanc vocem *Balbinus* expalluit *ſerio*. Nam *ſcis* apud nos *eſſe* capitale, *ſi* quis *exerceat* Alcumiſticam *abſque* permiſſu *principis*. Ille *pergit*, non metuo *mortem*, inquit, *utinam* illa *contingat*: metuo *quiddam* crudelius. *Inquit* roganti *quid* eſſet, *rapiar* aliquo *in turrim*; illic *cogar* per *omnem* vitam *laborare* illis *When* Money *failed* the prodigal *Alcumiſt* now and then, *and no* Pretences *for aſking* occurr'd, *at length* he invented *this* Trick: *He return'd* Home *very much* frighted; *and* with a lamentable *Voice*, I am undone, *ſays he*, utterly, *Balbinus*, I am undone, *there is an End* of my Life. *Balbinus* was amazed, *and* deſired *to know* the Cauſe *of ſo great* a Calamity. *The Courtiers* have ſmelt out, *ſays he*, what *we have done*; nor *do I expect* any Thing elſe *than* that *by and by* I ſhall be carried *to Priſon*. At this Saying, *Balbinus* was pale *in good earneſt*. For *you know* with us *it is* Capital, *if* any one *exerciſes* the Alcumiſtick Art *without* the Permiſſion *of the Prince*. He *goes on*, I do not fear *Death*, ſaith he, *I wiſh* that *may befal me*: I fear *ſomething* more cruel. *He ſays* to him aſking *what it* was, *I ſhall be carried* ſome whither *into a Tower*; there *I ſhall be forced* for *all* my Life *to work* for thoſe *for whom* I have no Mind. *Is there* any *Death* which

quibus non libet. *An eſt* ulla *mors*, quæ *non debeat* eſſe *potior* quam *talis* vita? *Ibi* res *ventilata eſt* conſultatione. *Balbinus*, quoniam *callebat* artem Rhetoricam, *pulſavit* omnes *ſtatus*, ſi *qua* periculum *poſſet* vitari. *Non potes* inficiari *crimen?* inquit. *Nequaquam*, ait *ille*. Res *ſparſa eſt* inter *regios* ſatellites; *et* habent *argumenta*, quæ *non poſſunt* dilui. *Nec* poterat *factum* quidem *defendi*. ob *manifeſtam* legem. *Cum* multis *adductis* in medium, *viderétur* nihil *firmi* præſidii, *tandem* Alcumiſta, *cui erat* jam *opus* præſenti *pecunia*, inquit, *nos*, Balbine, *agimus* lentis *conſiliis*; atqui *res* poſcit *præſens* remedium. Arbitror *adfuturos* jam, *qui* abripiant *me* in malam rem. *Denique* cum *nihil* occurreret *Balbino*, tandem *Alcumiſta* inquit, *nec* quidquam occurrit *mihi*, nec *video* quid-

ought not to be *more valuable* than *ſuch* a Life *There* the Matter *was examin'd* in Conſultation. *Balbinus*, becauſe *he underſtood* the Art of Rhetorick, *run over* all *his Topicks*, if *any Way* the Danger *could* be avoided. *Cannot you* deny *the Crime?* ſays he. *By no Means*, ſays *he*. The Thing *is ſpread* amongſt *the King's* Guards; *and* they have *Proofs* which *cannot* be confuted. *Nor* could *the Fact* indeed *be defended*, becauſe of *a plain* Law. *When* after many Things *produced* betwixt them, *there appeared* nothing *of good* Security, *at length* the Alcumiſt, *who had* now *Need* of preſent *Money*, ſays, *We*, Balbinus, *act* by ſlow *Counſels*; but *the Thing* requires *a preſent* Remedy. I ſuppoſe *they will be here* preſently, *that* will hurry *me* into an evil Condition. *Laſtly*, when *nothing* occurr'd *to Balbinus*, at length *the Alcumiſt* ſays, *nor* does any Thing occur *to me*, nor *do I ſee* any Thing *left*, unleſs *that* I die *bravely*, unleſs *perhaps* this *pleaſe*

quam

quam *supereſſe*, niſi *ut* peream *fortiter*: niſi *forte* hoc *placet*, quod *unum* ſupereſt, *utile* magis *quam* honeſtum, *niſi* quod *neceſſitas* eſt *durum* telum. *Scis*, inquit, *hoc* genus *hominum* eſſe *avidum* pecuniæ; *eoque* poſſe *corrumpi* facilius *ut ſileant*: quamvis *ſit* durum *dare* illis *furciferis* quod profundant, *tamen* ut *res* nunc *ſunt*, video *nihil* melius. *Idem* viſum eſt *Balbino*, ac *numeravit* triginta *aureos*, quibus *redimeret* ſilentium.

you, which *alone* is left, *uſeful* rather *than* honourable, *but* that *Neceſſity* is *a hard* Weapon. *You know*, quoth he, *that this* Sort *of Men* are *greedy* of Money; *and therefore* may *be corrupted* more eaſily *to be ſilent*. Although *it be* a hard Caſe *to give* to thoſe *Raſcals* to ſpend, *yet* as *Matters* now *are*, I ſee *nothing* better. *The ſame Thing* ſeem'd good *to Balbinus*, and *he counted out* thirty *Pieces of Gold*, whereby *he might purchaſe* Silence.

A. Liberalitas *Balbini* eſt *mira*.

The Liberality *of Balbinus* is *wonderful*.

B. Imo *citius evtudiſſes* dentem *ab eo* quam *nummum* in honeſta re. *Sic* proſpectum eſt *Alcumiſtæ*, cui nihil erat periculi, *niſi* quod *non haberet* quod daret *amicæ*.

Nay, *you would ſooner have got* a Tooth *from him* than *a Piece of Money* in an honeſt Matter. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for the Alcumiſt*, who was in no Danger, *but* that *he had not* to give *to his Miſs*.

A. Demiror *nihil eſſe naſi Balbino* in tantum.

I wonder *Balbinus ſhould have no Senſe* to ſuch a Degree.

B. Heiç

B. Heic *tantum* caret *naſo*, naſutiſſimus *in cæteris*. Rurſum *fornax* inſtruitur *nova* pecunia, *ſed* precatiuncula *præmiſſa* ad Virginem *Matrem*, ut *faveret* cæptis. *Jam* totus *annus* exierat, *dum* illo *cauſante* nunc *hoc*, nunc *illud*, luditur opera, *et* impenſa *perit*. Interim *extitit* quidam *ridiculus* caſus.

Here *only* he wants *Senſe*, being ſenſible enough *in other Things*. Again *the Furnace* is fitted up *with new* Money, *but* with a Prayer *put up firſt* to the Virgin *Mother*, that *ſhe would favour* their Undertakings. *Now* a whole *Year* was gone, *whilſt* he *pretending* now *this*, then *that*, his Labour is loſt, *and* the Expence *thrown away*. In the mean Time *there happened* a certain *comical* Adventure.

A. Quiſnam ?

What ?

B. Alcumiſta *habuit* furtivam *conſuetudinem* cum *uxore* cujuſdam *aulici* ; maritus, *concepta* ſuſpicione, *cæpit* obſervare *hominem*. Tandem *cum* nunciatum eſſet *il'i*, ſacrificum *eſſe* in cubiculo, *rediit* domum *præter* expectationem, *pullat* oſtium.

The Alcumiſt *had* a private *Commerce* with *the Wife* of a certain *Courtier* ; the Huſband *having conceived* a Suſpicion, *began* to watch *the Fellow*. At laſt *when* it was told *him*, that the Prieſt *was* in the Bedchamber, *he return'd* home *contrary to* their Expectation, *knocks* at the Door.

A. Quid *facturus* homini ?

What *was he for doing* with the Fellow ?

B. Quid : *Nihil* ſuave, *aut* occiſurus erat, *aut* exſecturus.

What : *Nothing* pleaſant, *either* he would have killed him, *or* have gelded him.

Ubi

Ubi maritus *instans* minitaretur *se* effracturum *ostium* vi *ni* uxor *aperiret*, trepidatum est *magnopere*, et *aliquod* præsentaneum *consilium* circumspicitur. *Nec* erat *aliud*, quam *quod* res *ipsa* dabat. *Abjecit* tunicam, *ac* dejecit *sese* per *fenestram angustam*, non *sine* periculo, *nec* sine *vulnere*, ac *fugit*. Scis *tales* fabulas *spargi* illico; *itaque* permanavit *et* ad Balbinum; *atque* artifex *divinaret* id fore.

When the Husband *being very earnest*, threatned *that he* would break *the Door* by Force, *unless* the Wife *opened it*, they trembled *mightily*, and *some* present *Contrivance* is considered of. *Nor* was there *any other* than *what* the Thing *itself* offered. *He stript off* his Waistcoat, *and* threw *himself* through *a narrow Window*, not *without* Danger, *nor* without *a Wound*, and *fled*. You know *that such* Stories *are spread* presently; *therefore* it came *also* to Balbinus, *and* the Artist *had guessed* that would be.

A. Heic *itaque* tenetur *medius*.

Here *therefore* he is held *by the Middle*.

B. Imo *elapsus est* hinc *felicius* quam *e cubiculo*. Audi *technam* hominis. *Balbinus* nihil expostulabat, *sed* nubilo *vultu* indicabat *se* non ignorare *quod* ferebatur *vulgo*. Ille *noverat* Balbinum *esse* pium *virum*, pene dixerim *superstitiosum* in nonnullis; *et* qui *sunt* tales, *facile* condonant

Nay *he slipp'd* hence *more luckily* than *out of the Bed-Chamber*. Hear *the Trick* of the Fellow. *Balbinus* did not expostulate at all, *but* by his cloudy *Countenance* shewing *that he* was not ignorant of *what* was reported *commonly*. He *knew* Balbinus *was* a pious *Man*, I may almost say *superstitious* in some Things; *and* they who *are* such, *sup-*

ſupplici in peccato *quamvis* magno. *Itaq;* injicit mentionem *de ſucceſſu* negotii *data opera*, queritans *non ſuccedere* ut *ſoleret*, aut *vellet :* Addebat *ſe* vehementer *mirari* quid *eſſet* cauſa. *Ibi* Balbinus *commotus* per occaſionem, *qui* videbatur *alioqui* deſtinaſſe *ſilentium*; et *erat* qui *commoveretur* facile, *non eſt* obſcurum, *inquit*, quod *obſtet*, peccata *obſtant* quo minus ſuccedat, *quod* convenit *tractari* pure *a puris*. Ad hanc vocem *Artifex* procubuit *in genua*, ſubinde *tundens* pectus, *lacrymabili vultu* ac *voce* inquit, *dixiſti* veriſſimum *Balbine*; peccata, *inquam*, obſtant, *ſed* mea *peccata*, non *tua :* Nam *non pudebit me* confiteri *meam* turpitudinem *apud te*, velut *apud ſanctiſſimum* ſacerdotem. *Infirmitas* carnis *vicerat* me. *Satanas* pertraxerat *me* in *ſuos* laqueos, *et* O me miſerum! *e ſacrifico eaſily* forgive *one that begs Pardon* in a Fault *never ſo* great. *Wherefore* he makes mention *of the Succeſs* of the Buſineſs *on Purpoſe*; complaining *that it did not ſucceed* as *it uſed*, or *he wiſhed :* He added *that he* very much *wonder'd* what *was* the Reaſon. *There* Balbinus *being moved* upon the Occaſion, *who* ſeemed *otherwiſe* to have intended *Silence*; and *he was one* who *was moved* eaſily, *it is not* obſcure, *quoth he*, what *hinders*, Sins *hinder it* from ſucceeding, *which* it is fit *ſhould be handled* purely *by the Pure*. At this Saying *the Artiſt* fell *upon his Knees*, now and then *ſmiting* his Breaſt, *with a lamentable Countenance* and *Voice*, ſays, *you have ſaid* very true *Balbinus*; Sins, *I ſay*, hinder, *but* my *Sins*, not *yours :* For *I ſhall not be aſhamed* to confeſs *my* Filthineſs *to you*, as *to a moſt holy* Prieſt. *The Weakneſs* of the Fleſh *had conquered* me. *Satan* had drawn *me* into *his* Snares, *and* O wo's me! *of a Prieſt* I am become *a Cuckold-maker*. Yet *this* Preſent *which* we ſent *to the Virgin* Mother *was not*

factus sum *adulter*. Tamen *hoc* munus, *quod* misimus *Virgini* Matri *non periit* omnino. *Perieram* certo *exitio*, ni *illa* succurrisset. *Jam* maritus *affringebat* fores, *fenestra* erat *arctior* quam *ut* possem *elabi*: in *tam* præsentaneo *periculo*, venit in mentem *sanctissimæ* virginis; *procidi* in genua, *obtestatus sum*, si *munus* fuisset *gratum*, ut *opitularetur*. Nec mora, *repeto* fenestram (*nam* sic *necessitas* urgebat) *et* reperi *amplam* satis *ad effugium*.

lost altogether. *I had perished* by certain *Destruction*, unless *she* had succour'd me. *Now* the Husband *was breaking* the Door; *the Window* was *straighter* than *that* I could *get out*. In *so* eminent *a Danger*, I bethought me *of the most holy* Virgin; *I fell* upon my Knees, *I besought her*, if *the Present* was *acceptable*, that *she would help me*. Without Delay, *I go again* to the Window (*for* so *Necessity* obliged me) *and* I found it *large* enough *for an Escape*.

A. Credidit Balbinus *ista?*

Did Balbinus believe *those Things?*

B. Credidit: *imo* ignovit *etiam*, et *admonuit* religiose, *ne præberet* se *ingratum* beatissimæ *virgini*. Rursus *pecunia* numerata est *danti* fidem *se* tractaturum *sacram* rem *pure* posthac.

Believe? *nay*, he forgave him *too*, and *advised him* religiously, *that he should not shew* himself *ungrateful* to the most blessed *Virgin*. Again *Money* was paid him *giving* his Promise *that he* would manage *this holy* Affair *purely* for the future.

A. Quis *finis* tandem?

What was *the Upshot* at last?

B. Fabula

B. Fabula *eſt* perlonga ; *ſed* ego *abſolvam* paucis. *Cum* luſiſſet *hominem* diu *ejuſmodi commentis*, et *extorſiſſet* non mediocrem *vim* pecuniæ *ab eo*, tandem *venit* qui *noverat* nebulonem *a puero*. Is *facile* divinans *illum* agere *idem* apud *Balbinum*, quod *egerat* nuſquam non, *aggreditur* eum *clam* ; exponit *qualem* artificem *foveret* ſuæ domi ; *monet* ut ableget *hominem* quam primum, *ni mallet* ipſum *fugere* aliquando *compilatis* ſcriniis.

The Story *is* very long; *but* I *will finiſh it* in a few Words. *After* he had play'd upon *the Man* a long Time *with ſuch Inventions*, and *had got* no ſmall *Quantity* of Money *from him*, at length *there came one* who *had known* the Knave *from a Child*. He *eaſily* gueſſing *that he* was doing *the ſame Thing* with *Balbinus*, which *he had been doing* every where elſe, *goes* to him *privately*, tells him *what* an Artiſt *he maintained* in his Houſe ; *he adviſes him* to diſmiſs *the Man* as ſoon as may be, *unleſs he had rather have* him *run away* ſometime after *he had robbed* his Cheſts.

A. Quid *Balbinus* hic? *videlicet*, curavit *hominem* conjiciendum *in carcerem*.

What did *Balbinus* here ? *to wit*, he took Care *the Fellow* was thrown *into the Gaol*.

B. In *carcerem?* Imo, *numeravit* viaticum, *obſecrans* per omnia ſacra, *ne effutiret* quod *accidiſſet* : Et *ſapuit* mea *ſententia* quidem, *qui* maluerit hoc, *quam* eſſe *fabula* conviviorum, *et* fori, *deinde* venire *in pe-*

Into *the Gaol?* Nay, *he paid him* Money for his Journey, *beſeeching him* by all was ſacred, *that he would not blab* what *had happened* ; and *he was wiſe* in my *Opinion* truly, *who* choſe this rather *than* be *the Story* of Feaſts, *and* the Market, *and then* come

riculam confiscationis. *Nam erat* nihil periculi *impostori*, tenebat *tantum* artis, *quantum* quivis *asinus*, et *impostura* in hoc genere *est* favorabilis. *Quod si* intentasset *crimen* furti, *unctio* reddebat *eum* tutum *a suspendio*; neque *quisquam alat* lubens *talem* in *carcere* gratis.

in Danger of Confiscation. *For there was* no Danger *of the Cheat*, he understood *as much* of the Art *as* any *Ass*, and *Cheating* in this Kind *is* favour'd. *But if* he had laid against him *the Crime* of Felony, *his Unction* rendred *him* secure *from hanging*: nor *would any one maintain* willingly *such a Fellow* in *the Gaol* for nothing.

A. Misereſceret me *Balbini*, niſi *ipſe* gauderet *deludi*.

I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, unleſs *he* loved *to be deluded*.

B. Nunc *properandum eſt* in aulam; *alias* referam *multo* ſtultiora *etiam* his.

Now *I muſt haſten* to Court; *ſome other Time* I will tell you *much* more fooliſh Things *even* than theſe.

A. Cum *vacabit*, et *audiam* lubens, *et* penſabo *fabulam* fabula.

When *you ſhall be at Leiſure*, I both *ſhall hear you* gladly, *and* requite *Story* with Story.

HIPPOPLANUS.

A. IMmortalem *Deum!* quam torve intuetur *noſter* Phædrus, *et* ſubinde *ſuſpicet* in cœlum! *adoriar*, quid *novæ* rei *accidit* Phædre?

IMmortal *God!* how grave looks *our* Phædrus, *and* now and then *looks up* to Heaven! *I will accoſt him*, what *new* Thing *has happened* Phædrus?

B. Quamobrem *interrogas* iſtuc. *Aule?*

Why *do you aſk* that *Aulus?*

A. Quoniam *videris* mihi *factus* Cato *e Phædro*; eſt *tanta* ſeveritas *in vultu.*

Becauſe *you ſeem* to me *to have become* a Cato *of a Phædrus*; there is *ſo much* Severity *in your Countenance.*

B. Non *mirum*, amice, *confeſſus ſum* modo *mea* peccata.

No *wonder*, Friend, *I have confeſſed* juſt now *my* Sins.

A. Phy! *jam* deſino *mirari*, ſed *age* dic *bona fide*, confeſſus es *omnia?*

Puh! *Now* I give over *wondering*, but *come* tell me *in good Faith*, have you confeſſed *all?*

B. Omnia *quidem* quæ *veniebant* in mentem, *unico* duntaxat *excepto*.

All *indeed* which *came* into my Mind, *one* only *excepted*.

A. Cur *reticuiſti* hoc *unum?*

Why *did you conceal* this *one?*

B. Quia *nondum potuit* diſplicere *mihi*.

Becauſe *it could not yet* diſpleaſe *me*.

A. Oportet *eſſe* ſuave *peccatum*.

It muſt *be* a ſweet *Sin*.

B. Neſcio *an* ſit *peccatum*, ſed *ſi* vacat, *audies*.

I know not *whether* it be *a Sin*, but *if* you are at Leiſure, *you ſhall hear*.

A. Audiam *equidem* lubens.

I will hear it *indeed* willingly.

B. Scis *quanta* impoſtura *ſit* apud noſtros *in his* qui *vendunt* aut *locant* equos.

You know *what abundance* of cheating *there is* with our Countrymen *among thoſe* who *ſell* or *let out* Horſes.

A. Scio *plus* quam *velim*, deluſus *non* ſemel *ab iis*.

I know *more* than I *would*, having been cheated *not* once only *by them*.

B. Iter *nuper* incidit *mihi*, cum *prolixum* ſatis, *tum etiam* accelerandum. *Adeo* quendam *ex illis*, quem *dixiſſes* minime *malum* ejus *generis*. et *nonnihil*

A Journey *lately* happen'd *to me*, both *long* enough, *and alſo* to be haſtened. *I go* to one *of them*, whom *you would have ſaid to be* the leaſt *bad* of that *Sort*, and *ſomething* of ami-

amicitiæ *etiam* intercedebat *mihi cum homine*. Narro *mihi esse* seriam *rem, opus esse* præstrenuo *equo*; si *unquam* præbuisset *se* bonum *virum* mihi, *nunc* præstaret. *Ille* pollicetur *se* acturum *mecum* sic, *ut* agere *cum* suo *carissimo* fratre.

A. Fortassis *impositurus* et *fratri*.

B. Inducit *in stabulum*, jubet *ut eligam* ex omnibus *equis* quemcunque *vellem*. Tandem *unus* arridebat *plus* cæteris. *Ille* probat *meum* judicium, *dejerans* eum *equum* expetitum esse *frequenter* a multis: *se* maluisse *servare* eum *singulari* amico, *quam* addicere *ignotis*. Conventum est *de pretio*, pecunia *numeratur* præsens. *Conscendo*. Equus *gestiebat* mira *alacritate* in egressu; *dixisses* esse *feroculum*, nam *erat* obesulus, *et* pulchellus. *Ubi* equitassem *jam* sesquihoram, *sensi* plane *lassum*

Friendship *too* there was betwixt *me and the Man*. I tell him *I have* some weighty *Business, had need* of a very stout *Horse*; if *ever* he had shewn *himself* a good *Man* to me, *that now* he would do it. *He* promises me *that he* would deal *with me* so, *as* he would deal *with* his *most dear* Brother.

Perhaps *he would have imposed* likewise *upon his Brother*.

He leads me *into the Stable*, bids me *chuse* out of all *the Horses* which soever *I would*. At length *one* pleased me *more* than the rest. *He* approves of *my* Judgment, *swearing* that that *Horse* had been desired *frequently* by many; *that he* chose rather *to keep* him *for a particular* Friend, *than* part with him *to Strangers*. We agreed *about the Price*, the Money *is paid down* presently. *I mount*. The Horse *pranced* with wonderful *Alacrity* in setting out: *You would have said* that he was *mettlesome*; for *he was* pretty fat *and* handsome. *When* I had rid *now* an Hour and a half, *I perceived him* quite *tired*, *sum*

ſum, nec poſſe *impelli* quidem *calcaribus*. Audieram *tales* ali *ab illis* ad impoſturam, *quos* judicares *inſignes* e ſpecie, *cæterum* impatientiſſimos *laboris*. Ego *continuo* mecum, *captus ſum*; age *referam* par *pari*, ubi *rediero* domum.

and that he could not *be got on* truly *with the Spurs*. I had heard *that ſuch* were kept *by them* for cheating, *which* you would judge *fine ones* by their Appearance, *but* very unable to bear *Labour*. I ſaid *preſently* with myſelf, *I am catch'd*; well *I will return* like *for like*, when *I return* Home.

B. Quid *conſilii* capiebas *heic*, eques *abſque* equo ?

What *Courſe* did you take *here*, a Horſeman *without* a Horſe ?

A. Id *quod* res *dabat*. Deflexi *in proximum* vicum ; *illic* depoſui equum *apud* quendam *notum* mihi, *et* conduxi *alterum* ; profectus ſum *quo* deſtinaram, *reverſus ſum*, reddo *conductitium* equum ; *reperio* meum *ſophiſtam*, ut *erat*, obeſum *et* pulchre *requietum* ; vectus eo *redeo* ad impoſtorem, *rogo* ut *alat* aliquot *dies* in ſuo ſtabulo, *donec* repetiero. *Percunctatur* quam *commode* geſſerit *me*. Ego *dejero* per *omnia* ſacra, *me nunquam* conſcen-

That *which* the Thing *offered*. I turn'd off *into the next* Town : *There* I ſet up my Horſe *with* one *that was known* to me, *and* hired *another* ; I went *whither* I had deſign'd, *return'd*, reſtore *my hired* Horſe ; *I find* my *Cheat*, as *he was*, fat *and* finely *reſted* ; riding upon him, *I return* to the Rogue : *I beg of him* that *he would keep him* ſome *Days* in his Stable, *till* I come for him again. *He aſks me* how *well* he carried *me*. I *ſwear* by *all that's* ſacred, *that I never* got upon *the Back* of a better *Horſe* in my Life ; *that he flew* ra-

diſſe

disse *tergum* felicioris *equi* in vita, *velasse* potius *quam* ambulasse, *nec sensisse* lassitudinem *tam longo* itinere, *nec* factum *pilo* macriorem *ob laborem*. Cum *persuaseram* illi *hæc* esse *vera*, cogitabat *tacitus secum* illum *equum* esse alium, *quam* hactenus *suspicatus esset*. Itaque *priusquam* abirem, *rogabat* num *mihi equus* esset *venalis*: Primo *negabam*, quod *si* iter *incideret* denuo, *non foret* facile *nanciſci* similem: *attamen nihil* esse *tam* charum *mihi*, quod *non esset* venale *pretio largo*: etiamsi *quis* cuperet *emptum meipsum*, inquam.

ther *than* pac'd, *and was not sensible of* Weariness *in so long* a Journey, *nor* made *a Hair* the leaner *for his Labour*. When *I had perswaded* him *that these Things* were *true*, he thought *silently with himself, that* Horse *was* another Sort of one *than* hitherto *he had suspected him*. Therefore *before* I went away, *he asked me* if *my Horse* was *to be sold*: At first *I said no*, because *if* a Journey *should fall out* again, *it would not be* easy *to get* the like; *but that nothing* was *so* dear *to me*, which *was not* to be sold *for a large Price*; although *any one* should desire *to buy myself*, say I.

A. Næ *tu agebas* Cretensem *pulchre* cum *Cretensi*.

Truly *you acted* the Cretian *finely* with *the Cretian*.

B. Quid multis? *Non dimittit* me, *donec* indicarem. *Indicavi* non *paulo* pluris *quam* emeram. *Digressus* ab homine, *mox* suborno *qui* ageret *partem* hujus *fabu-*

What needs many Words? *He does not dismiss* me *'till* I set my Price. *I set him* at not *a little* more *than* I had bought him for. *Being gone* from the Man, *by and by* I suborn one, *who*

le

læ mihi, *pulchre* inſtructum *et* edoctum. *Is* ingreſſus *domum*, inclamat *locatorem*, ait ſibi opus eſſe *inſigni equo*, et *egregie* patienti *laboris*. Alter *oſtendit* multos, *et* prædicat *peſſimum quemque* maxime : *Non laudat* illum *ſolum*, quem *vendiderat* mihi, *quoniam* exiſtimabat *vere* talem, *qualem* prædicaverat. *At* alter *illico* rogat *num* et ille *eſſet* venalis. *Locator* primum *obticeſcere*, atque *prædicare* alios *ambitioſe*. Cum *iſte*, cæteris *probatis* utcunque, *ſemper ageret* de illo uno, *tandem* locator *apud ſe*, Judicium meum *de illo equo* plane *fefellit* me. Siquidem *hic* peregrinus *ſtatim* agnovit *hunc* inter *omnes*. Cum *ille* inſtaret *tandem* inquit, *hic* eſt *venalis*, ſed *fortaſſe* deterreberis *pretio*. Pretium, *inquit* ille, *non eſt* magnum, *ſi* dignitas *rei* reſpondeat. *Indica*. Indicavit *aliquanto* plu-

ſhould act *a Part* of this *Play* for me, *well* inſtructed *and* taught. *He* entring *the Houſe*, calls upon *the Jockey*, he ſays that he had need *of a very good Horſe*, and *excellently* capable of enduring *Labour*. The other *ſhews him* many, *and* commends *every the worſt Horſe* moſt. *He does not commend* him *alone*, which *he had ſold* to me, *becauſe* he thought him *truly* ſuch, *as* I had commended him for. *But* the other *preſently* aſks *whether* he too *was* to be ſold. *The Jockey* at firſt *was ſilent*, and *commended* others *mightily*. When *he*, the reſt *being approved of* in ſome Meaſure, *always treated* about that alone ; *at laſt* the Jockey ſays *to himſelf*, my Judgment *of that Horſe* plainly *deceived* me : Since *this* Stranger *immediately* knew *him* amongſt *them all*. When *he* urged him, *at laſt* ſays he, *he* is *to be ſold*, but *perhaps* you will be frighted *with the Price*. The Price, *ſays* he, *is not* great, *if* the Worth *of the Thing* anſwer. *Set your Price*. He ſet him *at ſomething* more *than* I had ſet him at *to*

ris, *quam* indicaram *ipſi*, captans et *hoc* lucrum. *Tandem* convenit *de pretio:* Satis magna *arrha* datur, *nempe* regalis *aureus*, ne *qua* ſuſpicio *ſimulatæ* emptionis *incideret*. Emptor *jubet* pabulum *dari* equo. *Ait* ſe *rediturum* mox, *et* abducturum. *Dat* etiam *drachmam* ſtabulario. *Ego*, ſimul atque *cognovi* pactionem *eſſe* firmam, *ſic* ut *non poſſet* reſcindi, *cedo* rurſus *ad locatorem* armatus *ocreis* et *calcaribus*. Clamo *anhelus*, ille *adeſt*, rogat *quid* velim. *Meus equus adornetur* illico, *inquam*, nam *proficiſcendum eſt* e veſtigio *ob* maxime *ſeriam* rem. *Atqui* modo, *inquit*, mandabas *ut* alerem *tuum* equum aliquot *dies: Verum*, inquam, *ſed* negotium *objectum eſt* præter *expectationem*, idque *regium*, quod *patitur* nullam *dilationem*. Hic *ille*, eliges *ex omnibus* quem *voles*; non potes *habere* tuum. *Rogo* quam *him*, catching alſo at *this* Gain. *At length* they agreed *about the Price:* A good large *earneſt Penny* is given, *to wit* a Royal *Crown*, leſt *any* Suſpicion *of a Counterfeit* Purchaſe *ſhould happen*. The Buyer *orders* Hay *to be given* to the Horſe. *He ſays* that he *will return* preſently, *and* take him away. *He gives* alſo *a Six-Pence* to the Hoſtler. *I*, as ſoon as *I knew* the Bargain *was* firm, *ſo* that *it could not* be broken, *return* again *to the Jockey*, dreſs'd *in my Boots* and *Spurs*. I call *out of Breath*, he *comes*, aſks me *what* I would have. *Let my Horſe be got ready* preſently, *ſay I*, for *I muſt go* immediately *upon* a very *ſerious* Affair. *But* juſt now, *quoth he*, you ordered *that* I ſhould keep *your* Horſe *ſome* Days: *True*, ſay I, *but* Buſineſs *is fallen in my Way* beſides *my Expectation*, and that *the King's*, which *admits* no *Delay*. Here *he ſaid*, you may chooſe *out of all*, which *you will*; you cannot *have* your own. *I aſk*, what for? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *he is ſold*. There *pretending*

mobrem ? *Quoniam* inquit *venditus eſt.* Ibi *ſimulata* magna *perturbatione*, inquam, *Superi prohibeant* quod *dicis.* Hoc *itinere* objecto, *non venderem* eum *equum*, etiamſi *quis* numeret *quadruplum.* Incipio *Rixam*, clamo *me* perditum. *Tandem* et ille *incaluit.* Quid opus, *inquit*, jurgiis ? *Indicaſti* equum, *ego vendidi*, ſi *numero* pretium, *habes* nihil *quod agas* mecum. *Sunt* leges *in hac urbe : Non potes* compellere *me* ad exhibendum *equum.* Cum clamaſſem *diu*, aut *exhiberet* equum, *aut* emptorem ; *tandem* iratus *numerat pretium.* Emeram *quindecim* aureis, *æſtimaram* viginti ſex, *ille* æſtimarat *triginta duobus.* Cogitabat *apud ſe* ; præſtat *facere* hoc lucri, *quam* reddere *equum.* Abeo *ſimilis* dolenti, *ac* vix *placatus* pecunia *data.* Ille *rogat* ut *boni conſulam*, ſe *penſaturum* hoc incommodi *in* a great *Diſturbance*, I ſay, *God forbid* what *you ſay.* This *Journey* being fallen out, *I would not ſell* that *Horſe*, altho' *any one* would pay me *four Times the Worth.* I begin *a ſcolding*, I cry out *that I* am undone. *At length* he too *grew hot.* What need, *quoth he*, of all this brawling ? *You ſet a Price on* your Horſe, *I have ſold him*, if *I pay you* your Price, *you have* nothing *that you can do* with me. *There are* Laws *in this City : You cannot* compel *me* to produce *the Horſe.* After I had bawl'd *a long Time*, either *that he ſhould produce* the Horſe, *or* the Buyer ; *at length* being mad *he pays me my Price.* I had bought him *for fifteen* Crowns, *I had valued him* at twenty ſix, *he had* valued him *at thirty two.* He thought *to himſelf*, it is better *to make* this Advantage, *than* to return *the Horſe.* I go away *like* one grieved, *and* ſcarce *appeaſed* with the Money *given me.* He *begs* that *I would take in good part*, that he *would make amends for* this

aliis

aliis rebus. Sic *impoſtum eſt* impoſtori. *Habet* equum *nullius* pretii. *Expectat* ut *qui* dedit *arrham*, veniat *numeratum* pecuniam; *at* nemo *venit*, nec *unquam* venturus eſt.

Inconvenience *in other Things.* So *I cheated* the Cheater. *He has* a Horſe *of no* Value. *He expects* that *he who* gave *the earneſt-penny*, ſhould come *to pay* his Money; *but* no body *comes*, nor *ever* will come.

A. Interim *nunquam expoſtulavit* tecum?

In the mean Time *did he never expoſtulate* with you?

B. Qua *fronte*, aut *quo* jure *faceret* id? *Convenit* quidem *ſemel* atque *iterum*. Conqueſtus eſt *de fide* emptoris. *Verum* ego expoſtulavi *ultro* cum homine, *dicens* illum *dignum* eo malo *qui* ſpoliavit *me* tali *equo* præproperave *venditione*. Hoc *eſt* crimen *tam bene* collocatum, *mea ſententia*, ut *non poſſim* inducere *animum* confiteri.

With what *Forehead*, or *with what* Right *could he do* it? *He met me* indeed *once* and *again*. He complain'd *of the Honeſty* of the Buyer. *But* I expoſtulated *of my own Accord* with the Man, *ſaying* that he *was worthy* of that Misfortune, *who* had robbed *me* of ſuch *a Horſe* by too haſty *ſelling of him*. This *is* a Crime *ſo well* placed, *in my Opinion*, that *I cannot* bring *my Mind* to confeſs it.

A. Ego poſcerem *ſtatuam* mihi, *ſi* deſignaſſem *aliquid* tale.

I ſhould demand *a Statue* for my ſelf, *if* I had contrived *any* ſuch Thing.

B. Neſcio *an* loquaris *ex animo*: Tamen *addis animum* mihi, *quo* magis libeat *facere ſucum* talibus.

I know not *whether* you ſpeak *from your Heart*. Yet *you give Encouragement* to me, *that* I have the more Mind *to put the Trick* upon ſuch Fellows.

Convivium Fabulosum.

Polymythus, Gelasinus, Eutrapelus, Astæus, Phylythlus, Philogelos, Euglottus, Lerochares, Adoleiches.

AUT *non decet* bene institutam *civitatem* esse *sine* legibus *ac* principe, *ita* nec *oportet* convivium.

AS *it does not become* a well ordered *State* to be *without* Laws *and* a Prince, *so* neither *does it become* a Feast to be.

Ge. Istuc *vero* perplacet, *ut* unus *respondeam* nomine *totius* populi.

That *indeed* pleases us very well, *that* I alone *may answer* in the Name *of the whole* People.

Po. Heus *puer*, adfer *huc* talos, *horum suffragiis* regnum *decernetur*, cuicumque *Jupiter* faverit. *Euge!* Jupiter *favit* Eutrapelo. *Sortes* non fuere *cæcæ*. Magis idoneus *non poterat* eligi, *etiamsi* puncta *collec-*

So ho *Boy*, bring *hither* the Dice, *by their Votes* the Kingdom *shall be disposed of* to whomsoever *Jupiter* shall favour. *Well done!* Jupiter *has favoured* Eutrapelus. *The Lots* were not *blind*. A more fit Man *could not* have been chosen, *tho'* the Votes

ta

ta fuissent viritim *per* singulas *tribus*. Vulgo *jactatur* proverbium, *non* tam vanum, *quam* parum latinum, *novas rex*, novus lex.

Eu. Quod *sit* felix *faustumque* huic convivio. *Primum* edico, *ne quis preferto* heic *præter* ridiculas *fabulas*. Cui deerit *fabula* multator *drachma*. Ea pecunia insumitor *in vinum*. Atque *extempore conficta habentor* in *legitimis* fabulis, *modo* probabile *et* decorum *servetur*. Si *nulli deerit* fabula, *duo pendunto* pretium *vini*, quorum *alter* dixerit *lepidissimam*, alter *frigidissimam* fabulam. *Conviva tor esto* immunis *a sumptu* vini: *Unus suppeditato* sumptum *ciborum*. Si *quid controversiæ* inciderit, *Gelasinus esto* arbiter *et* judex *hujus rei*. Si *vos* sciveritis *hæc*, rata sunto. *Qui* noluerit *parere* legi, *abito*, tamen *sic*, ut *sit*

had been taken Man by Man *thro'* every *Tribe*. There is commonly *to'ed about* a Proverb, *not* so silly *as* it is bad Latin, *a new King*, a new Law.

That which *may be* lucky *and fortunate* for this Feast. *First* I proclaim *that no body produce any Thing* here *besides* comical *Stories*. He that wants *a Story* let him be fined *Six-Pence*. Let that Money be spent *in Wine*. And *let Things invented extempore be reckon'd* amongst *lawful* Stories, *provided* Probability *and* Decency *be kept to*: If *none shall want* a Story, *let those two pay* the Charge *of the Wine*, whereof *the one* shall tell *the prettiest*, the other *the dullest* Story. *Let the Master of the Feast be* free *from the Charge* of the Wine: *Let him alone bear* the Charge *of the Victuals*. If *any Dispute* happen, *let Gelasinus be* the Decider *and* Judge *of that Affair*. If *you* confirm *these Things*, let them be established. *He that* will not *obey* the Law,

jus *fasque* redire *postridie* ad compotationem.

let him go, yet *so* that *it may be* lawful *and allowable for him* to return *the Day after* to the Club.

Ge. Volumus *legem* latam *a rege* esse *ratam* nostris *suffragiis*, sed *unde* circulus *fabularum* proficiscetur ?

We will *that the Law* made *by our King* be *confirmed* by our *Votes* ; but *whence* shall the Circle *of Stories* proceed ?

Eut. Unde *nisi* a convivatore ?

From whence *but* from the Entertainer ?

Af. Jureconsulti *negant* esse *legem* quæ *non fit* æqua.

The Lawyers *deny it* to be *a Law* which *is not* just.

Eu. Assentior.

I assent to it.

Af. At *tua Lex* æquat *optimam* fabulam *pessime*.

But *your Law* equals *the best* Story *to the worst*.

Eu. Ubi *voluptas* quæritur, *ibi* promeretur *non* minus *laudis*, qui *dicit* pessime *quam* qui *optime*, velut *inter* cantores *nemo* voluptati est, *nisi* qui *cecinerit* aut *insigniter* bene, *aut* egregie *male*. Nonne plures rident *audito* coccyge, *quam* luscinia ? *Heic* mediocritas *non habet* laudem.

Where *Pleasure* is sought, *there* he deserves *no* less *Praise*, who *says* very badly *than* he who says *very well*, as *amongst* Singers *no Man* pleases, *unless* he that *sings* either *notably* well, *or* extraordinary *ill*. Do not more laugh *upon hearing* the Cuckow, *than* the Nightingale ? *Here* Indifference *has no* Praise.

As.

As. At *cur* plectuntur *qui* auferunt *laudem?*

But *why* are they punish'd *who* get *Praise?*

Eut. Ne *nimia felicitas* provocet *aliquam* Nemesin *illis*, si *auferent* id *laudem* et *immunitatem* simul.

Lest *excessive Happiness* should provoke *some* Nemesis *against them*, if *they should get* both *Praise* and *Immunity* together.

As. Per Bromium *Minos ipse* nunquam *tulit* æquiorem *legem.*

By Bromius *Minos himself* never *made* a more reasonable *Law.*

Phylyth. Feres *nullam* legem *de modo* bibendi?

Will you make *no* Law *concerning the Manner* of Drinking?

Eut. Re *dispecta*, sequar *exemplum* Agesilai *regis* Lacedæmoniorum.

The Thing *being consider'd*, I will follow *the Example* of Agesilaus *King* of the Lacedemonians.

Phylyth. Quid *is fecit?*

What *did he do?*

E. Cum *is* quodam tempore *delectus esset* sympositarchus, *arbitrio* talorum; *Architriclano* rogante *quantum* vini *juberet* apponi *cuique*, inquit, *si* largior copia *vini* parata est, *dato* cuique *quantum* poposcerit; *si* malignior,

When *he* on a certain Time *had been chosen* Governor of a Feast *at the Pleasure* of the Dice, *the Master of the House* asking *how much* Wine *he ordered* to be serv'd up *to every one*, he says, *if* a large Plenty *of Wine* be provided, *give* to every one *as much as* he calls for; *if* a more

distribuito omnibus *ex æquo*..

ſparing, *divide* to every one *alike*.

Phylyth. Quid ſibi voluit *ille* Lacon *cum* diceret *hæc?*

What meant *that* Lacedæmonian *when* he ſaid *theſe Things?*

Eut. Agebat *hoc* ut *convivium* neque eſſet *temulentum*, neque *rurſum* querulum.

He meant *this*, that *the Feaſt* ſhould neither be *drunken*, nor *again* querulous..

Philyth. Qui fic?

How ſo?

Eut. Quia *ſunt* qui *gaudent* bibere *largius*, ſunt *qui* gaudent *parcius*. Reperiuntur et *abſtemii*, qualis *Romulus* dicitur *fuiſſe*. Itaque *ſi* vinum *datur* nulli *niſi* poſcenti, *primum* nemo *compellitur* ad bibendum, *et* tamen *deſiderant* nihil, *quibus* largior *potatio* eſt *grata*. Ita *fit* ut *nemo* ſit *triſtis* in convivio. *Rurſus* ſi *parcior* copia *vini* diſtribuitur *æquis* portionibus *in ſingulos*, habent *ſatis* qui *bibunt* moderatius, *neque* poteſt *quiſquam* obmurmurare *in æqualitate*; quando *qui*

Becauſe *there are ſome* who *love* to drink *plentifully*, there are *who* love to drink *ſparingly*. There are likewiſe found *abſtemious People*, ſuch as *Romulus* is ſaid *to have been*. Therefore *if* Wine *is given* to none *but* him that calls for it, *firſt* no body *is forced* to drink, *and* yet *they want* nothing, *to whom* plentiful *drinking* is *agreeable*. So *it comes about* that *no body* is *ſad* in the Feaſt. *Again*, if *a leſs* Quantity *of Wine* is diſtributed *in equal* Shares *to each*, they have *enough*, that *drink* moderately, *nor* can *any one* murmur *in Equality*, ſince *he that* would have drunk

hau-

hausturus erat *largius*, componit *se* ad temperantiam *æquo* animo. *Si* hoc *exemplum* placet, *utar*, nam *volumus* hoc *esse* fabulosum, *non* vinosum *convivium*.

plentifully, composes *himself* to Temperance *with a contented* Mind. *If* this *Example* pleases you, *I will use it*, for *we would have* this *to be* a fabulous, *not* a drunken *Feast*.

Phylyth. Quid *igitur* bibebat *Romulus?*

What *then* drunk *Romulus?*

Eu. Idem *quod* canes *bibunt*.

The same *that* Dogs *drink*.

Phylyth. An non *istud* indignum *rege?*

Is not *that* unworthy *of a King?*

Eu. Nihil *magis* quam *quod* reges *spirant* aere *communi* cum canibus, *nisi* quod *illud interest*, *rex* non bibit *eandem* aquam, *quam* canis *biberet*, sed *canis* haurit *aerem* quem *rex* efflavit. *Et* viciſſim *rex* haurit *aerem* quem *canis* efflavit. *Alexander ille Magnus* tuliſſet *plus* gloriæ, *ſi* bibiſſet *cum canibus*. Nam *nihil* pejus *regi*, qui *vigilat* tot millibus *hominum*, quam *vinolentia*. Cæterum *Romulum* fuiſſe *abſtemium*, apophthegma

No *more* than *that* Kings *breathe* in the Air *common* with Dogs, *but* that *there is that Difference*; *the King* does not drink *the same* Water *which* the Dog *drunk*, but *the Dog* draws in *the Air* which *the King* breath'd out. *And* again *the King* draws in *the Air* which *the Dog* breath'd out. *Alexander the Great* had got *more* Glory, *if* he had drunk *with the Dogs*. For *nothing* is worſe *for a King*, who *watches over* ſo many thouſand *Men*, than *Drunkenneſs*. But *that Romulus* was *abſtemious*, an Apothegm *ſpoke* by him ma-

ma *dictum* ab illo *non infestiviter* declarat. *Etenim* cum *quidam* videns *illum* abstinere *a vino* dixisset, *vinum* futurum *vile*, si *omnes* biberent *quemadmodum* ille; Imo, *inquit*, tum *arbitror* fore *carissimum*, si *omnes* biberent *vinum* quemadmodum *ego*, nam *bibo* quantum *lubet*.

not unwittingly declares. *For* when *one* seeing *him* abstain *from Wine*, had said, *that Wine would* be *cheap*, if *all* should drink *as* he; Nay, *says he*, then *I think* it would be *very dear*, if *all* should drink *Wine* as *I do*, for *I drink* as much *as I have a Mind*.

Ge. Utinam *noster* Joannes *Botzemus* Canonicus *Constantinensis* adesset *heic*. Nam *et is* est *non* minus *abstemius* quam *dicitur*, alioqui *comis* et *festivus* conviva.

I wish *our* John *Botzem*, Canon *of Constance*, was *here*. For *he too* is *no* less *abstemious* than *he is said to be*; otherwise *a courteous* and *pleasant* Companion.

Po. Age, *si* potestis, *non dicam*, sorbere *et* flare *simul*, quod *Plautus* ait *esse* difficile; *sed* edere *et* audire, *quod* est *perfacile*; auspicabor *munus* fabulandi *bonis avibus*. Si *fabula* erit *parum lepida*, scitote *Batavam esse*. Opinor *nomen* Macci *auditum* aliquot *vestrum*.

Come, *if you* can, *I will not say*, sup *and* blow *at the same Time*, which *Plautus* says *is* difficult, *but* eat *and* hear, *which* is *very easy*; I will begin *the Business* of telling Stories *with good Luck*. If *the Story* be *not a pretty one*, know *it is a Dutch one*. I suppose *the Name* of Maccus *has been heard* by some *of you*.

Ge. Non est *ita* diu *quod periit*.

It is not *so* long *since he died*.

Po. Cum

Po. Cum *is* veniſſet *in civitatem* quæ *dicitur* Leydis, *ac* novus hoſpes *vellet* innoteſcere *quopiam* joco *(nam* is *erat* hominī *mos)* ingreſſus eſt *officinam* calcearii, *ſalutat*. Ille *cupiens* extrudere *ſuas* merces, *rogat* nunquid vellet. *Macco* conjiciente *oculos* in ocreas *penſiles* ibi, *calcearius* rogat *num* vellet *ocreas*. Macco *annuente*, quærit *aptas* tibiis illius, *protulit* inventas *alacriter*, et *ut* ſolent, *inducit* illi. *Ubi* Maccus *jam* eſſet *eleganter* ocreatus, *quam* belle, *inquit*, par *calceorum* duplicatis *ſoleis* congrueret *his* ocreis. *Rogatus* an *vellet* et calceos, *annuit*. Reperti ſunt *et* additi *pedibus*. Maccus *laudabat* ocreas, *laudabat* calceos. *Calcearius* gaudens *tacite* ſuccinebat *illi* laudanti, *ſperans* æquius *pretium*, poſteaquam *merx* placeret *emptori* tantopere. *Et* jam *nonnulla* familiaritas *erat* con-

When *he* was come *into a City* which *is called* Leyden, *and* being a new Gueſt, *had a Mind* to become known *by ſome* Jeſt, *(for* that *was* the Man's *Way)* he entred *the Shop* of a Shoemaker, *ſalutes him*. He *deſiring* to put off *his* Ware, *aſks* if he would have any Thing. *Maccus* caſting *his Eyes* upon Leather Stockings *that hung* there, *the Shoemaker* aſks him *if he* would have *Leather Stockings*. Maccus *agreeing to it*, he ſeeks ſome *fit* for his Legs, *he produced them* when found *chearfully*, and, *as* they uſe to do, *draws them on* for him. *When* Maccus *now* was *handſomely* fitted with Leather Stockings, *how* well, *quoth he*, would a Pair *of Shoes* with double *Soles* agree *with theſe* Leather Stockings. *Being aſked* whether *he would have* Shoes too, *he agrees to it*. They were found, *and* put upon *his Feet*. Maccus *commended* the Stockings, *commended* the Shoes. *The Shoemaker* rejoicing *ſilently*, agreed with *him*, commending them, *hoping for* a better *Price*,

tracta

tracta. *Heic* Maccus *inquit*, dic *mihi* bona fide, *nunquamne usu venit* tibi, *ut* quem *armasses* ſic *ocreis* et *calceis* ad curſum, *quemadmodum* nunc *armasti* me, *abierit* non numerato pretio? *Nunquam*, ait ille. *Atqui* ſi *forte*, inquit, *veniat usu*, quid *tu faceres* tum? *Conſequerer*, inquit *Calcearius*. Tum *Maccus* inquit, *dicis* iſta *ſerio* an *joco?* Plane *loquor* ſerio, *inquit* alter, *et* facerem *ſerio*. Experiar, *ait* Maccus; *en* præcurro *pro calceis*, tu ſequere *curſu*; ſimulq; *cum dicto* conjecit *ſe* in pedes. *Calcearius* conſecutus eſt *e veſtigio*. quantum *poterat*, clamitans, *tenete* furem, *tenete* furem. *Cum* cives *proſiliſſent* ex ædibus *undique* ad hanc vocem, *Maccus* cohibuit *illos* hoc commento, *ne quis injiceret manum*. Inquit *ridens* ac *placido* vultu, *ne quis remoretur* noſtrum *curſum*: Cerſeeing *the Ware* pleaſed *the Buyer* ſo much. *And* now *ſome* Familiarity *was* contracted. *Here* Maccus *ſays*, tell *me* in good Faith, *did it never happen* to you, *that* one whom *you had furniſhed* thus *with Leather Stockings* and *Shoes* for a Race, *as* now *you have furniſhed* me, *went off* without paying the Price? *Never*, ſays he. *But* if *by chance*, ſays he, *it ſhould happen*, what *would you do* then? *I would follow him*, ſays *the Shoemaker*. Then *Maccus* ſays, *do you ſay* that *in Earneſt*, or *in Jeſt?* Truly *I ſpeak* in Earneſt, *ſays* the other, *and* would do *in Earneſt*. I will try, *ſays* Maccus: *lo* I run before *for the Shoes*, do you follow *running*; and together *with this Saying*, he threw *himſelf* upon his Feet. *The Shoemaker* follow'd him *forthwith*, as faſt as *he could*, bawling, *Stop* the Thief, *ſtop* the Thief. *When* the Citizens *ran out* of their Houſes *on all Sides* at this Cry, *Maccus* hindred *them* by this Contrivance, *that no body ſhould lay Hands on him*. He ſays, *ſmiling* and *with a pleaſant* Countenance, *let no body ſtop* our tamen

tamen *eſt* de cupa *cereviſiæ*. Itaque *jam* omnes *præbebant ſe* ſpectatores *certaminis*: Nam *ſuſpicabantur* calcearium *fingere* eum *clamorem* dolo, *ut* hac occaſione *anteverteret*. Tandem *calcearius* victus *curſu* rediit *domum* ſudans *et* anhelus. *Maccus* tulit *Brabeum*.

running, the Race *is* for a Tankard *of Ale*. Wherefore *now* all *became* Spectators *of the Race*; for *they ſupected* that the Shoemaker *pretended* that *Cry* out of Roguery, *that* by that Means *he might get before him*. At laſt *the Shoemaker* being beat *in the Race*, return'd *Home* ſweating *and* out of Breath. *Maccus* got *the Prize*.

Ge. Iſte *Maccus* quidem *effugit* calcearium, *at* non effugit *furem*.

That *Maccus* indeed *eſcaped* the Shoemaker, *but* he did not eſcape *the Thief*.

Po. Quamobrem ?

What for ?

Ge. Quia *ferebat* furem *ſecum*.

Becauſe *he carried* the Thief *with him*.

Po. Forte *pecunia* non erat *ad manum*, quam *poſtea* reſolvit.

Perhaps *Money* was not *at hand*, which *afterwards* he payed.

Ge. Verum *erat* actio *furti*.

But *there was* an Action *of Theft*.

Po. Ea *quidem* intentata eſt *poſt*, ſed *jam* Maccus *innotuerat* aliquot *magiſtratibus*.

That *indeed* was brought *afterwards*, but *now* Maccus *was become acquainted* with ſome *Magiſtrates*.

Ge. Quid *attulit Maccus ?*

What *did Maccus plead?*

Po. Quid

Po. Quid attulit, *rogas*, in cauſa *tam* vincibili? *Actor* magis periclitatus eſt *quam* reus.

What did he plead, *do you aſk*, in a Cauſe *ſo* eaſy to be carried? *The Proſecutor* was more in Danger *than* the Perſon indicted.

Ge. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Po. Quia *gravabat* illum *actione* calumniæ, *et* intendebat *Rhemiam legem*, quæ *dictat*, ut *qui* intenderit *crimen* quod *non poſſit* probare, *ferat* pœnam *quam* reus *laturus erat*, ſi *fuiſſet* convictus. *Negabat* ſe contrectaſſe *alienam rem* invito domino, *ſed* deferente *ultro*, nec ullam mentionem *pretii* interceſſiſſe; *ſe provocaſſe* calcearium *ad certamen curſus*: Illum *accepiſſe* conditionem, *nec habere* quod *queratur*, cum *eſſet* ſuperatus *curſu*.

Becauſe *he loaded* him *with an Action* of Slander, *and* urged *the Rhemian Law*, which *orders* that *he who* brings *a Charge* which *he cannot* prove, *ſhall ſuffer* the Puniſhment, *which* the Perſon indicted *ſhould have ſuffered*, if *he had been* Convict. *He denied* that he meddled with *the other's Ware* againſt the Will of the Owner, *but* on his giving it *of his own accord*, and that no Mention *of Price* had paſſed betwixt them; *that he had challenged* the Shoemaker *to the running of a Race*; that he *had accepted* the Propoſal, *and had nothing* that *he could complain of*, ſeeing *he was* beat *in the Race*.

Ge. Hæc actio *non multum abeſt* ab umbra *aſini*. Quid tandem?

This Action *is not much ſhort* of the Shadow *of the Aſs*. What came of it at laſt?

Po. Ubi

Po. Ubi *risum est* satis, *quidam* e judicibus *vocavit* Maccum *ad cænam*, et *numeravit* calceario *pretium*. Quiddam *simile* accidit *Daventriæ* me puero. *Erat* illud *tempus*, quo *piscatores* regnant, *lanii* frigent. *Quidam* astabat *ad fenestram* fructuariæ, *vehementer* obesæ *fœminæ*, oculis *intentis* in ea *quæ* posita erant *venum*. Illa *invitabat* hominem *ex more*, si *quid vellet*. Et *cum* videret *intentum* ficis, *vis* ficos? *ait*, sunt *perquam elegantes*. Cum *ille* annuisset, *rogat* quot *libras* vellet. *Vis*, inquit, *quinque* libras? *Annuenti* effudit *tantum* ficorum *in gremium*. Dum *illa* reponit *lances*, ille *subducit se*, non *cursu*, sed *placide*. Ubi *prodisset* acceptura *pecuniam*, vidit *emptorem* abire: *Insequitur* majore *voce* quam *cursu*. Ille *dissimulans*, pergit *quo* cæperat *ire*.

When *they had laugh'd* sufficiently, *one* of the Judges *invited* Maccus *to Supper*, and *paid* the Shoemaker *his Price*. Something *like this* happen'd *at Daventry*, when I was a Boy. *It was* that *Time*, when *the Fishermen* reign, *the Butchers* starve. *A certain Fellow* stood *at the Window* of a Fruit-Seller, *a very* fat *Woman*, with his Eyes *intent* upon those Things *which* were exposed *to Sale*. She *invited* the Man *according to Custom*, if *he would have any Thing*. And *when* she saw him *intent* upon the Figs, *will you have any* Figs? *says she*, they are *very fine ones*. When *he* agreed to it, *she asks him*, how many *Pounds* he would have. *Will you have*, says she, *five* Pounds? *On his agreeing to it*, she poured *so many* Figs *into his Bosom*. Whilst *she* lays by *the Scales*, he *withdraws*, not *running*, but *easily*. When *she came out* to receive *her Money*, she saw *her Chapman* was going off: *She follows* with a greater *Noise* than *Pace*. He *taking no Notice*, goes on *whither* he had begun *to go*. At last *many*

Tandem *multis* concurrentibus *ad vocem* fœminæ, *reſtitit*. Ibi *cauſa* agitur *in corona* populi: *Riſus* exoritur; *emptor* negabat *ſe emiſſe* ſed *accepiſſe* quod *fuiſſet* delatum *ultro*; ſi *vellet* experiri *coram* judicibus, *ſe* compariturum.

People coming together *at the Clamour* of the Woman, *he ſtood*. There *the Cauſe* is tried *in a Ring* of the People. *A Laughter* is ſet up; *the Chapman* denied *that he bought them*, but *that he received* what *had been* given *on her own Accord*; if *ſhe would* try it *before* the Juſtices, *he* would appear.

Ge. Age *narrabo* fabulam *non* admodum *diſſimilem* tuæ, *nec* fortaſſe *inferiorem*, niſi *quod* hæc *non habeat* auctorem *perinde celebrem* atque *eſt Maccus*. Pythagoras *dividebat* totum *mercatum* in tria *hominum genera*, quorum *alii* prodiſſent *ut* venderent, *alii* ut emerent: Aiebat *hoc utrumque* genus *eſſe* ſolicitum, *ac* proinde *non felix*: Alios *non venire* in forum *ob aliud*, quam *ut* ſpectent *quid* proferatur *illic*, aut *quid* agatur: *Hos* ſolos *eſſe* felices, *quod* vacui *curis*, fruerentur *gratuita* voluptate. *Atque* ad hunc modum

Well *I will tell* a Story *not* much *unlike* yours, *nor* perhaps *inferiour*, but *that* this *has not* an Author *ſo famous* as *Maccus is*. Pythagoras *divided* the whole *Market* into three *Kinds of Men*, whereof *ſome* go *that* they may ſell, *others* to buy: He ſaid *that both theſe* Kinds *were* concern'd, *and* therefore *not happy*: That others *did not come* into the Market *for any Thing elſe* than *that* they may ſee *what* is produced *there*, or *what* is done: *That theſe* alone *were* happy, *becauſe* being free *from Cares*, they enjoy'd *a gratuitous* Pleaſure. *And* after this Manner *he ſaid* a Philoſopher *was* in this World, *as* they *were* in the Market. *But* in our *Markets*, a fourth

dicebat

dicebat Philosophum *versari* in hoc mundo, *quemadmodum* illi *versarentur* in mercatu. *Verum* in nostris *emporiis*, quartum *genus* hominum *solet* obambulare, *qui* nec *emunt* nec *vendunt*, nec *contemplantur* otiose, *sed* observant *sollicite* si *possint* involare *quid*. Atque *quidam* reperiuntur *mire* dextri *in hoc genere*; dicas *natos* Mercurio favente. *Convivator* dedit *fabulam* cum coronide, *ego dabo* cum proœmio. *Nunc* accipite *quod* nuper *accidit* Antwerpiæ. *Quidam* sacrificus *receperat* illic *mediocrem* summam *pecuniæ*, sed *argenteæ*. Quidam impostor *animad verterat* id. *Adiit sacrificum*, qui *gestabat* crumenam *turgidam* nummis *in zona*; salutat *civiliter*, narrat *sibi datum negotium* a suis, *ut mercaretur novum* sacrum pallium *parocho* sui vici, *quæ* est *summa* vestis *sacerdoti* peragenti *divinam rem*. Rogat *ut* commodaret *sibi* tan-

Kind of Men *uses* to walk about, *who* neither *buy* nor *sell*, nor *look about them* idly, *but* watch *carefully* if *they can* sharp *any Thing*. And *some* are found *wonderfully* dextrous *in this Kind*; you would say *that they were born* under the Favour of Mercury. *The Master of the Feast* has given *a Story* with a Conclusion, *I will give you one* with a Preface. *Now* hear *what* lately *happened* at Antwerp. *A certain* Priest *had received* there *a moderate* Sum *of Money*, but *in Silver*. A certain Cheat *had observed* it. *He went to the Priest*, who *carried* the Purse *stuffed* with Money *in his Belt*; he salutes him *civilly*; he tells him *that he was employed* by his Neighbours *to buy a new* Surplice *for the Parson* of their Town, *which* is *the upper* Garment *of the Priest* performing *Divine Service*. He asks him *that* he would lend *him* a little of his Help, *that* he would go *with him* to those *who* sell *such* Gowns; *that* he might take it *bigger* or *less* by the

tillum operæ, *ut* iret *ſecum* ad eos, *qui* vendunt *ejuſmodi* pallia; *quo* ſumeret *majus* aut *minus* ex modo *illius corporis*, nam *ipſius* ſtaturam *videri* ſibi *congruere* vehementer *cum* magnitudine *parochi*. Cum hoc *videretur* leve *officium*, ſacrificus *facile* pollicitus eſt. *Adeunt* ædes *cujuſdam*. Pallium *prolatum eſt*. Sacrificus *induit*. Venditor *affirmat* mire congruere. *Cum* impoſtor *contemplatus eſſet* ſacrificum *nunc* a fronte, *nunc* a tergo, *cauſatus eſt* brevius *a fronte* quam *eſſet* par. *Ibi* venditor, *ne* contractus *non procederet*, negat *id* eſſe *vitium* pallii, *ſed* turgidam *crumenam* efficere, *ut* brevitas *offenderet* ea parte. *Quid multa?* Sacrificus *deponet* crumenam. *Contemplantur* denuo. *Ibi* impoſtor, *ſacrifico* averſo, *arripit* crumenam, *ac* conjicit *ſe* in pedes. *Sacerdos* inſequitur *curſu* ut *erat* pallia-

Meaſure *of his Body*, for *his* Stature *ſeemed* to him *to agree* mightily *with* the Bigneſs *of the Parſon*. And as this *ſeem'd* a ſlight *Service*, the Prieſt *eaſily* promiſed. *They go to* the Houſe *of a certain Man*. The Garment *was produced*. The Prieſt *puts it on*. The Seller *affirms* that it fitted wonderfully. *When* the Cheat *had viewed* the Prieſt *one while* before, *another* behind, *he pretended* that it was ſhorter *before* than *was* fit. *There* the Seller, *leſt* the Bargain *ſhould not go forward*, denies *that* to be *the Fault* of the Garment, *but* that the full *Purſe* was the Occaſion, *that* the Shortneſs *offended* on that Side. *What needs many Words?* The Prieſt *lays down* the Purſe. *They view him* again. *There* the Cheat, *the Prieſt* being turn'd from him, *whips up* the Purſe, *and* throws *himſelf* upon his Feet. *The Prieſt* follows him *running* as *he was* with the Surplice on, *and* the Seller *the Prieſt*. The Parſon *cries out* ſtop

tus,

tus, *et* venditor *ſacrificum*. Sacrificus *clamat* tenete *furem*, venditor *clamat* tenete *ſacrificum*; impoſtor *clamat* cohibete *furentem* ſacrificum; *et* creditum eſt, *cum* viderent *eum* currere *ſic* ornatum *in publico*; itaque *dum alter* eſt *in mora* alteri, *impoſtor* effugit.

the Thief; the Seller *cries out* ſtop *the Parſon*; the Cheat *cries out* ſtop *the mad* Prieſt; *and* it was believed, *when* they ſaw *him* run *ſo* dreſs'd *in the Streets*; wherefore *whilſt one* is *a Hindrance* to the other, *the Cheat* got away.

Eu. Dignus *qui pereat* non *ſimplici* ſuſpendio.

Worthy *to periſh* not *by a ſingle* Hanging.

Ge. Niſi *jam pendet*.

Unleſs *he be hanged* already.

Eu. Utinam *non ſolus*, ſed *una cum illo*, qui *favent* talibus *portentis* in perniciem *reipublicæ*.

I wiſh *not he alone*, but *together with him* they who *favour* ſuch *Monſters* to the Ruin *of the Commonwealth*.

Ge. Non favent *gratis*. Eſt *catena*, quæ *demiſſa* in terras *pertinget* ad Jovem.

They do not favour them *for nothing*. There is *a Chain*, which *being let down* upon the Earth *reaches* to Jupiter.

Eu. Redeundum *ad fabulas*.

We muſt return *to our Stories*.

As. Ordo *redit* ad te, *ſi* fas eſt *cogere* regem *in ordinem*.

The Turn *is come* to you, *if* it be lawful *to force* a King *to Order*.

Eu Non cogar, *imo* veniam *volens* in ordinem, *alioqui* essem *tyrannus*, non rex, *si* recusem *leges* quas *præscribo* aliis.

I will not be forc'd, *ay* I will come *willingly* into Order, *otherwise* I should be *a Tyrant*, not a King, *if* I should refuse *the Laws* which *I prescribe* to others.

As. Veruntamen *aiunt* principem *esse* supra leges.

Nevertheless *they say* a Prince *is* above the Laws.

Eu. Istuc *non est* omnino *falso* dictum, *si* accipias *principem* illum *summum*, quem *tum* vocabant *Cæsarem*. Deinde *si* sic accipias *superiorem* legibus, *quod* alii *coacti* servant *utcunque*, illum *præstare* multo cumulatius *suapte sponte*. Nam *quod* animus *est* corpori, *hoc* est *bonus* princeps *reipublicæ*. Sed *quid* opus *erat* addere *bonus*, quum *malus* princeps *non est* princeps ; *quemadmodum* impurus *spiritus* qui *invasit* corpus *hominis*. non est *animus*. Sed *ad fabulam*, et *arbitror* convenire, *ut* rex *adferam* fabulam regiam. *Ludovicus*

That *is not* altogether *falsely* said, *if* you mean by *a Prince* that *great one*, which *then* they called *Cæsar*. And then *if* you so understand *superiour* to the Laws, *that* others *being forc'd* keep them *in some Measure*, that he *observes them* much more fully *of his own Accord*. For *what* the Soul *is* to the Body, *that* is *a good* Prince *to the Commonwealth*. But *what* Need *was there* to *add good*, since *a bad* Prince *is not* a Prince ; *as* an impure *Spirit*, that *has seized* the Body *of a Man*, is not *the Soul*. But *to the Story* ; and *I think* it is fit, *that I* being a King, *should bring* a Story of a King. *Lewis* King *of France*, the Eleventh *of that Name*, when *Affairs*

rex

rex *Galliarum* undecimus *ejus nominis*, cum, *rebus* turbatis *domi*, peregrinaretur *apud Burgundiones*, occasione *venationis* nactus est *familiaritatem* cum *quodam* Conone, *rustico homine* sed *simplicis* ac *sinceri* animi. *Nam* monarchæ *delectantur* hominibus *hoc genus*. Rex *diverterat* frequenter *ad hujus ædes* ex venatu, *et* ut *nonnunquam* magni *principes* delectantur *plebeiis* rebus, *vescebatur* rapis *apud eum* cum magna voluptate. *Mox* ubi *Ludovicus* restitutus *jam* potiretur *rerum* apud Gallos; *uxor* submonuit *Cononem*, ut commoneaceret regem *veteris* hospitii, *et* adferret *illi* aliquot *insignes* rapas *dono*. Conon *tergiversatus est*, se lusurum operam; *principes enim* non meminisse *talium* officiorum. *Sed* uxor *vicit*: Conon *deligit* aliquot *insignes* rapas, *accingitur* itineri. *Ve-*

being in Disorder *at Home*, he sojourn'd *among the Burgundians*, on occasion *of Hunting*, got *Acquaintance* with *one* Conon, *a Country Fellow*, but *of an honest* and *sincere* Mind; *for* Monarchs *are delighted* with Men *of this Sort*. The King *turn'd* frequently *to his House* after Hunting; *and* as *sometimes* great *Princes* are pleased *with common* Things, *he eat* Turnips *with him* with great Pleasure. *Soon after* when *Lewis* being restored, *now* enjoyed *the Kingdom* amongst the French; *the Wife* advised *Conon*, that he should put the King in Mind *of his o'd* Entertainment, *and* should carry *him* some *fine* Turnips *as a Present*. Conon *declined it*, saying that he should lose his Labour, *for Princes* did not remember *such* Services. *But* the Wife *prevailed*. Conon *chooses out* some *fine* Turnips, *prepares* for his Journey. *But* he being tempted *with the Allurement* of the Food, *by little and little* devoured *them all*, one *only* a very great one *excepted*. When *Conon*

rum

rum ipse captus *illecebra* cibi, *paulatim* devoravit *omnes*, una *duntaxat* insigniter *magna* excepta. Ubi *Conon* prorepsisset *in aulam*, qua *rex* erat *iturus*, statim agnitus est *a rege*, et *accersitus*. Ille *detulit* munus *cum* magna *alacritate*, rex *accepit* cum *majore* alacritate, *mandans* cuidam *e proximis*, ut *reponeretur* diligenter *inter* ea *quæ* haberet *carissima*. Jubet *Cononem* prandere *secum*; a prandio *egit gratias* Cononi, *et* jussit *mille* coronatos *numerari* pro rapa *illi* cupienti *repetere* suum rus. *Cum* fama *hujus rei*, ut *fit*, pervagata esset *per* omne *regis* famulitium, *quidam* ex aulicis *dedit* regi *non inelegantem* equum *dono*. Rex *intelligens* illum *provocatum* benignitate *quam* præstiterat *Cononi*, captare *prædam*, accepit *munus* vultu *majorem in modum* alacri, *et* had crept *into the Hall*, where *the King* was *to pass*, he was presently known *by the King*, and *sent for*. He *offered* his Present *with* great *Chearfulness*; the King *received it* with *greater* Chearfulness, *ordering* one *of those next him*, that *it should be laid up* diligently *amongst* those Things *which* he counted *most dear*. He orders *Conon* to dine *with him*; after Dinner *he gave Thanks* to Conon; *and* ordered *a thousand* Crowns *to be paid* for his Turnip *to him* desiring *to return to* his own Country. *When* the Fame *of this Thing*, as *it happens*, had gone *thro'* all *the King's* Servants, *one* of the Courtiers *gave* the King *no unhandsome* Horse *as a Present*. The King *understanding* that he *being encouraged* by the Kindness *which* he had shewn *to Conon*, catch'd at *a Prize*, received *the Present* with a Countenance *more than ordinarily* chearful; *and* having called together *his Nobles*, he began *to consult* with what Present *he should make a Return for* so fine *and so valuable* a con-

convocatis *primoribus*, cœpit *consultare* quo munere *pensaret* tam bellum *tamque pretiosum* equum. *Interim* qui donarat *equum*, concepit *opimas* spes *animo*, cogitans *sic*, si *sic pensavit* rapam *donatam* a rustico, *quanto* munificentius *pensaturus est* talem equum *oblatum* ab aulico. *Cum* alius responderet aliud *regi* consultanti *veluti* de magna re, *et* captator *lactatus esset* diu *vana spe*, tandem *rex* inquit, *venit mihi in mentem* quod *donem* illi, *et* quopiam *ex proceribus* accersito, *dixit* in aurem, *ut* adferret *id* quod *reperiret* in cubiculo *(simulque* designat *locum)* obvolutum *diligenter* serico. *Rapa* adfertur. *Rex* donat *eam* sua manu *aulico*, ut *erat* obvoluta, *addens*, equum *videri* sibi *bene* pensatum *cimelio* quod *constitisset* sibi *mille* coronatis. *Aulicus* digressus, *dum* tollit *limum* Horse. *In the mean Time* he who had given *the Horse*, conceiv'd *rich* Hopes *in his Mind*, thinking *thus*, if *he made such a Return for* a Turnip *presented* by a Country Fellow, *how much* more generously *will he make a Return for* such a Horse *given him* by a Courtier. *When* one answered one Thing, another another *to the King*, consulting *as* about a grand Affair, *and* this catching Fellow *had been fed* a long Time *with vain Hopes*, at last *the King* says, *it comes into my Mind* what *I should give* him, *and* one *of the Nobles* being called to him, *he whispered* in his Ear, *that* he should bring *that* which *he should find* in his Bed-Chamber, *(and at the same Time* he describes *the Place)* wrapped up *diligently* in Silk. *The Turnip* is brought. *The King* gives *it* with his own Hand *to the Courtier*, as *it was* wrapped up, *adding*, that the Horse *seemed* to him *well* paid for *with a precious Thing* which *had cost* him *a thousand* Crowns. *The Courtier* going away, *whilst* he takes off *the*

teum

teum, reperit *pro thesauro* non *carbones*, ut aiunt, *sed* rapam *jam* subaridam. *Ita* ille captator *captus* risui fuit *omnibus*.

A. Jam *si* permittis, *rex*, ut *plebeius* loquar *regalia*, referam *quod* ex tua fabula *venit* in mentem *de* eodem *Ludovico*. Nam *ut* ansa *trahit* ansam, *ita* fabula *fabulam*. Cum *quidam famulus* vidisset *pediculum* repentem *in regia veste* flexis genibus, *et* manu sublata, *significat* se *velle* præstare *nescio quid officii*. Ludovico *præbente* se, *sustulit* pediculum, *et* abjecit *clam*. Rege *rogante* quid esset, *puduit* fateri. *Cum* rex *instarat*, fassus est *fuisse* pediculum. *Est* lætum *omen*, inquit, *declaret enim* me *esse* hominem, *quod* hoc genus *vermiculorum* infestet *hominem* peculiariter, *præsertim* in adolescentia, *justitque* quadraginta *co-*

Cloth, finds *for a Treasure* not *Coals*, as they say, *but* a Turnip *now* dry. *Thus* that catching Fellow *being catch'd*, was a Laughing-Stock *of every body*.

Now *if* you permit me, *O King*, that *I being a Commoner*, should speak of *Things belonging to Kings*, I will relate *what* upon your Story *comes* into my Mind *of* the same *Lewis*. For *as* a Link of a Chain *draws* a Link, *so does* a Story *a Story*. When *a certain Servant* had seen *a Louse* creeping *upon the King's Coat*, on his bended Knees, *and* with his Hand held up, *he signifies* that he *would* perform *some Office or other*. Lewis *offering* himself, *he took off* the Louse, *and* threw it away *privately*. The King *asking* what it was, *he was ashamed* to confess. *When* the King *urged him*, he confessed *that it was* a Louse. *It is* a joyful *Omen*, quoth he, *for it declares* that *I am* a Man, *because* this Kind *of Vermin* does infest *Man* peculiarly, *especially* in his Youth, *and he ordered* forty *Crowns* to be paid him *for his Ser-*

ronatos

ronatos numerari *pro officio*. Post aliquam multos dies, *alter quidam*, qui *viderat* tam humile *officium* cessisse *feliciter* illi, *nec animad vertens* plurimum interesse *facias* quid *ex animo* an *arte*, aggressus est *regem* simili *gestu*, ac *rursus* illo *præbente* se, *simulabat* se tollere *quiddam* e regia veste, *quod* mox *abjiceret*. Cum *rex* urgeret *tergiversantem*, ut diceret *quid esset*, pudore *mire simulato*, tandem *respondit* esse *pulicem*. Rex *intellecto* fuco, *quid*, inquit, *an tu facies* me *canem?* Jussit *hominem* tolli *ac* quadraginta *plagas* infligi *pro* quadraginta *coronatis captatis*.

vice. After a good many Days *some other*, who *had observ'd* that so mean *a Service* had fallen out *luckily* for him, *and not minding* that there is a great deal of Difference *whether you do* a Thing *from the Heart*, or *by Art*, accosted *the King* with the like *Gesture*, and *again* he *offering* himself, *he pretended* that he took *something* from the King's Coat, *which* presently *he threw away*. When *the King* urged him *declining* to tell *what it was*, Shame *being wonderfully counterfeited*, at length *he answered* that it was *a Flea*. The King *having understood* the Roguery, *what*, quoth he, *will you make* me *a Dog?* He order'd *the Fellow* to be taken away, *and* forty *Stripes* to be given him *for* the forty *Crowns he catch'd at*.

Philyth. Non est *tutum*, ut *audio*, ludere *cum regibus* facetiis; *quemadmodum enim* leones *præbent se* nonnunquam *placide* fricanti, *iidem*, ubi *lubitum est*, sunt *leones*, et *colluso*r jacet. *Itidem*

It is not *safe*, as *I hear*, to play *with Kings* in Waggery; *for as* Lions *offer themselves* sometimes *quietly* to one that rubs them, *the same*, when *they please*, are *Lions*, and *their Play-fellow* lies dead. *In like Manner* Kings *dem*

dem reges *favent*. Sed *adferram* fabulam *non dissimilem* tuæ fabulæ, *ne recedamus* interim *a Ludovico*, cui *erat* pro delectamento *fallere* hiantes *corvos*. Acceperat *dono* alicunde *decem* millia *coronatorum*. Quoties autem *nova* pecunia *obtigit* principibus, *omnes* officiarii *venantur*, et *captant* aliquam *partem* prædæ. *Id* non fugiebat *Ludovicum*. Cum *igitur* ea pecunia *exprompta esset* in mensa, *quo magis invitaret* spem *omnium*, sic *locutus est* circumstantibus. *Quid*, an non videor *vobis* opulentus *rex?* Ubi *collocabimus* tantam *vim* pecuniæ? *Est* donatitia, *convenit* donari *vicissim*. Ubi *nunc* sunt *amici*, quibus *debeo* pro *suis* officiis *in me?* Adsint *nunc* priusquam *hic* thesaurus *effluat*. Ad hanc vocem *permulti* accurrere, *nemo non* sperabat *aliquid* sibi. *Cum* rex *vidisset* aliquem *inhiantem* maxi-

favour. But *I will bring* a Story *not unlike* your Story, *that we may not depart* in the mean Time *from Lewis*, to whom *it was* a Diversion *to deceive* gaping *Crows*. He had received *as a Present* from somebody *ten* thousand *Crowns*. *But* as often as *new* Money *has come in* to Princes, *all* the Officers *hunt for it*, and *endeavour to catch* some *Part* of the Prize. *That* did not scape *Lewis*. When *therefore* that Money *had been drawn out* upon the Table, *that he might raise the more* the Hope *of all*, thus *he spoke* to them standing about him. *What*, do not I seem *to you* a rich *King?* Where *shall we dispose of* so great *a Quantity* of Money? *It is* given, *it is fit* it be given *again*. Where *now* are *my Friends*, to whom *I am indebted* for *their* Services *to me?* Let them come *now*, before *this* Treasure *be gone*. Upon this Saying *a great many* came in, *every Body* hoped

me,

me, *et* jam *devorantem* pecuniam *oculis*, converſus *ad eum*, inquit, *amice*, quid tu narras? *Ille* commemorabat, *ſe* aluiſſe *regios* falcones *diu* ſumma fide, *nec* ſine *gravibus* impendiis. *Alius* adferebat *aliud?* quiſque *exaggerabat* ſuum *officium* verbis, *quantum* poterat. *Rex* audiebat *omnes* benigne, *et* comprobabat *orationem* ſingulorum. *Hæc* conſultatio *dilata eſt* in longum tempus, *quo* torqueret *omnes* diutius *ſpe* metuque. *Primus* Cancellarius *aſtabat* inter eos: *Nam* juſſerat *et hunc* acciri. *Is* prudentior *cæteris*, non prædicabat *ſua officia*, ſed *agebat* ſpectatorem *fabulæ*. Tandem *rex* converſus *ad hunc* inquit, *quid* narrat *meus* Cancellarius? *Ille* ſolus *petit* nihil, *nec* prædicat *ſua officia*. Ego, *inquit* Cancellarius, *accepi* plus *a* regia *be-*

for *ſomething* to himſelf. *When* the King *ſaw* one *gaping at it* very much, *and* now *devouring* the Money *with his Eyes*, being turn'd *to him*, he ſays, *Friend*, what do you ſay? *He* ſaid, *that he* had maintained *the King's* Hawks *a long Time* with great Faithfulneſs, *and not* without *great* Charges. *Another* alledged *another Thing*; every Man *magnified* his *Office* by Words *as much as* he could. *The King* heard *all* kindly, *and* approved of *the Speech* of every one. *This* Conſultation *was continued* for a long Time, *that* he might torment *them all* the longer *with Hope* and Fear. *The firſt* Chancellor *ſtood* amongſt them; *for* he had order'd *him alſo* to be called. *He* more prudent *than the reſt*, did not extol *his Services*, but *acted* the Spectator *of the Play*. At laſt *the King* being turned *to him*, ſays, *what* ſays *my* Chancellor? *He* alone *aſks for* nothing, *nor* does he extol *his Services*. I, *ſays* the Chancellor, *have received* more *from* the Royal *Bounty*, than *I have deſerved*; nor *am* I

nignitate, quam *promeruerim*; nec *ſum* magis *ſolicitus* de ulla re, *quam* ut *reſpondeam* regiæ *munificentiæ* in me, *tantum abeſt* ut *velim* flagitare *plura*. Tum *rex* inquit, *unus igitur* omnium *non eges* pecunia? *Tua* benignitas, *inquit* alter, *jam præſtitit* ne egerem. *Ibi* rex *verſus* ad alios *inquit*, næ *ego ſum* magnificentiſſimus *omnium* regum, *qui* habeam *tam* opulentum *Cancellarium*. Heic *ſpes* accenſa eſt *magis* omnibus, *futurum* ut *pecunia* diſtribueretur *cæteris*, quandoquidem *ille* ambiebat *nihil*. Ubi *rex* luſiſſet *ad hunc modum* ſatis diu, *coegit* cancellarium, *ut auferret* totam *eam* ſummam *domum*. Moxq; *verſus* ad cæteros *jam* mæſtos, *vobis erit expectanda*, inquit, *alia* occaſio.

more *concern'd* about any Thing, *than* that *I may anſwer* the Royal *Bounty* towards me, *ſo far am I from deſiring* to aſk *more*. Then *the King* ſays, *do you alone therefore* of all *not want* Money? *Your* Bounty, *ſays* the other, *has already ſecured me* from wanting. *There* the King *being turn'd* to the others, *ſays*, truly *I am* the moſt magnificent *of all* Kings, *who* have *ſo* rich *a Chancellor*. Here *Hope* was kindled *more* in all, *that it would come to paſs*, that *the Money* would be diſtributed *to the reſt*, ſeeing *he* deſired *nothing*. When *the King* had played *in this Manner* long enough, *he forced* the Chancellor *to take* all *that* Sum *Home*. And by and by *being turn'd* to the reſt *now* ſad, *you muſt wait*, ſays he, *another* Occaſion.

Phil. Fortaſſe *videbitur* frigidius, *quod* ſum narraturus: *Proinde* deprecor *ſuſpicionem* mali *doli* ſu-

Perhaps *it will appear* flat, *which* I am going to tell; *wherefore* I bar *the Suſpicion* of evil *Deceit*, or Roguery, *that I may not*

cive;

cive; *ne videar ambisse* immunitatem *de industria*. Quidam *adiit* eundem *Ludovicum*, petens *ut* juberet *munus*, quod *forte* vacabat *in eo pago*, in quo *habitabat*, transferri *in ipsum*. Rex, *audita* petitione, *respondit* expedite, *efficies* nihil. *Petitor* etiam *mox* actis *gratiis* regi *discessit*. Rex, *colligens* ex ipsa fronte, *esse* hominem *non omnino* siniſtri *ingenii*, suspicansque *illum* non intellexisse *quod* respondisset, *jubet* eum *revocari*. Redit. *Tum* rex *inquit*, intellexeras *quid* responderim *tibi?* Intellexi. *Quid* igitur *dixi?* Me *effecturum* nihil. *Cur* igitur *agebas* gratias? *Quoniam*, inquit, *est quod agam* domi: *proinde* persecuturus eram *incipitem* spem *hic*, meo magno incommodo: *Nunc* interpretor *beneficium*, negasse *beneficium* cito, *meque* lucratum *quicquid* eram perdi-

seem to have sought Immunity *on purpose*. A certain Man *went to* the same *Lewis*, desiring *that* he would order *an Office*, which *by chance* was vacant *in that District*, in which *he lived*, to be conferred *upon him*. The King, *having heard* his Petition, *answered* readily, *you will do* nothing. *The Petitioner* likewise *presently* having given *Thanks* to the King, *departed*. The King *gathering* from his very Look, *that he was* a Man *by no Means* of dull *Parts*, and suspecting *that he* did not understand *what* he had answered him, *orders* him *to be called back*. He returns. *Then* the King *says*, did you understand *what* I answered *you?* I did understand. *What* then *did I say?* That I *should effect* nothing. *Why* therefore *did you give* Thanks? *Because*, says he, *I have something to do* at Home, *and therefore* I should have pursued *doubtful* Hopes *here* to my great Loss: *Now* I construe it *as a Kindness* to deny *the Kindness* quickly, *and that* I have gained *whatsoever* I should have lost, *if* I had been fed *by*

turus, *ſi* lactatus fuiſſem *vana ſpe*. Ex eo reſponſo *rex* conjectans *minime ſegnem* hominem, *ubi* percunctatus eſſet *pauca*, habebis, *inquit*, quod *petis*, quo *agas* mihi *gratias* bis :- *Simulque* verſus *ad officiarios*, expediantur diplomata *huic*, inquit, *ſine mora*, ne hæreat *heic* diu *ſuo damno*.

vain Hopes. By that Anſwer *the King* gueſſing him to be *no dull* Man, *when* he had aſked him *a few Things*, you ſhall have, *quoth he*, what *you deſire*, that *you may give* me *Thanks* twice : *And at the ſame Time* turning *to the Officers*, let the Patents be made ready *for him*, ſaith he, *without Delay*, that he may not ſtay *here* long *to his Loſs*.

Eu. Non deeſt *quod referam* de Ludovico, *ſed* malo *de noſtro* Maximiliano. *Qui*, ut *nequaquam ſolitus eſt* defodere *pecuniam*, ita *erat* clementiſſimus *in eos* qui *decoxerant*, modo *commendarentur* titulo *nobilitatis*. Cum vellet *opitulari* cuidam *juveni* ex hoc genere *hominum*, mandavit *illi* legationem, *ut* peteret *centum* millia *florenorum* a quadam *civitate* neſcio quo titulo. *Titulus autem* erat *talis*, ut *ſi* quid *impetratum eſſet* dexteritate *legati* poſſet *duci* pro lucro. *Le-*

I want not *ſomething to relate* of Lewis, *but* I had rather tell *of our* Maximilian. *Who*, as *he uſed not* to bury *his Money*, ſo *he was* very merciful *to thoſe* who *had ſpent their Eſtates*, ſo *they were recommended* by a Title *of Nobility*. Being deſirous *to help* a certain *young Man* of this Sors *of Men*, he committed *to him* a Deputation, *that* he ſhould demand *a hundred* thouſand *Florins* from a certain *City* upon I know not what Title. *But the Title* was *ſuch*, that *if* any Thing *was obtained* by the Dexterity *of the Deputy*, it might *be reckoned* as clear Gain. *The Deputy* got *fifty* thouſand, *he*

gatus

gatus extorsit *quinquaginta* millia, *reddidit* Cæsari *triginta*. Cæsar *lætus* insperata *præda* dimisit *hominem*, inquirens *nihil* præterea. *Interea* quæsitores *et* rationales *olfecerant* plus *acceptum fuisse* quam *exhibitum*: Interpellant *Cæsarem*, ut *accerseret* hominem. *Accitus est*, venit *illico*. Tum *Maximilianus* inquit, *audio* te accepisse *quinquaginta* millia. *Fassus est*. Exhibuisti *non nisi* triginta. *Fassus est* et hoc. *Reddenda est* ratio, *inquit*. Promisit *se facturum*, et *discessit*. Rursum *cum* nihil *esset* actum, *officiariis* interpellantibus, *revocatus est*. Tum *Cæsar* inquit, *nuper* jussus es *reddere* rationem. *Memini*, inquit ille, *et* sum *in hoc*. Cæsar *suspicans* rationem *nondum esse* satis *subductam* illi, *passus est* illum *abire sic*. Cum *sic eluderet*, officiarii *instabant* vehementer, *clamitantes*.

return'd Cæsar *thirty*. Cæsar *being glad* of this unexpected *Booty*, dismissed *the Man*, enquiring *nothing* further. *In the mean Time* the Treasurers *and* Auditors *had smell'd out*, that more *was received* than *given in*: They speak to *Cæsar*, that *he would send for* the Man. *He was sent for*, comes *presently*. Then *Maximilian* says, *I hear* that you received *fifty* thousand. *He confessed it*. You gave in *but* thirty. *He confessed* that too. *You must give* an Account, *says he*. He promised *he would do it*, and *departed*. Again *when* nothing *was* done, *the Officers* speaking to Cæsar, *he was recalled*. Then *Cæsar* says, *lately* you were ordered *to give* an Account. *I remember*. says he, *and* I am *about it*. Cæsar *suspecting* that his Account *was not yet* sufficiently *drawn up* by him, *he suffered* him *to go away so*. When *he thus evaded* the Officers *press'd the Matter* mightily, *crying out* that it was not to be borne with, *that* he *should play upon* Cæsar *so*

tantes non esse ferendum, *ut* ille *illuderet* Cæsari *tam palam*. Persuadent *ut* accersitus *juberetur* exhibere *rationem* inibi, *ipsis præsentibus*. Cæsar *annuit*. Accitus *venit* illico, *nihil* tergiversatus. *Tum* Cæsar *inquit*, nonne pollicitus es *rationem?* Pollicitus, *respondit ille*. Opus est *jam*, inquit, *nec* est *locus* tergiversandi *amplius*. Ibi *juvenis* inquit *sat dextre*, Non detrecto *rationem*, invictissime *Cæsar*; verum *non sum* admodum peritus *hujusmodi rationum*, ut *qui* nunquam reddiderim: *Isti* qui *assident* sunt *peritissimi* talium rationum: *Si* videro *vel semel* quemadmodum *illi* tractent *hujusmodi* rationes, *ego imitabor* facile. *Rogo* jubeas *illos* vel edere *exemplum*, videbunt *me* docilem. *Cæsar* sensit *dictum* hominis, *quod* hi *non intelligebant*, in quos *dicetur*; ac *subridens* in-

openly. They perswade him, *that* being sent for, *he should be ordered* to give in *his Account* there, *whilst they were by*. Cæsar *agrees*. Being sent for, *he comes* quickly, *not at all* declining it. *Then* Cæsar *says*, did not you promise *an Account?* I did, *replied he*. It must be *just now*, says he, *nor* is there *Room* for declining it *any longer*. There *the young Man* says *dexterously enough*, I do not refuse *an Account*, most invincible *Cæsar*; but *I am not* very much skill'd *in such Accounts*, as *who* never gave any in: *Those* who *sit by* are *very skilful* in such Accounts: *If* I see *but once* how *they* manage *such* Accounts, *I shall imitate them* easily. *I desire* you would command *them* but to set me *an Example*, they shall see *me* teachable. *Cæsar* understood *the Saying* of the Man, *which* they *did not understand*, against whom *it was said*; and *smiling* says, *you say* true, *and* demand *what* is *reasonable*. So *he dismissed* the young quit,

quit, *narras* verum, *et* poſtulas *æquum*. Ita *dimiſit* juvenem : *Subindicabat enim* illos *ſolere* reddere *rationem* Cæſari, *quemadmodum* ipſe *reddiderat*, nimirum, *ut* bona pars *pecuniæ* remaneret *penes ipſos*.

Fellow. *For he intimated* that they *uſed* to give *Account* to Cæſar, *as* he *had given his*, to wit, *that* a good Part *of the Money* ſhould remain *with them*.

Le. Nunc *eſt* tempus, *ut* fabula *deſcendat* ab equis *ad aſinos*, ut *aiunt*, a regibus *ad Antonium* ſacrificum *Lovanienſem*, qui *fuit in deliciis* Philippo *cognomento* bono. *Feruntur* multa *hujus viri*, vel *jucunde* dicta, *vel* jocoſe *facta*, ſed *pleraque* ſordidiora. *Nam* ſolebat *condire* pleroſque ſuos luſus *quodam* unguento, *quod* non ſonat *admodum* eleganter, *ſed* olet *pejus*. Deligam *unum* ex mundioribus. *Invitarat* unum *atque* alterum *bellum* homunculum *obvios* forte *in via*. Cum *rediiſſet* domum, *reperit* culinam *frigidam*. Nec *erat* nummus *in loculis*, quod *nequaquam*

Now *it is* Time, *that* the Story *ſhould deſcend* from Horſes *to Aſſes*, as *they ſay*, from Kings *to Anthony* the Prieſt *of Lovain*, who *was in Favour* with Philip *by Sirname* the Good. *There are reported* many Things *of this Man*, either *pleaſantly* ſaid, *or* jocoſely *done*, but *moſt of them* naſty. *For* he uſed *to ſeaſon* moſt of his Mirth *with a certain* Ointment, *which* does not ſound *very* neatly, *but* ſmells *worſe*. I will chooſe *one* of the cleaner. *He had invited* one *and* another *pretty* Fellow *that met him* by chance *in the Street*. When *he was returned* Home, *he finds* the Kitchen *cold*. Nor *was there* any Money *in his Pocket*, which *was not* unuſual *with him*. Here *was* need *of ſpeedy*

erat

erat insolens *illi*. Heic *erat* opus *celeri* consilio. *Subduxit* se *tacitus*, et *ingressus* culinam *fæneratoris*, quicum *illi erat* familiaritas, *quod* ageret *frequenter* cum illo, *famula* digressa, *subduxit* unam *ex æneis* ollis, *una* cum *carnibus* jam *coctis*, ac *deferebat* tectam *veste* domum; *dat* coquæ, *jubet* carnes *et* jus *protinus* effundi *in* aliam *sictilem ollam*, *simulque* ollam *fæneratoris* defricari *donec* niteret: *eo* facto, *mittit* puerum *ad fæneratorem*, qui *depositio pignore*, sumat mutuo *duas drachmas* a *fæneratore*, sed *accipiat* chirographum, *quod* testaretur *talem* ollam *missam* ad ipsum. *Fænerator* non agnoscens *ollam*, utpote *defrictam* ac *nitentem*, recipit *pignus*, dat *chirographum*, et *numerat* pecuniam. *Ea pecunia* puer *emit* vinum. *Ita* prospectum est *convivio*. Tandem *cum* prandium *appararetur* faneratori, *olla* desiderata

Contrivance. *He withdrew* himself *silently*, and *entering* the Kitchen *of an Usurer*, with whom *he had* a familiar Acquaintance, *because* he dealt *frequently* with him: *The Maid* being gone aside, *he took off* one *of the Brazen* Pots, *together* with *the Flesh* now *boiled*, and *carried it* covered *under his Coat* Home; *gives it* to the Cook-Maid, *orders* the Flesh *and* Broth *immediately* to be poured out *into* another *earthen* Pot, *and at the same Time* the Pot *of the Usurer* to be rubbed *till* it was bright. *That* being done, *he sends* a Boy *to the Usurer*, who *leaving it in Pawn*, should borrow *two Drahms of the Usurer*, but *should take* a Note, *that* should testify *that such* a Pot *was sent* to him. *The Usurer* not knowing *the Pot*, as *being rubbed* and *bright*, takes *the Pawn*, gives *the Note*, and *pays* the Money. *With that Money* the Boy *buys* Wine. *Thus* Provision was made *for a Feast*. At last *when* Dinner *was a preparing* for the Usurer, *the Pot* was missing. *Upon this* there was a Brawl *with*

derata eſt. *Heic* jurgium *adverſus coquam*. Cum *ea* gravaretur, *affirmavit* conſtanter *neminem* fuiſſe *eo die* in culina *præter* Antonium. *Videbatur* improbum *ſuſpicari* hoc *de ſacrifico*. Tandem *itum eſt* ad illum: *Exploratum* an *olla* eſſet *apud illum*, at *nulla* reperta eſt. *Quid multis?* Olla flagitata eſt *ab illo ſerio*, quod *ſolus* ingreſſus eſſet *culinam* quo tempore *deſiderata eſt*. Ille *faſſus eſt* ſumpſiſſe mutuo *quandam* ollam, *ſed* quam *remiſiſſet* illi *unde* ſumpſerat. *Cum* illi *pernegarent* id, *et* contentio *incaluiſſet*, Antonius, *aliquot* teſtibus *adhibitis*, inquit, *videte* quam *periculoſum* eſt *agere* cum *hominibus* horum *temporum* ſine *chirographo*; actio *furti* propemodum intenderetur *mihi*, ni *haberem* manum *fæneratoris*, et *protulit* ſyngrapham. *Dolus* intellectus eſt: *Fabula* diſ-

the Cook-Maid. When *ſhe* was grievouſly charged, *ſhe affirmed* conſtantly *that no Body* had been *that Day* in the Kitchen *beſides* Anthony. *It ſeemed* wicked *to ſuſpect* this *of a Prieſt*. At length *they went* to him: Searched whether *the Pot* was *with him*, but *none* was found. *What needs many Words?* The Pot *was demanded* of him *in earneſt*, becauſe *he alone* had entered *the Kitchen*, at what Time *it was miſſing*. He *confeſſed* he borrowed *a certain* Pot, *but* which *he had ſent back* to him, *of whom* he had it. *When* they *deny'd* it, *and* the Contention *grew warm*, Anthony, *ſome* Witneſſes *being taken to him*, ſays, *ſee* how *dangerous* it is *to deal* with *Men* of theſe *Times* without *a Note*: An Action *of Theft* would be almoſt laid againſt *me*, unleſs *I had* the Hand *of the Uſurer*; and *he produced* the Note. *The Roguery* was underſtood; *the Story* was ſpread *through* the whole *Country* with *a great deal of* Laughter. *that the Pot* was pawn'd

ſipata

ſipata eſt *per* totam *regionem* cum *magno* riſu, *ollam* oppignoratam *ipſi* cujus *erat*. Homines *favent* hujuſmodi *dolis* libentius, *ſi* commiſſi ſint *in odioſas* perſonas, *præſertim* eos *qui* ſolent *imponere* aliis.

to him whoſe *it was*. Men *favour* ſuch *Tricks* the more willingly, *if* they are practiſed *upon odious* Perſons, *eſpecially* thoſe *who* are wont *to impoſe upon* others.

Ad. Næ *tu* aperuiſti *nobis* mare *fabularum*, nominato Antonio : *Sed referam* duntaxat *unam*, eamque *brevem*, quam *audivi* nuperrime. *Aliquot* belli *homuxculi* ut *dicunt*, agitabant *convivium* ſimul, *quibus* nihil *in vita* prius *quam* ridere. *Inter hos* erat *Antonius*, atque *item* alter, *et ipſe* celebris *in hoc genere* laudis, *et* velut *æmulus* Antonii. *Porro* quemadmodum *inter Philoſophos*, ſi *quando* conveniunt, *quæſtiunculæ* ſolent *proponi* de rebus *naturæ*, ita *hoc* ſtatim *quæſtio* nata eſt, *quænam* pars *hominis* eſſet *honeſtiſſima*. Alius *divinabat* oculos, *alius* cor,

Truly *you* have opened *to us* a Sea *of Stories*, by naming Anthony : *But I will relate* only *one*, and that *a ſhort one*. which *I heard* very lately. *Some* pretty *little Fellows*, as *they call them*, kept *a Feaſt* together, *with whom* nothing *in Life* is better *than* laughing. *Amongſt theſe* was *Anthony*, and *likewiſe* another, *he alſo* famous *in this Sort* of Praiſe, *and* as it were *a Rival* of Anthony. *Moreover* as *amongſt Philoſophers*, if *at any Time* they meet, *little Queſtions* uſe *to be propoſed* about the Things *of Nature*, ſo *here* immediately *a Queſtion* aroſe, *what* Part *of Man* was *the moſt honourable*. One *gueſſed* the Eyes, *another* the Heart, *another* the Brain, *another* likewiſe *another Thing*, and *every*

alius

alius cerebrum, *alius* item *aliud*, et *quisque* adferebat *rationem* suæ divinationis. *Antonius* jussus *dicere* sententiam, *dixit* os *videri* sibi *honestissimam* partem *omnium*, et *addidit* nescio *quam* causam. *Tum* ille *alter*, ne quid ipsi conveniret *cum Antonio*, respondit, *eam* partem *qua* sedemus *videri* sibi *honestissimam*. Cum *id* videretur *absurdum* omnibus, *attulit* hanc causam, *quod* is *duceretur* vulgo *honoratissimus*, qui *primus* consideret, *hoc honoris* competere *parti* quam *dixisset*. Applausum est *huic* sententiæ, *et* risum est *affatim*. Homo *placuit* sibi *de hoc dicto*, et *Antonius* visus est *victus* in eo certamine. *Antonius* dissimulavit, *qui* non detulerat *primam* laudem *honestatis* ori *ob aliud*, nisi *quod* sciret *illum* velut æmulum suæ gloriæ *nominaturum* diversam *partem*. Post *aliquot* dies, *one* gave *a Reason* of his Guess. *Anthony* being ordered *to declare* his Opinion, *said* that the Mouth *seemed* to him *the most honourable* Part *of all*, and *he added* I know not *what* Reason. *Then* that *other*, that he might not in any Thing agree *with Anthony*, answered *that that* Part *on which* we sit, *seemed* to him *the most honourable*. When *that appeared absurd* to all, *he gave* this Reason, *that* he *was reckoned* commonly *the most honourable*, who *first* sat down, *that this Honour* belonged *to the Part* which *he had named*. They applauded *this* Opinion, *and* laughed *heartily*. The Man *was pleased with* himself *for this Saying*, and *Anthony* seemed *conquered* in that Dispute. *Anthony* took no Notice, *who* had not given *the chief* Praise *of Honour* to the Mouth *for any Thing else*, but *that* he knew *that he*, as *the Rival* of his Glory, *would name* the quite contrary *Part*. After *some* Days, *when* both of them *were invited* again *to* the same *Feast*, Anthony *entering*

cum

cum uterque *vocatus eſſet* rurſus *ad* idem *convivium*, Antonius *ingreſſus* offendit *æmulum* confabulantem *cum* aliquot *aliis*, dum *cœna* adornatur, *et* averſus *emiſit* clarum ventris crepitum *ante faciem* alterius. *Ille* indignatus *inquit*, abi *ſcurra*, ubinam *didiciſti* iſtos mores? *Tum* Antonius *inquit*, etiam *indignaris? Si* ſalutaſſem *te* ore, *reſalutaſſes*, nunc *ſaluto* te *parte* corporis, *vel* te *judice*, honeſtiſſima *omnium*, et *vocor* ſcurra. *Sic* Antonius *recuperavit* gloriam *amiſſam* prius. *Diximus omnes*, ſupereſt *ut* judex *pronunciet*.

finds *his Rival* talking *with* ſome *others*, whilſt *Supper* is getting ready, *and* turning his Back of him, *he let fly* a rouzing F—t *before the Face* of the other. *He* being mad *ſays*, get you gone *you rude Droll*, where *did you learn* thoſe Manners? *Then* Anthony *ſays*, what *are you angry? If* I had ſaluted *you* with my Mouth, *you would have ſaluted me again*, now *I ſalute* you *with a Part* of the Body, *even* you *being Judge*, the moſt honourable *of all*, and *I am called* a rude Droll. *Thus* Anthony *recovered* the Glory *loſt* before. *We have all ſaid*, it remains *that* the Judge *pronounce Sentence*.

Ge. Faciam *id*, ſed *non* priuſquam *quiſque* ebiberit *ſuum cyathum*. En *auſpicor*, ſed *lupus* in fabula.

I will do *it*, but *not* before *every Man* drinks off *his Glaſs*. Lo *I begin*, but *the Wolf* in the Fable.

Po. Levinus Panagathus *adſert* haud lævum *omen*.

Levinus Panagathus *brings* no unlucky *Omen*.

Le. Quid *actum eſt* inter *tam lepidos* congerrones?

What *has been a doing* amongſt *ſuch pretty* Companions? Po.

Po. Quid *aliud?* certatum est *fabulis*, donec *lupus* intervenires.

What *else?* We have been contending *in Stories*, till *you as a Wolf* came in.

Le. Huc *igitur* adsum, *ut* perficiam *fabulam:* Volo *vos omnes* prandere prandium Theologicum *apud me* cras.

Hither *therefore* I am come, *that* I may finish *the Farce:* I desire *you all* to take a Theological Dinner *with me* To-morrow.

Ge. Promittis *Scythicum* convivium.

You promise us *a Scythian* Feast.

Le. Nisi *fatebimini* hoc *fuisse* jucundius *vobis* fabuloso convivio, *non recuso* dare pœnas *in cœna*. Nihil jucundius *quam* cum *nugæ* tractantur *serio*.

Unless *you confess* that this *was* more pleasant *to you* than the Fabulous Feast, *I do not refuse* to suffer Punishment *at Suppper*. Nothing is more pleasant *than* when *Trifles* are handled *seriously*.

CHARON.

Charon, Genius, Alastor.

C. QUid *ita properas* gestiens *Alastor?*

WHY *do you hasten so* rejoycing *Alastor?*

Al. O Charon, *opportune tu quidem.* Properabam *ad te.*

O Charon, *you come in good Time indeed.* I was hastening *to you.*

Ch. Quid novæ rei?

What News?

Al. Fero *nuntium* futurum *lætissimum tibi* Proserpinæque.

I bring *News* that will be *very joyful to you* and Proserpine.

Ch. Effer *igitur* quod *fers*, et *exonera te.*

Declare *then* what *you bring*, and *unload yourself.*

Al. Furiæ *gesserunt* suum negotium *non minus* naviter *quam* feliciter, *infecerunt* omnes *partes* orbis *tartareis* malis, *dissi-*

The Furies *have done* their Business *no less* diligently *than* happily, *they have infected* all *the Parts* of the World *with hellish* Evils, *Quarrels, diis,*

diis, bellis, *latrociniis*, peſtilentiis, *adeo ut* jam *ſint* plane *calvæ*, emiſſis *colubris*, et *obambulent* exhauſtæ *venenis*, quærentes *quicquid* viperarum *atque* aſpidum *eſt* uſquam, *quando* ſint *tam glabræ* quam *ovum*, et *non habent* pilum *in capite*, nec *quidquam* efficacis ſucci *in pectore*. Proinde *tu fac* appares *cymbam* ac *remos*; mox enim *tanta* multitudo *umbrarum* ventura eſt, *ut* verear *ne* non ſufficias *tranſmittendis omnibus*.

Wars, *Robberies*, Plagues, *ſo that* now *they are* quite *bald*, having diſcharged *their Snakes*, and *walk about* exhauſted *of their Poiſons*, ſeeking *whatſoever* Vipers *and* Aſps *there are* any where, *ſeeing* they are *as bare* as *an Egg*, and *have not* a Hair *upon their Head*, nor *any Thing* of effectual Juice *in their Breaſt*. Wherefore *do you ſee* you make ready *your Boat* and *Oars*; for by and by *ſo great* a Multitude *of Ghoſts* will come, *that* I am afraid *leſt* you ſhou'd not be ſufficient *to ferry them all over*.

Ch. Iſta *non fugerant nos*.

Thoſe Things *were not unknown to us*.

Al. Unde *reſcieras?*

From whom *had you heard them?*

Ch. Oſſa *pertulerat* ante biduum.

Oſſa *brought us News* two Days before.

Al. Nihil *eſt* velocius *illa dea*. Sed *quid* igitur *tu ceſſas* hic?

Nothing *is* ſwifter *than that Goddeſs*. But *why* then *do you loiter* here?

Ch. Ita *nimirum* res *ferebat*. Profeſſus ſum

So *forſooth* the Matter *obliged me*. I came *hither*

huc, ut *compararem* mihi *aliquam* validam *triremem*, nam *mea cymba*, jam *putris* vetustate *ac* sutilis, *non sufficerit* huic operi ; *si* sunt *vera* quæ *Ossa* narravit, *quanquam* quid *opus* erat *Ossa ?* Res *ipsa* compellit, *nam* feci naufragium.

that *I might provide* myself *some* strong *Gally*, for *my Boat*, now *rotten* with Age *and* patched up, *will not be sufficient* for this Work ; *if* those Things are *true* which *Ossa* told, *altho'* what *need* was there *of Ossa ?* The Thing *itself* obliges me, *for* I have been shipwreck'd.

Al. Nimirum *totus destillas*, suspicabar *te redire* e Balneo.

Indeed *you drop all over*, I suspected *you were returning* from the Bath.

Ch. Imo *enatabam* e Stygia palude.

Nay marry *I swam* out of the Stygian Lake.

Al. Ubi *reliquisti* umbras ?

Where *did you leave* the Souls ?

Ch. Natant *cum ranis*.

They are swimming *with the Frogs*.

Al. Sed *quid* narravit *Ossa ?*

But *what* said *Ossa ?*

Ch. Tres *Monarchas* orbis *ruere* in mutuum exitium *capitalibus* odiis. *Nec ullam* partem *Orbis Christiani* esse *immunem* a furiis, *nam* illi

That three *Monarchs* of the World *were rushing* upon mutual Destruction *with capital* Hatreds. *And that no* Part *of the Christian World* was *free* from the Furies, *for* those *three*

tres

tres pertrahunt *omnes* reliquos *in consortium* belli. *Omnes* esse *talibus* animis, *ut* nemo *velit* cedere *alteri*; nec *Danum*, nec *Polonum*, nec *Scotum*, nec *vero* Turcam *esse* in otio; *moliri* dira: *pestilentiam* sævire *ubique*, apud *Hispanos*, apud *Britannos*, apud *Italos*, apud *Gallos*. Ad hæc novam *luem* natam *ex varietate* opinionum, *quæ* sic vitiavit *animos* omnium, *ut* sit *nulla* sincera *amicitia* usquam, *sed* frater *diffidat* fratri, *nec* uxori conveniat *cum marito*. Spes est, *magnificam* perniciem *hominum* nascituram *hinc* quoque *olim*, si *res* pervenerit *a linguis* et *calamis* ad manus.

draw *all* the rest *into a Share* of the War. *That they all* were *of such* Minds, *that* no one *would* yield *to another*; neither *the Dane*, nor *the Pole*, nor *the Scot*, nor *indeed* the Turk *was* at quiet; *that they attempted* dismal Things; *that the Plague* raged *every where*, amongst *the Spaniards*, amongst *the Britains*, amongst *the Italians*, amongst *the French*. Besides *that there was* a new *Plague* risen *from the Variety* of Opinions, *which* has so vitiated *the Minds* of all, *that* there is *no* sincere *Friendship* any where, *but* Brother *distrusts* Brother, *nor* does the Wife agree *with her Husband*. There is Hopes, *that a noble* Destruction *of Men* will arise *from hence* too *hereafter*, if *the Thing* comes *from Tongues* and *Quills* to Hands.

Al. Ossa *narravit* omnia *hæc* verissime; *nam* ipse *vidi* plura *his oculis*, assiduus *comes* et *adjutor* furiarum, *quæ* nullo tempore *declararunt* se

Ossa *told* all *these Things* very truly; *for* I *saw* more *with these Eyes*, being a constant *Companion* and *Assistant* of the Furies, *which* at no Time

magis dignas *suo nomine.*

declared themselves *more* worthy *of their Name.*

Ch. Atqui *periculum* est, *ne* quis *Dæmon* exoriatur, *qui* adhortetur *subito* ad pacem; *et* animi *mortalium* sunt *mutabiles.* Nam *audio* esse *quendam* Polygraphum *apud superos*, qui *non desinit* insectari *bellum* calamo, *et* adhortari ad pacem.

But *the Danger* is, *lest* any *Dæmon* should start up, *that* should exhort them *suddenly* to Peace; *and* the Minds *of Mortals* are *changeable.* For *I hear* there is *a certain* Scribler *with those above*, that *does not cease* to rail at *the War* with his Pen, *and* exhort them to Peace.

Al. Ille *canit* surdis *jam pridem.* Olim *scripsit* quærimoniam *profligatæ* pacis, *nunc* scripsit *epitaphium* eidem *extinctæ.* Sunt *alii* contra, *qui* juvent *nostram rem* non minus *quam* ipsæ furiæ.

He *sings* to them that have been deaf *long since.* Long since *he writ* a Complaint *of vanquished* Peace, *now* he has writ *an Epitaph* for the same *being dead.* There are *others* on the other Hand, *who* help on *our Business* no less *than* the Furies themselves.

Ch. Quinam isti?

Who are they?

Al. Sunt *quædam* animalia *pullis* et *candidis* palliis, *cinericiis* tunicis, *ornata* variis *plumis.* Hæc *nunquam recedunt* ab aulis *principum:* Instillant *in aurem* a-

They are *certain* Animals *in black* and *white* Garments, *with Ash-coloured* Tunicks, *adorn'd* with divers *Feathers.* These *never depart* from the Courts *of Princes:* They instill *in their Ear* the Love *of*

morem

morem *belli*: Hortantur *proceres* et *plebem* eodem. *Clamitant* in Evangelicis concionibus, *bellum* esse *justum*, sanctum *et* pium. *Quoque magis mireris* fortem *animum* hominum, *clamitant* idem *apud* utramque *partem*. Apud Gallos *concionantur* Deum *stare* pro Gallis, *nec posse* vinci, *qui* habeat *Deum* protectorem. *Apud* Anglos *et* Hispanos, *hoc bellum* non geri *a Cæsare*, sed *a Deo*. Tantum præbeant *se* fortes *viros*, victoriam *esse* certam. *Quod si* quis *interciderit*, eum *non perire*, sed *recta subvolare* in cœlum, *armatum* sicut *erat*.

War: They advise *the Nobles* and *common People* to the same. *They bawl out* in their Sermons, *that the War* is *just*, holy *and* pious. *And that you may the more admire* the stout *Mind* of the Men, *they say* the same *with* both *Sides*. Amongst the French *they preach* that God *stands up* for the French, *and that he cannot* be conquered, *who* has *God* for his Protector. *Amongst* the English *and* Spaniards, *that this War* is not carried on *by Cæsar*, but *by God*. Let them only shew *themselves* stout *Men*, the Victory *is* certain. *But if* any one *falls*, that he *does not perish*, but *fly directly* into Heaven, *arm'd* as *he was*.

Ch. Et *tanta fides habetur* istis?

And *is so great Credit given* to them?

Al. Quid *non potest* simulata *religio*? Huc *accedit* juventus, *imperitia* rerum, *fitis* gloriæ, *ira*, animus *pronus* natura *ad id* quo *vocatur*. His facile imponitur, *nec plau-*

What *cannot* pretended *Religion do*? To this is *added* Youth, *Ignorance* of Things, *a Thirst* of Glory, *Anger*, a Mind *prone* by Nature *to that* to which *it is invited*. These are easily imposed upon, *nor*

strum

ſtrum perpellitur difficile, *propendens* ad ruinam *ſuapte ſponte.*

is the Waggon puſhed on difficultly, *that leans* towards a Fall *of itſelf.*

Ch. Ego *lubens fecero* aliquid *boni* iſtis animalibus.

I *would willingly do* ſome *Good* to thoſe Animals.

Al. Appara *lautum* convivium. *Potes* nihil *gratius.*

Prepare *a fine* Feaſt. *You can do* nothing *more acceptable.*

Ch. Ex malvis, *lupinis*, et *porris*, nam *non eſt* alia *annona* apud nos, *ut ſcis.*

Of Mallows, *Lupins*, and *Onions*, for *there is no* other *Proviſion* with us, *as you know.*

Al. Imo *ex perdicibus*, capis *et* phaſianis, *ſi* vis *eſſe* gratus *convivator.*

Nay *of Patridges*, Capons, *and* Pheaſants, *if* you will *be* a grateful *Entertainer.*

Ch. Sed *quæ* res *movet* iſtos, *ut* promoveant *bellum* tantopere? *Aut* quid *commodi* metunt *hinc?*

But *what* Thing *moves* them, *that* they ſhould promote *the War* ſo much? *Or* what *Advantage* do they reap *hence?*

Al. Quia *capiunt* plus *emolumenti* e morientibus *quam* e vivis. *Sunt* teſtamenta, *parentalia*, bullæ, *multaque* alia *lucra* non *aſpernanda.* Denique *malunt* verſari *in caſtris*, quam *in ſuis alvearibus.* Bellum *gignit*

Becauſe *they receive* more *Benefit* from the Dead *than* the Living. *There are* Wills, *Funeral Rights*, Bulls, *and many* other *Gains* not *to be deſpiſed.* Finally *they had rather* be *in Camps*, than *in their Cells.* War *makes* many *Biſhops*, who *in*

nit multos *epiſcopos*, qui *in pace* ne quidem fiebant *teruntii*.

Peace were not ſo much as valued *a Farthing*.

Ch. Sapiunt.

They are wiſe.

Al. Sed *quid* opus *eſt* triremi?

But *what* Need *is there* of a Gally?

Ch. Nihil *ſi* velim *facere naufragium* rurſus *in media palude*.

None, *if* I would *be ſhipwreck'd* again *in the middle of the Lake*.

Al. Ob multitudidem?

Becauſe of the Number?

Ch. Scilicet.

Yes.

Al. Atqui *vehes* umbras, *non* corpora, *quantulum autem* ponderis *habent* umbræ?

But *you carry* Souls, *not* Bodies, *and how little* Weight *have* Souls?

Ch. Sint *tipulæ*, tamen *vis* tipularum *poteſt* eſſe *tanta*, ut onerent *cymbam*. Tum *ſcis* et cymbam *eſſe* umbratilem.

Let them be *Water-ſpiders*, yet *the Number* of Water-ſpiders *may* be *ſo great*, as to load *my Boat*. Then *you know* my Boat too *is* made of Shadow.

Al. At *ego memini* vidiſſe *nonnunquam* tria *millia* umbrarum *pendere* a tuo clavo, *cum* eſſet *ingens* turba, *nec cymba caperet* omnes, *nec* tu ſentiebas *ullum* pondus.

But *I remember* I have ſeen *ſometimes* three *thouſand* Souls *hang* at your Helm, *when* there was *a great* Multitude, *and your Boat would not hold* all, *nor* did you perceive *any* Weight.

Ch. Fa-

Ch. Fateor *esse* tales *animas*, quæ *demigrarant* paulatim *e corpore* tenuato *phthisi* aut *hectica*. Cæterum *quæ* revelluntur *subito* e crasso corpore, *ferunt* multum *corporeæ* molis *secum*. Apoplexia autem, *synanche*, pestilentia, *sed* præcipue *bellum*, mittit *tales*.

I confess *there are* such *Souls*, which *have departed* by Degrees *out of a Body* wasted *with a Consumption* or *hectic Fever*. But *those which* are pulled *suddenly* out of a gross Body, *bring* much *of the bodily* Mass *along with them*. And the Apoplexy, *the Squinzy*, the Plague, *but* especially *War*, send *such*.

Al. Non opinor *Gallos* aut *Hispanos* adferre *multum* ponderis.

I do not think *that the French* or *Spaniards* bring *much* Weight.

Ch. Multo *minus* quam *cæteri*, quanquam *et horum animæ* non veniunt *omnino* plumeæ. *Cæterum* tales *veniunt* aliquoties *e Britannis*, e Germanis *belle* pastis, *ut* nuper *periclitatus sim* vehens *decem* duntaxat, *et* nisi *feciſſem jacturam*, perieram *una* cum *cymba*, vectoribus *et* naulo.

Much *less* than *others*, although *their Souls too* do not come *altogether* as light as Feathers. *But* such *come* often *from the Britains*, from the Germans *well* fed, *that* lately *I was in Danger* carrying *ten* only, *and* unless *I had thrown some Things over board*, I had been lost, *together* with *the Boat*, the Passengers *and* Freight-Money.

Al. Ingens *discrimen!*

A prodigious *Danger!*

Ch. Quid *censes* fieri *interea*, cum *crassi* satrapæ, *thrasones*, et *polymachæroplacidæ* accedunt.

What *do you think* is the Case *in the mean Time*, when *Gross* Lords, *Hectors* and *Bullies* come?

Al. Ar-

Al. Arbitror *nullos* ex his *qui* pereunt *in justo* bello *venire* ad te; *nam* aiunt *eos* subvolare *recta* in cœlum.

I suppose *none* of those *who* die *in a just* War *come* to you; *for* they say *that they* fly up *directly* into Heaven.

Ch. Nescio *quo* subvolent. *Scio* illud *unum*, quoties *est* bellum, *tot* veniunt *ad me*, saucii *lacerique*, ut *demirer* ullum *superesse* apud superos. *Nec* veniunt *solum* onusti *crapula*, et *abdomine*, verum *etiam* bullis, *sacerdotiis*, plurimisque *aliis* rebus.

I know not *whither* they fly to. *I know* this *one Thing*, as often as *there is* a War, *so many* come *to me*, wounded *and mangled*, that *I wonder* that any one *is left* with those above. *Nor* do they come *only* loaded *with the Dregs of hard Drinking*, and *Bog-Bellies*, but *also* with Bulls, *Livings*, and very many *other* Things.

Al. Sed *non deferunt* ista *secum*.

But *they do not bring* those Things *with them*.

Ch. Verum; *sed* quæ *veniunt* recentes *adferunt* somnia *talium* rerum.

True; *but* those which *come* fresh *bring* the Dreams *of such* Things.

Al. Itane gravant somnia?

Do Dreams load you so?

Ch. Gravant *meam* cymbam. *Quid* dixi, *gravant?* Demerserunt *jam*. Postremo *putas* tot *obolos* habere *nihil* farcinæ?

They do load *my* Boat. *What* said I, *load it?* They sunk it *just now*. Finally *do you think* so many *Half-pennies* have *no* Weight?

Al. Equidem *arbitror*, si *ferant* æreos.

Truly *I think so*, if *they bring* brazen ones.

Ch. Pro-

Ch. Proinde *certum eſt mihi* proſpicere *de navi*, quæ *ſufficiat* oneri.

Wherefore *I am reſolved* to look out *for a Ship*, which *may ſuffice* for the Burden.

Al. O felicem te!

O happy you!

Ch. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

Al. Quia *diteſces* propediem.

Becauſe *you will grow rich* preſently.

Ch. Ob *multitudinem* umbrarum.

Becauſe *of the Number* of Ghoſts.

Al. Næ.

Yes.

Ch. Siquidem *adferant* ſuas opes *ſecum*, nunc *qui* deplorant *in cymba*, ſe reliquiſſe *apud ſuperos* regna, *præfidatus*, abbatias, *innumera* talenta *auri*, adferunt *nihil* ad me *præter* obolum. *Itaq;* quod *corraſum eſt* mihi *jam* ter mille *annis*, id totum *effundendum eſt* in unum triremem.

If *they brought* their Riches *along with them:* Now *they who* lament *in the Boat*, that they left *with thoſe above* Kingdoms, *Biſhopricks*, Abbies, *innumerable* Talents *of Gold*, bring *nothing* to me *beſides* a Halfpenny. *Therefore* what *has been ſcraped together* by me *now* this three thouſand *Years*, all that *muſt be laid out* in one Galley.

Al. Sumptum faciat oportet, *qui* quærit *lucrum*.

He muſt be at Charge, *who* ſeeks *Gain*.

Ch. At *mortales*, ut *audio*, negotiantur *felicius*, qui *faventeMercurio*,

But *Men*, as *I hear*, trade *more luckily*, who *by the Favour of Mercurio*,

curio diteſcunt *intra triennium.*

cury, grow rich *in three Years.*

Al. Sed *iidem* decoquunt *nonnunquam:* Tuum *lucrum* minus, *ſed* certius.

But *the ſame* break *ſometimes:* Your *Gain* is leſs, *but* more certain.

Ch. Neſcio *quam* certum. *Si* quis *Deus* exoriatur *nunc,* qui *componat* res *principum,* hæc *tota* ſors *perierit* mihi.

I know not *how* certain. *If* any *God* ſhould ariſe *now,* that *ſhould ſettle* the Affairs *of Princes,* this *whole* Booty *will be loſt* by me.

Al. De iſta re *quidem* jubeo *dormias* in utramvis aurem. *Nihil eſt quod metuas* pacem *intra decennium.* Romanus *Pontifex* unus *hortatur* ſedulo *quidem* ad concordiam, *ſed* lavat *laterem.* Et civitates *murmurant* tædio *malorum.* Neſcio *qui* populi *conferunt* ſuſurros, *dictitantes* iniquum eſſe *ut* humanæ *res* miſceantur *ſurſum deorſum,* ob *privatas* iras *aut* ambitionem *duorum* triumve. *Sed* crede *mihi;* furiæ *vincent* conſilia *quam libet* recta. *Cæterum* quid *opus* erat *petere ſuperos?* An non

For that Matter *truly* I bid you *ſleep* on either Ear. *You need not fear* a Peace *within theſe ten Years.* The Roman *Pontiff* alone *exhorts* diligently *indeed* to Concord; *but* he waſhes *a Brick.* The Cities too *murmur* out of Wearineſs *of their Calamities.* I know not *what* People *join* their Whiſpers, *ſaying,* 'tis unreaſonable *that* human *Affairs* ſhould be jumbled *up and down,* for *the private* Reſentments, *or* Ambition *of two* or three. *But* believe *me,* the Furies *will conquer* Councils *never ſo* good. *But* what *need* was there *to go to thoſe above?* Are there not *Workmen*

sunt *fabri* apud nos? *Certe* habemus *Vulcanum.*

with us? *Certainly* we have *Vulcan.*

Ch Pulchre, *si* quæram *æream* navim.

Right, *if* I wanted *a brazen* Ship.

Al. Aliquis *accersetur* minimo.

Some body *may be sent for* for a small Matter.

Ch. Ita *est*, sed *materia* deficit *nos.*

So *it is*, but *Wood* fails *us.*

Al. Quid *audio?* nihil *sylvarum* illic?

What *do I hear?* Is there nothing *of Woods* there?

Ch. Etiam *nemora* quæ *fuerant* in Elysiis campis *absumpta sunt.*

Even *the Groves* which *were* in the Elysian Fields *are consumed.*

Al. In quem usum *tandem?*

For what Use *pray?*

Ch. Exurendis *umbris* hæreticorum, *adeo ut* nuper *coacti simus* effodere *carbones* e visceribus *terræ.*

For burning *the Souls* of Hereticks, *so that* lately *we were forced* to dig *Coals* out of the Bowels *of the Earth.*

Al. Quid? *An non possunt* istæ *umbræ* puniri *minore* sumptu?

What? *Cannot* these *Souls* be punished *at less* Charge?

Ch. Sic *visum est* Rhadamantho.

So *it seemed good* to Radamanthus.

Al. Ubi *mercatus eris* triremem, *unde* remiges parabuntur?

When *you have bought* a Galley, *whence* will Rowers be got?

Ch. Meæ

Ch. Meæ partes sunt *tenere* clavum; *umbræ remigent*, si *velint* trajicere.

My Part is *to hold* the Helm; *let the Souls row*, if *they will* pass over.

Al. At *sunt* quæ *non didicerunt* agere *remum*.

But *there are some* which *have not learnt* to manage *an Oar*.

Ch. Nullus *est* eximius *apud me*. Et monarchæ *remigant*, et *cardinales* remigant, *quisque* suam vicem, *non minus* quam *tenues* plebeii; *sive* didicerint, *sive* non didicerint.

None *is* exempted *with me*. Monarchs too *row*, and *Cardinals* row, *every Man* his Turn, *no less* than *poor* Commoners, *whether* they have learnt, *or* have not learnt.

Al. Fac *tu mercere* triremem *feliciter* dextro Mercurio. Ego *non remorabor* te *amplius*. Adferam *lætum* nuncium *orco*; sed *heus*, heus, *Charon*.

See *you purchase* a Galley *cheap* by the Favour of Mercury. I *will not detain* you *any longer*. I will carry *this joyful* News *to Hell*; but *so ho*, so ho, *Charon*.

Ch. Quid est?

What is the Matter?

Al. Fac *matures* reditum, *ne* turba *obruat te* mox.

See *you hasten* your Return, *lest* the Crowd *should overwhelm you* by and by.

Ch. Imo *offendes* jam *plus* quam *ducenta* millia *in ripa*, præter *illas* quæ *natant* in palude: *tamen* properabo *quantum licebit*: dic *illis* me adfuturum *mox*.

Nay *you will find* already *more* than *two hundred* thousand *upon the Bank*, besides *those* which *are swimming* in the Lake; *yet* I will hasten *as much as possible*: tell *them* that I will be with them *presently*.

OPULENTIA SORDIDA.

A. UNde *es* tam *exſuccus*, quaſi *paſtus ſis* rore *cum* cicadis. Videris *mihi* nihil *aliud* quam *Syphar* hominis.

FRom whence *are you* ſo *void of Juice*, as if *you had been fed* with Dew *with* the Graſs-hoppers. You ſeem *to me* nothing *elſe* than *the Skin* of a Man.

B. Apud inferos *umbræ* ſaturantur *malva* et *porro*, at *ego vixi* decem *menſes* ubi *ne id quidem* contigit.

In Hell *Ghoſts* are fed *with Mallows* and *Onions*, but *I have lived* ten *Months* where *not ſo much as that* fell to my Share.

A. Ubinam *quæſo te*, num abreptus *in navem galeatam?*

Where *I pray you*, were you carried *aboard a Galley?*

B. Nequaquam, *ſed* Synodii.

No, *but* at Synodium.

A. Periclitatus es *bulimia* in tam opulenta *urbe?*

Were you in Danger *by Famine* in ſo rich *a City?*

B. Maxime.

Yes.

A. Quid in cauſa? *An deerat pecunia?*

What was the Reaſon? *Was Money wanting?*

B. Nec

B. Nec *pecunia* nec *amici*.

Neither *Money* nor *Friends*.

A. Quid *erat* mali *igitur* ?

What *was* the Misfortune *then* ?

B. Mihi res erat *cum hospite* Antronio.

I had to do *with my Landlord* Antronius.

A. Cum *illo* opulento ?

With *that rich* Man ?

B. Sed *sordidissimo*.

But *very sordid*.

A. Narras *simile* Monstri.

You tell me *a Thing like* a Prodigy.

A. Minime. *Sic* divites *fiunt* qui *emergunt* e summa inopia.

No. *So* rich Men *are* that *rise* from extreme Poverty.

A. Quid ita libuit *commorari* tot *menses* apud *talem* hospitem ?

Why had you such a Mind *to stay* so many *Months* with *such* an Host ?

B. Erat *quod* alligaret, *et* sic *animus* erat *tunc*.

There was something *that* obliged me, *and* so *my Mind* was *then*.

A. Sed *dic* obsecro, *quo apparacu* vivit ille ?

But *tell me* I pray you, *upon what Provision* does he live ?

B. Dicam, *quando-quidem* commemoratio *actorum* laborum *solet* esse *jucunda*.

I will tell you, *seeing* the Relation *of past* Troubles *uses* to be *pleasant*.

A. Futura eſt *mihi* certe.

It will be ſo *to me* certainly.

B. Illud *incommodi* acceſſit *a cælo*, cum *agerem* illic. *Boreas* ſpirabat *totos* tres *menſes*, niſi *quod* illic *neſcio* quomodo *nunquam perſeverat* ultra *octavum* diem.

That *Inconvenience* came *from Heaven*, when *I lived* there. *The North Wind* blew *whole* three *Months*, but *that* there *I know not* how *it never continues* beyond *the eighth* Day.

A. Quomodo *igitur* ſpirabat *totos* tres *menſes?*

How *then* did it blow *whole* three *Months?*

B. Sub eum diem *mutabat* ſtationem *velut* ex conſtituto, *ſed* poſt *octo* horas *migravit* in priorem locum.

About that Day *it changed* its Situation *as it were* on Purpoſe, *but* after *eight* Hours *it ſhifted* into its former Place.

A. Ibi *opus erat* luculento *foco* tenui *corpuſculo.*

There *was need* of a bright *Fire* for a thin *Body.*

B. Erat *ſatis* ignis, *ſi* ſuppetiſſet *copia* lignorum. *Sed* ne *noſter* Antronius *faceret quid impendii* heic, *evellebat* radices *arborum* ex ruſculis *inſularibus*, neglectas *ab aliis*, idque *fere* noctu. *Ex his* nondum *bene* ſiccis *ignis* ſtruebatur, *non* abſque *fumo*, ſed

There was *enough* of Fire, *if* there had been *Plenty* of Wood. *But* leſt *our* Antronius *ſhould be at any Charge* here, *he pulled up* the Roots *of Trees* out of ſome Grounds *in the Iſlands*, neglected *by others*, and that *commonly* in the Night. *Out of theſe* not yet *well* dry *a Fire* was made, *not* without *Smoak*, ſed

ſed *ſine* flamma, *non* qui *calefaceret*, ſed *qui* præſtaret, *ne poſſet* dici *vere* eſſe *nullum* ignem *ibi*. Unicus autem *ignis* durabat *totum* diem, *adeo* temperatum *erat* incendium.

but *without* Flame, *not* that *would warm*, but *that* would effect, *that it could not* be ſaid *truly* that there was *no* Fire *there*. And one *Fire* laſted *the whole* Day, *ſo* moderate *was* the Burning.

A. Erat *durum* hybernare *illic*.

It was *hard to* Winter *there*.

B. Imo *erat* multo *durius* æſtivare.

Nay *it was* much *harder* to Summer.

A. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

B. Quoniam *ea* domus *habebat* tantum *pulicum* et *cimicum*, ut *nec licuerit* eſſe *quietum* interdiu, *nec* capere *ſomnum* noctu.

Becauſe *that* Houſe *had* ſo many *Fleas* and *Gnats*, that *it was neither poſſible* to be *quiet* by Day, *nor* take *Reſt* by Night.

A. Miſeras divitias!

Miſerable Riches!

B. Præſertim *in hoc* genere *pecoris*.

Eſpecially *in this* Kind *of Cattle*.

A. Oportet fœminas *eſſe* ignavas *illic*.

The Women muſt *be* idle *there*.

B. Latitant, *nec* verſantur *inter viros*: Ita *fit* ut *illic* fœminæ *ſint* nihil *aliud* quam *fœminæ*: et *ea* mini-

They lie hid, *nor* do they converſe *amongſt the Men*: So *it comes to paſs* that *there* Women *are* nothing *elſe* but *Women*; and *thoſe* ſteria

ſteria *deſint* viris, *quæ* ſolent *ſuppeditari* ab eo ſexu.

Services *are wanting* to the Men, *that* uſe *to be ſupplied* by that Sex.

A. Sed *non pigebat Antronium* tractationis?

But *was not Antronius weary* of that Treatment?

B. Nihil *erat* dulce *illi* educato *in hujuſmodi ſordibus* præter *lucrum:* Habitavit *ubivis* potius *quam* domi, *negotiabatur* in omni re. *Scis autem* eam urbem *eſſe* mercurialem *præ cæteris.* Ille *nobilis* pictor *exiſtimavit* deplorandum, *ſi* dies *abiiſſet* abſque linea. *Antronius* deplorabat *longe* magis, *ſi* dies *præteriiſſet* abſque lucro; *quod* ſi *quando* eveniſſet, *quærebat* Mercurium *domi.*

Nothing *was* pleaſant *to him* brought *up in ſuch Naſtineſs* but *Gain:* He lived *any where* rather *than* at Home; *he traded* in every Thing. *And you know* that City *is* buſied in Trade *above others.* That *noble* Painter *thought it* a Thing to be lamented, *if* a Day *paſſed* without a Stroke. *Antronius* lamented it *much* more, *if* a Day *paſſed* without Gain, *which* if *at any Time* it happened *he ſought* Gain *at Home.*

A. Quid faciebat?

What did he do?

B. Habebat *ciſternam* in ædibus, *ex more* ejus civitatis. *Illic* hauriebat *aliquot* ſitulas *aquæ,* et *infundebat* in vinaria vaſa. *Heic* erat *certum* lucrum.

He had *a Ciſtern* in his Houſe, *according to the Cuſtom* of that City. *There* he drew *ſome* Buckets *of Water,* and *poured them* into the Wine Veſſels. *Here* was *certain* Gain.

A. For-

A. Fortaſſe *vinum* erat *æquo vehementius.*

Perhaps *the Wine* was *too ſtrong.*

B. Imo *erat* plus *quam* vappa; *nam* nunquam emebat *vinum* niſi *corruptum*, quo *emeret* minoris. *Ne* quid *ex eo* periret, *ſubinde* miſcebat *fæces* decem annorum, *volvens* ac *revolvens* omnia, *quo* videretur *muſtum*: Neque enim ille paſſus fuiſſet *ullam* micam *fæcis* perire.

Nay *it was* more *than* dead Drink, *for* he never bought *Wine* unleſs *it was corrupted*, that *he might buy it* cheaper. *Leſt* any *of it* ſhould be loſt, *now and then* he mixed *Dregs* of ten Years old, *rumbling* and *jumbling* altogether, *that* it might ſeem *new Wine*. For he would not have ſuffered *any* Bit *of Dregs* to be loſt.

A. At *ſi* qua fides *medicis*, tale *vinum* gignit *calculos* veſicæ.

But *if* any Credit muſt be given *to the Doctors*, ſuch *Wine* breeds *the Stone* of the Bladder.

B. Non erant *medici*; nam *erat* nullus *annus* in ea domo *tam* felix, *quin* unus *atque* alter *periret* calculo. *Neque* ille horrebat *funeſtam* domum.

They were not *Doctors*; for *there was* no *Year* in that Houſe *ſo* happy, *but* one *and* another *died* of the Stone. *Nor* did he dread *a mournful* Houſe.

A. Non?

No?

B. Colligebat *etiam* vectigal *a mortuis*; nec *aſpernabatur* lucellum *quamvis* exiguum.

He collected *alſo* Tribute *of the Dead*; nor *did he deſpiſe* Gain, *tho' never ſo* ſmall.

A. Dicis *furtum.*

You ſpeak *of Theft.*

B. Ne-

B. Negotiatores *vocant* lucrum.

Tradeſmen *call it* Gain.

A. Quid *interea* bibebat *Antronius?*

What *in the mean Time* drunk *Antronius?*

B. Idem *nectar* ferme.

The ſame *Nectar* commonly.

A. *Non* ſenſit *malum?*

Did he perceive *no Harm?*

B. Erat *durus*, qui *poſſet* eſſe *vel* fœnum, *et*, ut *dixi*, fuerat *educatus* a teneris *annis* in talibus *deliciis*. Exiſtimabat *nihil* certius *hoc lucro*.

He was *hard*, who *could* eat *even* Hay, *and*, as *I ſaid*, he had been *brought up* from his tender *Years* in ſuch *Dainties*. He looked upon *nothing* more certain *than this Gain*.

A. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

B. Si *ſupputes* uxorem, *filios*, filiam, *generum*, operas, *et* famulas, *alebat* domi *triginta* tria *corpora*. Jam *quo* dilutius *vinum* erat, *hoc* parcius *bibebatur*, et *ſerius* exhauriebatur. *Hic* ſubducito *mihi*, quam non pœnitendam *ſummam* ſitula *aquæ* addita *in ſingulos dies* conficiat *in annum*.

If *you reckon* his Wife, *Sons*, Daughter, *Son-in-Law*, Work-Folks, *and* Maids, *he maintained* at Home *thirty* three *Bodies*. Now *by how much* the weaker *the Wine* was, *by ſo much* the more ſparingly *it was drunk*, and *the later* it was drawn off. *Here* reckon *for me*, what a conſiderable *Sum* a Bucket *of Water* added *for every Day* would make *in a Year*.

A. O ſordes!

O Sneakingneſs!

B. At-

B. Atqui *non minus* compendii *redibat* ex pane.

But *no leſs* Profit *aroſe* from the Bread.

A. Quo pacto?

How?

B. Emebat *vitiatum* triticum, *quod* alius *noluiſſet* emere. *Heic* præſens *lucrum* ſtatim, *quod* emebat *minoris*. Cæterum *medicabatur* vitio *arte*.

He bought *ſpoil'd* Wheat, *which* another *would not* buy. *Here* was preſent *Gain* immediately, *becauſe* he bought it *cheaper*. But *he cured* the Fault *by Art*.

A. Quo *tandem*?

What *pray*?

B. Eſt *genus* argillæ *non* diſſimile *frumento*, quo *videmus* equos *delectari*, dum *et arrodunt* parietes, *et* bibunt *libentius* ex lacunis *turbidis* ea argilla. *Admiſcebat* tertiam *partem* ejus terræ.

There is *a Sort* of Clay *not* unlike *Meal*, with which *we ſee* Horſes *are pleaſed*, whilſt *they both gnaw* Walls, *and* drink *more willingly* out of Ditches *muddled* with that Clay. *He mixed* a third *Part* of that Earth.

A. Eſt *iſtuc* medicari?

Is *that* curing?

B. Certe *vitium* tritici *minus ſentiebatur*. An putas *hoc* lucrum *quoque* aſpernandum; *Adde* jam *aliud* ſtratagema: *Subigebat* panem *domi*, nec id *crebrius*, etiam *æſtate*, quam *bis* in menſe.

Certainly *the Fault* of the Wheat *was leſs perceived*. Do you think *this* Gain *alſo* to be deſpiſed? *Add* now *another* Stratagem: *He made* his Bread *at home*, and that not *ofter*, even *in Summer*, than *twice* in a Month.

A. Iſtuc

A. Istuc *est* apponere *lapides* non *panes*.

That *is* to serve up *Stones*, nor *Loaves*.

B. Aut *si* quid *est* durius *lapide*. Sed *remedium* erat *paratum* huic *malo* quoque.

Or *if* any Thing *be* harder *than a Stone*. But *a Remedy* was *provided* for this *Evil* too.

A. Quodnam?

What?

B. Macerabant *fragmenta* panis *vino* immersa *cyathis*.

They soaked *Pieces* of Bread *in Wine* being dipped *in the Glasses*.

A. Labra *habebant* similes *lactucas*. Sed *ferebant operæ* talem *tractationem?*

Lips *had* like *Lettices*. But *did the Work-folks bear with* such *Treaoment*.

B. Primum *narrabo* apparatum *primatum* ejus familiæ, *quo* divines *facilius* quomodo *operæ* tractentur.

First *I will tell you* the Provision *of the principal Persons* of his Family, *that* you may guess *the more easily* how *the Work-folks* are treated.

A. Cupio *audire*.

I desire *to hear*.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *illic* de jentaculo. *Prandium* differebatur *fere* in primam *horam* a meridie.

There was *no* mention *there* of Breakfast. *Dinner* was put off *commonly* till the first *Hour* after Noon.

A. Quamobrem?

What for?

B. Antronius *paterfamilias* expectabatur:

Antronius *the Master of the Family* was waited

Cæ-

Cænabatur interdum *ad decimam horam.*

We supped sometimes *at the Tenth Hour.*

A. At *tu* ſolebas *eſſe* impatientior *inediæ.*

But *you* uſed *to be* more impatient *under faſting.*

B. Eoque *ſubinde* clamabam *ad Orthrogonum* generum *Antronii* (nam *agebamus* in eodem *conclavi*) heus *Orthrogone*, non cænatur *hodie* apud Synodos? *Reſpondit* commode *Antronium* adfuturum *brevi*. Cum *viderem* nihil *apparari*, et *ſtomachus* latraret; *Heus*, inquam, *Orthrogone*, erit pereundum *fame* hodie? *Excuſabat* horam, *aut* aliquid *ſimile*. Cum *non ferrem* latratum *ſtomachi*, interpellabam *occupatum* rurſus. *Quid futurum eſt?* inquam, *eritne moriendum* fame? *Ubi* jam *Orthrogonus* conſumpſiſſet *omnem tergiverſationem*, abiit ad *famulos*, juſſitque *menſam* adornari. *Tandem* cum *nec* Antronius *rediret*, nec *quidquam* appararetur, *Orthrogonus* victus *meis*

And therefore *now and then* I cried out *to Orthrogonus*, Son-in-law *of Antronius*, (for *we were* in the ſame *Room*) Soho *Orthrogonus*, do they not ſup *to Day* amongſt the Synodians? *He anſwered* ſoftly, *that Antronius* would come *preſently*. When *I ſaw* nothing *got ready*, and my *Stomach* barked; *Soho*, I ſay, *Orthrogonus*, muſt we periſh *with Famine* to Day? *He alledged in Excuſe* the Hour, *or* ſome *like Thing*. When *I could not bear* the barking *of my Stomach*, I interrupted him *being buſy* again. *What will become of us?* ſay I, *muſt we die of* Hunger? *When* now *Orthrogonus* had ſpent *all his Excuſes*, he went to *the Servants*, and ordered *the Table* to be ſpread. *At length* when *neither* Antronius *returned*, nor *any Thing* was got ready, *Orthrogonus* being prevailed upon *by my Reproaches*, went down *to his*

conviciis, descendebat *ad uxorem*, socrum, *ac* liberos, *clamitans*, ut *apparārent* cænam.

Wife, Mother-in-law, *and* Children, *crying out*, that *they should make ready* Supper.

A. Nunc *saltem* expecto *cænam.*

Now *however* I expect *the Supper.*

B. Ne propera. *Tandem* claudus *famulus* prodibat *præfectus* ei negotio, *non* admodum *dissimilis* Vulcano; *insternit* mensam *lineo.* Ea *prima* spes *cænæ.* Tandem *post* longam *vociferationem*, vitræ *phialæ* afferuntur *cum* aqua *limpida* sane.

Be not hasty. *At length* a lame *Servant* came out *appointed for* that Business, *not* very *unlike* Vulcan; *he covers* the Table *with a Cloth.* That was *the first* Hope *of Supper.* At last *after* long *shouting*, Glass *Vials* are brought, *with* Water *clear* indeed.

A. Altera *spes* cænæ.

Another *Hope* of Supper.

B. Ne propera, *inquam.* Rursus *post* atroces clamores, *phiala* plena *istius* fæculenti *nectaris* adfertur.

Do not hasten, *I say.* Again, *after* fierce Clamours, *a Vial* full *of that* dreggy *Nectar* is brought.

A. O *bene* factum!

O *well* done!

B. Sed *sine* pane. Nihil *periculi* adhuc. *Nemo famelicus* bibit *tale* vinum *lubens.* Clamatum est *iterum* usque ad ravim. *Tum demum*

But *without* Bread. Nothing *of Danger* yet. *No hungry Body* drinks *such* Wine *willingly.* I shouted *again* even to Hoarseness. *Then* at last *that* Bread *is*

demum *ille* panis *apponitur*, quem *urſus* vix frangeret *dentibus*.

ſet on, which *a Bear* could ſcarce break *with his Teeth*.

A. Certe *jam* conſultum eſt *vitæ*.

However *now* Proviſion is made *for Life*.

A. Sub multam noctem *tandem* Antronius *venit*, fere *hoc* inauſpicatiſſimo *proœmio*, ut *diceret* ſtomachum ſibi dolere.

Late at Night *at laſt* Antronius *comes*, commonly *with this* moſt unlucky *Preface*, that *he ſaid* his Stomach was out of Order.

A. Quid *mali* auſpicii *hic* ?

What *ill* Luck *was here* ?

B. Quia *tunc* erat *nihil* quod ederetur.

Becauſe *then* there was *nothing* to eat.

A. Dolebat revera ?

Was it out of Order indeed ?

B. Adeo *ut* ſolus *devoraturus fuerit* tres *capos*, ſi *quis* dediſſet *gratis*.

So much *that* he alone *would have eaten* three *Capons*, if *any one* would have given them *for nothing*.

A. Expecto *convivium*.

I wait for *the Feaſt*.

B. Primum *patina* cum *fabacea* farina *apponebatur* illi, *quod* genus *opſonii* venditur *illic* tenuibus. *Aiebat* ſe uti *hoc* remedio *adverſus* omne *genus* morbi.

Firſt *a Diſh* with *Bean* Meal *was ſerved up* for him, *which* Kind *of Victuals* is ſold *there* to the Poor. *He ſaid* he uſed *this* Remedy *againſt* every *Kind* of Diſeaſe.

A. Quot *convivæ* eratis ?

How many *Guests* were you ?

B. Interdum *octo* aut *novem*. Inter quos erat ille *doctus* Verpius, *quem* arbitror *non ignotum* tibi ; *et* major natu *filius*.

Sometimes *eight* or *nine*. Amongst whom *was* that *Learned Man* Verpius, *who* I think *is not unknown* to you ; *and* his elder *Son*.

B. Quid *apponebatur* illis ?

What *was served up* to them ?

B. An non satis est *frugi hominibus*, quod *Melchisedech* obtulit *Abrahæ* victori *quinque regum* ?

Is not that enough *for moderate Men*, which *Melchisedec* offered to *Abraham* the Conqueror *of five Kings* ?

A. Nihil *opsonii* igitur ?

Nothing *of other Victuals* then ?

B. Erat *nonnihil*.

There was *something*.

A. Quodnam ?

What ?

B. Memini *nos fuisse* novem *convivas* numero *in mensa*, cum *numerarem* non nisi *septem* foliola *lactucæ* innatantia *aceto*, sed *absque* oleo.

I remember *we were* nine *Guests* in Number *at Table*, when *I counted* but *seven* little Leaves *of Lettice* swimming *in Vinegar*, but *without* Oil.

A. Devorabat ille *igitur* suas fabas *solus* ?

Did he devour *then* his Beans *by himself* ?

B. Eme-

B. Emerat *vix semiobolo*, nec *tamen* vetabat, *si* quis *assideus* proxime *vellet gustare*; sed *videbatur* incivile *eripere* suum *cibum* languido.

He had bought them *for scarce a Farthing*, nor *yet* did he forbid it, *if* any one *sitting* next him *had a Mind to taste*; but *it seemed* uncivil *to take* his *Victuals* from the sick Man.

A. Secabantur folia, *quemadmodum* proverbium *meminit* de cumino?

Were the Leaves cut, *as* the Proverb *makes mention* of Cumin?

B. Non; *sed* lactucis *absumptis* a primoribus, *reliqui* immergebant *panem* aceto.

No; *but* the Lettices *being eat up* by the chief Persons, *the rest* dipt *their Bread* in the Vinegar.

A. Quid autem *post* septem *folia?*

But what *after* the seven *Leaves?*

B. Quid *nisi* caseus, *clausula* conviviorum?

What *but* Cheese, *the Conclusion* of Feasts?

A. Hiccine erat *perpetuus* apparatus?

Was this *his perpetual* Provision?

B. Propemodum; *nisi* quod *interdum*, si *expertus fuisset* Mercurium *propitium*, eo die *erat* paulo *profusior*.

Almost; *but* that *sometimes*, if *he had found* Mercury *favourable*, that Day *he was* a little *more profuse*.

A. Quid tum?

What then?

B. Jubebat *tres* recentes *uvas* emi *uno*

He ordered *three* fresh Bunches *of Grapes* to be

nummulo *æreo*. Ea res *exhilarabat* totam familiam.

bought *with one* little Piece of Money *of Braſs*. That Thing *rejoiced* the whole Family.

A. Quidni ?

Why not ?

B. Id *duntaxat* eo tempore, *cum* eſt *ſumma* vilitas *uvarum* ibi.

That *only* at that Time, *when* there is *a very great* Cheapneſs *of Grapes* there.

A. Proin *profundebat* nihil *extra autumnum ?*

Wherefore *did he ſpend* nothing *out of Autumn ?*

B. Profundebat. *Sunt* illic *naviculatores*, qui *hauriunt* quoddam *minutum* genus *concharum*, potiſſimum *e latrinis*. Hi *ſignificant* certo *clamore* quid *habeant* venale. *Interdum* jubebat *emi* ab his *dimidio* nummuli, *quem* illi *appellant* Bagathinum. *Tum vero* dixiſſes *eſſe* nuptias *in ea familia*. Nam *erat* opus *igni*, licet *percoquantur* celerrime. *Atque* hæc *quidem* poſt caſeum *loco* bellariorum.

He did ſpend. *There are* there *Boatmen*, who *take* a certain *little* Sort *of Shell-Fiſh*, chiefly *out of the Sewers*. Theſe *give Notice* by a certain *Cry* what *they have* to ſell. *Sometimes* he ordered ſome *to be bought* of them *for Half* a Piece of Money, *which* they *call* Bagathinus. *But then* you would have ſaid *that there was* a Wedding *in that Family*. For *there was* need *of a Fire*, altho' *they be boiled* very quickly. *And* theſe were *indeed* after the Cheeſe *inſtead* of Sweatmeats.

A. Bella *bellaria* mehercle. *Sed* nihil

Pretty *Sweatmeats* indeed. *But* was no Fleſh car-

carnium apponebatur *unquam*, aut *piscium?*

served up *ever*, or *Fish?*

B. Tandem *victus* meis clamoribus, *cæpit* esse *splendidior*. Quoties autem *volebat* videri *Lucullus*, hi *ferme* erant *missus*.

At last *being overcome* with my Clamours, *he began* to be *more splendid*. But as often as *he had a Mind* to seem *a Lucullus*, these *commonly* were *his Dishes*.

A. Istuc *vero* lubens audiero.

That *indeed* I would willingly hear.

B. Primo loco *jusculum* dabatur, *quod* illi, *nescio* ob quam causam, *appellant* ministram.

In the first Place *a Broth* was given us, *which* they, *I know not* for what Cause, *call* Ministra.

A. Lautum *opinor*.

Dainty *I suppose*.

B. Conditum *his aromatibus*. Cacabus *admovetur* igni *plenus* aqua, *conjiciunt* in eum *aliquot* fragmenta *casei* bubulini, *qui* jam olim *induruit in saxum*. Nam *opus est* bona *securi* ad defringendum aliquid. *Cum* ea *fragmenta* cæperint *solvi* tepore *aquæ*, inficiunt eam, *ne possit* dici *mera* aqua,

Seasoned *with these Spices*. A Kettle *is set upon* the Fire *full* of Water, *they throw* into it *some* Pieces *of Cheese* made of Cow's Milk, *which* long before *was grown as hard as a Stone*. For *there is need of* a good *Ax* to break any Thing off. *When* those *Fragments* begin *to be dissolved* by the Warmth *of the Water*, they give it a Taste, *that it cannot* be called *meer*

Præ-

Præparant ſtomachum *hoc juſculo.*

Water. *They prepare* the Stomach *with this Broth.*

A. Dignum ſuibus.

Fit for Swine.

B. Dein *paulum* carnium *de ventre* veteris vaccæ *apponitur*, ſed *elixum* ante quindecim dies.

Then *a little* Fleſh of *Tripe* of an old Cow *is ſerved up*, but *boiled* fifteen Days before.

A. Fætet *igitur.*

It ſtinks *then.*

B. Maxime, *ſed* remedium *adhibetur.*

Yes, *but* a Remedy *is applied.*

A. Quodnam?

What?

B. Dicam, *ſed* vereor *ne imiteris.*

I will tell you, *but* I fear *leſt you ſhould imitate it.*

A. Scilicet.

Yes.

B. Miſcent *ovum* calefactæ *aquæ*; eo jure *perfundunt* carnem; *ita* oculi *fallluntur* magis *quam* nares. *Nam* fætor *erumpit* per omnia. *Si* dies *requirit* eſum *piſcium*, interdum *tres* auratæ *apponuntur*, nec *hæ* magnæ, *cum* ſint *ſeptem* aut *octo* convivæ.

They mix *an Egg* with warm *Water*; with that Sauce *they ſprinkle* the Fleſh; *ſo* the Eyes *are deceived* more *than* the Noſtrils. *For* the Stink *breaks* through all. *If* the Day *requires* the Eating *of Fiſh*, ſometimes *three* Giltheads *are ſerved up*, nor *theſe* great ones, *when* there are *ſeven* or *eight* Gueſts.

A. Nihil *præterea?*

Nothing *beſides?*

B. Ni-

B. Nihil *nisi* ille *saxeus* caseus.

Nothing *but* that *stony* Cheese.

A. Narras *mihi* novum Lucullum: *Sed* qui *potuit* tam *exilis* apparatus *sufficere* tot convivis, *præsertim* refectis *nullo jentaculo?*

You tell *me* of a new Lucullus: *But* how *could* such *slender* Provision *suffice* so many Guests, *especially* refreshed *with no Breakfast?*

B. Imo *ne fis* insciens, *socrus*, nurus, *minor natu* filius, *famula*, et *aliquot* parvuli *alebantur* ex reliquiis *ejus convivii.*

Nay *that you may not be* ignorant, *a Mother-in-Law*, a Daughter-in-Law, *the younger* Son, *a Maid*, and *some* little ones *were fed* out of the Remains *of that Meal.*

A. Tu *quidem* auxisti *meam* admirationem, *non ademisti.*

You *indeed* have increased *my* Admiration, *not taken it away.*

B. Vix possum *describere* istuc *tibi*, nisi *prius* depinxero *ordinem* convivii.

I can hardly *describe* that *to you*, unless *first* I paint *the Order* of the Feast.

A. Pinge *igitur.*

Paint it *then.*

B. Antronius *obtinebat* primum *locum*, nisi *quod* ego *sedebam* dexter illi, *velut* extraordinarius. *E regione* Antronii *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *assidebat* Orthrogono. *Strategus* Natione

Antronius *had* the first *Place*, but *that* I *sat* upon his Right-hand, *as* an extraordinary Person. *Over-against* Antronius *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *sat by* Orthrogonus. *Strategus* by Nation *a Greek*, by Ver-

Græ-

Græcus Verpio. *Natu major* filius *assidebat* siniſter Antronio. *Si* quis *conviva* acceſſit, *locus* dabatur *pro dignitate.* Primum *erat* minimum *periculi* vel *diſcriminis* de jure; *niſi quod* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini *natabant* in diſcis *procerum.* Cæterum *quoddam* vallum *fiebat* ex *ferme* quatuor *phialis* vini *aquæque*, ut *nemo* poſſet *attingere* quod *erat* appoſitum, *præter tres*, ante quos *patina* ſtabat; *niſi* quis *ſuſtinuiſſet* eſſe *impudentiſſimus*, et *tranſilire* ſepta. *Nec* tamen *ea patina manebat* diu, *ſed* tollebatur *mox, ut aliquid* ſupereſſet *familiæ.*

pius. His eldeſt Son *ſat* on the Left-hand of Antronius. *If* any *Gueſt* came in, *a Place* was given him *according to his Worth.* Firſt *there was* very little *of Danger* or *Hazard* as to the Broth; *but that* Pieces *of Cheeſe* made of Cow's Milk *ſwam* in the Diſhes *of the great Folks.* But *a certain* Rampart *was made* out of *commonly* four *Vials* of Wine *and Water*, that *no body* could *touch* what *was* ſerved up, *beſides three*, before whom *the Diſh* ſtood; *unleſs* any one *would have endured* to be *very impudent*, and *to leap over* the Hedge. *Nor* yet *did that Diſh ſtay* long, *but* was taken away *preſently*, that *ſomething* might be left *for the Family.*

A. Quid *igitur* edebant reliqui?

What *then* did the reſt eat?

B. Deliciabantur *ſuo more.*

They feaſted *after their Faſhion.*

A. Qui?

How?

B. Macerabant *illum* argillaceum *panem* vino *vetuſtiſſimæ* fæcis.

They ſoaked *that* Clay *Bread* in Wine *of very old* Dregs.

A. Tale

A. Tale *convivium* oportuit eſſe *perbreve*.

Such *a Feaſt* muſt have been *very ſhort*.

B. Frequenter *prolixius* hora.

Often *longer* than an Hour.

A. Qui potuit?

How could it?

B. Sublatis *mox*, ut *dixi*, quæ *non carebant* periculo, *caſeus* apponebatur, *unde* erat *nullum* periculum, *ne* quiſquam *abraderet* quidquam *eſcario cultello*. Illa *præclara* fæx *manebat*, et *ſuus cujuſque panis*. Atque *fabulæ* miſcebantur *tuto* inter *hæc bellaria*. Interim *ſenatus* fœminarum *prandebat*.

Theſe Things being taken away *preſently*, as *I ſaid*, which *did not want* Danger, *the Cheeſe* was ſet on, *from whence* there was *no* Danger, *leſt* any one *ſhould ſcrape* any Thing *with an eating Knife*. That *famous* Dregs *ſtand*, and *every one's Bread*. And *Stories* were mixed *ſafely* amongſt *theſe Sweetmeats*. In the mean Time *the Parliament* of Women *dined*.

A. Quid *operæ* interim?

What did *the Work-Folks* in the mean Time?

B. Habebant *nihil* commune *nobiſcum*; prandebant *ac* cænabant *ſuis horis*.

They had *nothing* common *with us*; they dined *and* ſupped *at their own Hours*.

A. Verum *cujuſmodi* apparatus?

But *of what Sort* was the Proviſion?

B. Iſtuc *eſt* tuum *divinare*.

That *is* your Part *to gueſs*.

A. At

A. At *hora* vix sufficit *Germanis* in jentaculum, . *tantundem* in merendam, *sesquihora* in prandium, *duæ* horæ *in cænam*; ac *nisi* expleantur *affatim* eleganti *vino*, bonis *carnibus* ac *piscibus*, deserunt *patronum*, ac *fugiunt* in bellum.

But *an Hour* hardly suffices *the Germans* for Breakfast, *as much* for Drinking, *an Hour and a Half* for Dinner, *two* Hours *for Supper*; and *unless* they be filled *plentifully* with fine *Wine*, good *Flesh* and *Fish*, they forsake *their Master*, and *fly* into the War.

B. Cuique genti est *suus mos*. Itali *impendunt* minimum *gulæ*, malunt *pecuniam* quam *voluptatem*; et *sunt* sobrii *natura* quoque, *non* solum *instituto*.

Every Nation has *its own Way*. The Italians *bestow* very little *upon the Throat*, they had rather have *Money* than *Pleasure*; and *they are* sober *by Nature* too, *not* only *by Custom*.

A. Nunc *profecto* non miror *te rediisse* nobis *tam exilem*, sed *demiror* te rediisse *omnino* vivum, *præsertim* cum *assuevisses* antea *capis*, perdicibus, *turturibus*, et *phasianis*.

Now *truly* I do not wonder *that you are returned* to us *so thin*, but *I wonder* that you are returned *at all* alive, *especially* when *you were accustomed* before *to Capons*, Partridges, *Pigeons*, and *Pheasants*.

B. Plane perieram, *nisi* remedium *repertum fuisset*.

I had certainly perished, *unless* a Remedy *had been found out*.

A. Res *male agitur*, ubi *est* opus *tot* remediis.

The Matter *is ill managed*, where *there is* need *of so many* Remedies.

B. Ef-

B. Effeceram *ut* quarta *pars* pulli *elixi* daretur *mihi* jam *languescenti*, in singula convivia.

I had prevailed *that* a fourth *Part* of a Pullet *boiled* should be given *me* now *languishing*, for every Meal.

A. Nunc *incipies* vivere.

Now *you will begin* to live.

B. Non *admodum*. Exiguus pullus *emebatur*, ne *multum* impenderetur; *cujusmodi* sex *non sufficerent* uni Polono *boni stomachi* in jentaculum. *Nec dabant cibum* empto, *ne esset quid* impendii. *Quare* ala *aut* poples *enecti* macie, *et* semivivi coquebatur. *Jecur* dabatur *filio* Orthrogoni *infanti*. Mulieres autem *ebibebant* jus *semel* atque *iterum*, nova *aqua* infusa *subinde*. Itaque *poples* veniebat *ad me* siccior *pumice*; et *incipidior* quovis *putri* ligno. *Jus* erat *nihil* nisi *mera* aqua.

Not *very much*. A small Pullet *was bought*, left *much* should be expended; *of which Sort* six *would not suffice* one Polander *of a good Stomach* for Breakfast. *Nor did they give Meat* to it when bought, *that there might not be any Thing* of Charge. *Wherefore* a Wing *or* a Leg *of it mortify'd* with Leanness, *and* half alive was boiled. *The Liver* was given *to the Son* of Orthrogonus *an Infant*. But the Women *supp'd of* the Broth *once* and *again*, new *Water* being poured in *now and then*. Wherefore *the Leg* came *to me* drier *than a Pumice Stone*, and *more insipid* than any *rotten* Wood. *The Broth* was *nothing* but *meer* Water.

A. Et *tamen* audio *genus avium* esse *illic* copiosissimum, *et* elegans *et* vile.

And *yet* I hear *that Fowl* is *there* very plentiful, *and* fine *and* cheap.

B. Eſt *prorſus*, ſed *pecunia* eſt *carior* illis.

It is *indeed*, but *Money* is *dearer* to them.

A. Dediſti ſatis pœnarum, *etiamſi* occidiſſes *Romanum* Pontificem, *aut* ſi *minxiſſes* ad ſepulchrum *divi* Petri.

You have ſuffered Puniſhment enough, *although* you had killed *the Roman* Pontiff, *or* if *you had piſſed* againſt the Sepulchre *of St.* Peter.

B. Sed *audi* reliquum *fabulæ*. Scis *eſſe* in quaque *hebdomade* quinque *dies*, quibus *veſcimur* carnibus.

But *hear* the reſt *of the Story*. You know *there are* in every *Week* five *Days*, upon which *we eat* Fleſh.

A. Nimirum.

Yes.

B. Itaque *emebant* duntaxat *duos* pullos. *Die Jovis* fingebant *ſe* oblitas *emere*, ne *vel apponerent* totum *pullum* eo die, *vel* aliquid *ſupereſſet*.

Wherefore *they bought* only *two* Pullets. *On Thurſday* they pretended *they* forgot *to buy one*, leſt *either they ſhould ſerve up* a whole *Pullet* that Day, *or* ſomething *ſhould be left*.

A. Næ *iſte* Antronius *ſuperat* Plautinum *Euclionem*. Sed *quo remedio* conſulebas *vitæ* piſcariis diebus ?

Truly *that* Antronius *outdoes* Plautus's *Euclio*. But *by what Remedy* did you provide *for Life* on Fiſh Days ?

B. Dederam *negotium* cuidam *amico*, ut *emeret* tria *ova* mihi *meo ære* in ſingu-

I gave *a Charge* to a certain *Friend*, that *he ſhould buy* three *Eggs* for me *with my own Money* for los

los dies, *duo* in prandium, *unum* in cænam. *Sed* heic *quoque* fœminæ *pro* recentibus *care* emptis *ſupponebant* ſemiputria. *Ut* crederem *præclare mecum actas*, ſi *eſſet* unum *ex tribus* quod *poſſet* edi. *Tandem* emeram *et* utrem *purioris* vini *mea pecunia*; cæterum *mulieres* effracta *ſera*, intra paucos dies *exſorbuerunt*, Antronio *non admodum irato.*

every Day, *two* for Dinner, *one* for Supper. *But* here *likewiſe* the Women *for* freſh ones *dear* bought *put me* half rotten ones. *That* I thought *they dealt well with me*, if *there was* one *of three* that *could* be eaten. *At length* I bought *likewiſe* a Cagg *of purer* Wine *with my own Money*; but *the Women* having broken *the Lock*, in a few Days *drank it off*, Antronius *not being very angry.*

A. Itane *nullus erat* illic, *qui miſereſceret* tui?

Ay, *was there none* there *that pitied* you?

B. Miſereſceret! *Imo* videbar *illis* quiſpiam *gluto* et *helluo*, qui *unus* devorarem *tantum* ciborum. *Itaque* Orthrogonus *admonebat* me *ſubinde*, ut haberem *rationem* ejus regionis; *et* conſulerem *meæ* incolumitati; *et* commemorabat *aliquot* noſtrates, *quibus* edacitas *conciliaſſet* illic *aut* mortem, *aut* aliquem *graviſſimum* morbum.

Pitied! *Nay* I ſeemed *to them* ſome *Glutton*, and *a Gormandizer*, who *alone* devoured *ſo much* Meat. *Therefore* Orthrogonus *adviſed* me *now and then*, to have *a Regard* to that Country, *and* take Care of *my* Security; *and* he mentioned *ſome* of our Countrymen, *upon whom* Gluttony *had brought* there *either* Death, *or* ſome *very grievous* Diſtemper. *When* he *ſaw* me prop up *my poor Body* with ſome *Dainties*

Cum is *videret* me fulcire *corpusculum* quibusdam *deliciis*, quas *Pharmacopolæ* venditant *illic* ex pineis nucleis, *aut* peponum, *melonumque*, fractum *et* assiduis *laboribus*, et *inedia*, et *jam* etiam *morbo*, subornat *medicum* amicum *mihi* ac *familiarem*, ut persuadeat *moderationem* victus. *Egit* hoc *mecum* diligenter; *moxque* sensi *subornatum*, nec respondi tamen. *Cum* ageret *idem* mecum *accuratius*, nec faceret finem *admonendi*, Dic *mihi*, inquam, *egregie vir*, loqueris *isthæc* serio *an* joco? *Serio* inquit. *Quid* igitur *suades* ut faciam? *Abstine* a cœnis *in totum*; et *adde* vino, *ut miximum*, dimidium *aquæ*. Risi *præclarum consilium*. Si *cupis* me *extinctum*, esset *mors* huic corpusculo, *et* raro *et* exili, *et* subtilissimis *spiritibus*, abstinere *vel semel* a cœna. *Habeo id compertum* toties *ipsa re*, which *the Apothecaries* sell *there* of Pine-Kernels, *or* of Cucumbers, *and Melons*, being broke *both* with continual *Fatigues* and *Fasting*, and *now* also *with a Distemper*, he procures *a Doctor*, a Friend *to me* and *Acquaintance*, to perswade me to *a Moderation* of Diet. *He treated upon* this *with me* diligently, *and presently* I perceived *he was put upon it*, yet I did not answer. *When* he treated upon *the same Thing* with me *more accurately*, and did not make an End *of advising me*, Tell *me*, say I, *excellent Sir*, do you say *those Things* in Earnest, *or* in Jest? *In Earnest*, says he. *What* then *do you advise me* to do? *Abstain* from Suppers *altogether*; and *add* to your Wine, *at least*, half *Water*. I laugh'd at *his famous Advice*. If *you desire to have* me *dead*, it would be *Death* to this poor Body, *both* thin *and* spare, *and* of very subtile *Spirits*, to abstain *but once* from Supper. *I have found that* so often *by Experience*, that *I have no Mind* to try *again*. And what *do you think*

ut

ut *non libeat* experiri *iterum*. Quid autem *censes* futurum, *si* sic pransus *temperem* a cœna? *Et* jubes *aquam* addi *tali vino?* Quasi *non præstaret* bibere *puram* aquam *quam* fæculentam. *Nec* dubito *quin* Orthrogonus *jusserit* te *loqui* hæc. *Medicus* subrisit, *ac* mitigavit *consilium*. Non loquor *hæc*, inquit, *doctissime* Gilberte, *quod* arceam *te* a cœnis *in totum*; licebit *gustare* ovum *et* bibere *semel*, sic enim *ipse vivo*. Ovum *coquitur* in cœnam, *capio* inde *dimidium* vitelli, *do* reliquum *filio*, mox *hausto* semicyatho *vini*, studeo *in multam noctem*.

would-be, *if* when I have so dined *I should abstain* from Supper? *And* do you order *Water* to be added *to such Wine?* As tho' *it were not better* to drink *pure* Water *then* dreggy. *Nor* do I doubt *but* Orthrogonus *bid* you *say* this. *The Doctor* smiled, *and* qualified *his Advice*. I do not say *these Things*, quoth he, *most learned* Gilbert, *that* I would restrain *you* from Suppers *altogether*; you may *taste* an Egg, *and* drink *once*; for so *I myself live*. An Egg *is boiled* for Supper, *I take* from thence *half* of the Yolk, *I give* the rest *to my Son*, by and by *having drunk* half a Glass *of Wine*, I study *till late at Night*.

A. Num medicus prædicabat *isthæc* vera?

Did the Doctor say *those Things* truly?

B. Verissima. *Nam* ipse *ambulans* forte *per viam* redibam *a sacro*, et *comes* admonuerat *medicum* habitare *illic*; libuit *videre* illius *regnum*, erat autem *dominicus*

Very truly. *For* I my self *walking* by chance *along the Street*, was coming *from Prayers*; and *my Companion* had told me *that the Doctor* lived *there*; I had a Mind *to see* his *Kingdom*, and it was *the*

dies: *Pulſavi* fores, *apertæ ſunt*, aſcendi, *offendo* medicum *prandentem* cum filio, *et* eodem *famulo*: Apparatus *erant* duo *ova*, nihil *præterea*.

Lord's Day: *I knocked at* the Door, *it was opened*; I went up, *I find* the Doctor *dining* with his Son, *and* the ſame *his Servant*: The Proviſion *was* two *Eggs*, nothing *beſides*.

A. Homines oportuit eſſe *exſangues*.

The Men muſt have been *void of Blood*.

B. Imo *ambo* erant *pulchre habito* corpore, *vivido* ac rubido *colore*, lætis oculis.

Nay *both* were *of a good like* Body; *of a lively* and ruddy *Colour*, with chearful Eyes.

A. Eſt *vix* credibile.

It is *ſcarce* credible.

B. At *ego narro* compertiſſima. *Nec* ille ſolus vivit *ad iſtum modo*, ſed *complures* alii, *et* clari imaginibus, *et* re lauta. *Polyphagia* et *Polypoſia*, crede *mihi*, eſt *res* conſuetudinis, *non* naturæ. *Si* quis *aſſueſcat* paulatim, *proficiet* eo *tandem*, ut *faciat* idem *quod* Milo, *qui* abſumſit *totum* bovem *eodem* die.

But *I tell you* Things I know very well. *Nor* does he alone live *after that Manner*, but *many* others *both* nobly deſcended, *and* of a good Eſtate. *Much Eating* and *much Drinking*, believe *me*, is *a Thing* of Cuſtom, *not* Nature: *If* any one *would uſe himſelf* by Degrees, *he would improve* to that Degree *at laſt*, that *he might do* the ſame *that* Milo did, *who* eat up *a whole* Ox *in the ſame* Day.

A. Immortalem Deum! *Si* licet *tueri* va-

Immortal God! *If* it be poſſible *to maintain* letu-

letudinem *tam parvo* victu, *quantum* impendiorum *perit* Germanis, *Anglis*, Danis, *et* Polonis?

one's Health *with ſo little* Victuals, *how much* Charge *is loſt* by the Germans, *Engliſh*, Danes, *and* Poles?

B. Plurimum *haud dubie*, et *quidem* non *ſine* gravi *detrimento* tum *valetudinis*, tum *ingenii*.

Very much *no doubt*, and *indeed* not *without* grievous *Prejudice* both *to the Health*, and alſo *to a Man's Parts*.

A. Sed *quid* obſtabat *quo minus ille victus ſufficerit* tibi?

But *what* hindered *that Diet would not ſuffice* you?

B. Quia *aſſueveram* diverſis, *et* erat *ſerum* eam *mutare* conſuetudinem; *quanquam* exiguitas *ciborum* non tam offendebat *me* quam *corruptio*. Duo *ova* poterant *ſufficere*, ſi *fuiſſent* recens *nata*: cyathus *vini* erat *ſatis*, niſi *vapida fæx daretur* pro vino: *Dimidium* panis *aluiſſet*, niſi *argilla* daretur *pro pane*.

Becauſe *I had been accuſtomed* to different Things, *and* it was *too late* then *to change* a Cuſtom; *altho'* the ſmall Quantity *of the Victuals* did not ſo much offend *me* as *the Corruption*. Two *Eggs* might *have ſufficed*, if *they had been* new *laid*: A Glaſs *of Wine* was *enough*, but that *dead* Dregs *was given me* for Wine: *Half* a Loaf *would have fed me*, but that *Clay* was given me *for Bread*.

A. Antronium *eſſe* adeo *ſordidum* in tantis opibus!

That Antronius *ſhould be* ſo *ſordid* in ſo much Wealth.

A. Arbitror *ejus cenſum* non fuiſſe *in-*

I believe *his Eſtate* was not *leſs than* eighty *thouſa-*

fra octoginta *millia* ducatorum. *Nec* erat *ullus* annus, *quo* lucrum *mille* ducatorum *non accederet*, ut dicam *parcissime*.

fand Ducats. *Nor* was there *any* Year, *in which* the Gain *of a thousand* Ducats *was not added to it*, to speak *very sparingly*.

A. Sed *num* juvenes illi, *quibus* hæc *parabantur*, utebantur *eadem* parsimonia?

But *whether or no* did the young Men, *for whom* this *was provided*, use *the same* Frugality.

B. Utebantur; *sed* domi *duntaxat*, foris *liguriebant*, scortabantur, *ludebant* alea. *Cumque* pater *gravaretur* impendere *terentium* in gratiam *honestissimorum* convivarum, *juvenes* perdebant *interdum* sexaginta *ducatos* una nocte *alea*.

They did use it; *but* at home *only*, abroad *they fared daintily*, whored, *played* at Dice: *And whereas* the Father *thought much* to expend *a Farthing* on the Account *of the most honourable* Guests, *the young Fellows* lost *sometimes* sixty *Ducats* in one Night *at Dice*.

A. Sic *solent* perire *quæ* corraduntur *sordibus*. Verum incolumis *e tantis* periculis, *quo* te confers?

So *that uses* to be lost, *which* is scraped together *by Covetousness*. But now that you are escaped *out of so great* Dangers, *whither* do you betake yourself?

A. Ad vetustissimum *contubernium* Gallorum, *sarturus* quod dispendii *factum est* illic.

To a very old *Club* of French Men, *to make up* what Loss *I suffered* there.

DILU-

DILUCULUM.

A. HODIE *volebam* te conventum, *ſed* negabaris *eſſe* domi.

TO Day *I was deſirous* to have met with you, *but* you were denied *to be* at Home.

B. Non mentiti ſunt *omnino*. Non eram *quidem* tibi, *ſed* eram *tum* mihi maxime.

They did not lie *altogether*. I was not *indeed* for you, *but* I was *then* for myſelf very much.

A. Quid *ænigmatis* eſt *iſtud?*

What *Riddle* is *that?*

B. Noſti *illud* vetus *proverbium*, Non dormio *omnibus*. Nec *jocus* Naſicæ *fugit te*, cui volenti *inviſere* familiarem *Ennium*, cum *ancilla* juſſu *heri*, negaſſet *eſſe* domi; *Naſica* ſenſit *et* diſceſſit. *Cæterum* ubi *Ennius* viciſſim *ingreſſus* domum *Naſicæ*, rogaret *puerum* num *eſſet*

You know *that* old *Proverb*, I do not ſleep *for all Men*. Nor *does the Jeſt* of Naſica *'ſcape you*, to whom deſirous *to viſit* his Friend *Ennius*, when *the Maid* by the Order *of her Maſter*, denied *that he was* at home; *Naſica* perceived it, *and* departed. *But* when *Ennius* in his Turn *entering* the Houſe *of Naſica*, aſked *the Boy* in-

intus, *Nafica* clamavit *de conclavi*, inquiens *non fum* domi. *Quumque* Ennius *agnita* voce *dixiſſet*, impudens, *non agnoſco* te *loquentem?* Imo, *inquit* Nafica, *tu* impudentior, *qui* non habes *fidem* mihi, *cum* ego *crediderim* tuæ ancillæ.

whether *he was* within, *Nafica* ſhouted *from the Parlour*, ſaying, *I am not* at Home. *And when* Ennius *knowing* his Voice *ſaid*, you impudent Fellow, *do not I know* you *ſpeaking?* Nay, *ſays* Nafica, *you are* more impudent, *who* do not give *Credit* to me, *whereas* I *truſted* your Maid.

A. Eras *fortaſſis* occupatior.

You were *perhaps* buſy.

B. Imo *ſuaviter* otioſus.

Nay *ſweetly* idle.

A. Rurſum *torques* ænigmate.

Again *you troub'le me* with a Riddle.

B. Dicam *igitur* explanate. *Nec* dicam *ficum* aliud *quam* ficum.

I will tell you *then* plainly. *Nor* will I call *a Fig* any Thing elſe *than* a Fig.

A. Dic.

Tell me.

B. Altum dormiebam.

I was faſt aſleep.

A. Quid ais? *Atqui* octava *hora* præterierat *jam*, cum *Sol* ſurgat *hoc menſe* ante quartam.

What ſay you? *But* the eighth *Hour* had paſſed *then*, whereas *the Sun* riſeth *this Month* before the fourth.

B. Li-

B. Libertum eſt *ſoli* per me *quidem* ſurgere *vel* media nocte, *modo* liceat *mihi* dormire *uſque ad* ſatietatem.

It is free *for the Sun* for me *indeed* to riſe *even* at Mid-night, *ſo that* it be allowed *me* to ſleep *to* Satisfaction.

A. Verum *utrum* iſtuc accidit *caſu*, an *eſt* conſuetudo?

But *whether* did that happen *by Chance*, or *is it* a Cuſtom?

B. Conſuetudo *prorſus.*

Cuſtom *entirely.*

A. Atqui *conſuetudo* rei *non* bonæ *eſt* peſſima.

But *the Cuſtom* of a Thing *not* good *is* very bad.

B. Imo *nullus* ſomnus *eſt* ſuavior *quam* poſt ſolem exortum.

Nay *no* Sleep *is* pleaſanter *than* after the Sun is riſen.

A. Qua hora *tandem* ſoles *relinquere* lectum.

What Hour *at laſt* do you uſe *to leave* your Bed?

B. Inter *quartam* et *nonam.*

Betwixt *the fourth* and *the ninth.*

A. Spatium *ſatis amplum.* Reginæ *vix* tot horis comuntur, *ſed* unde *veniſti* in iſtam conſuetudinem?

Time *long enough.* Queens *hardly* are ſo many Hours a dreſſing, *but* how *came you* into that Cuſtom?

B. Quia *ſolemus* proferre *convivia*, luſus, *et* jocos *in multam noctem.* Penſa-

Becauſe *we uſe* to prolong *Feaſts*, Games, *and* Jeſts *till late at Night.*

mus

mus *id dispendii* matutino somno.

We make up *that Loss* by Morning Sleep.

A. Vix unquam vidi *hominem* perditius *prodigum* te.

I scarce ever saw *a Man* more perniciously *prodigal* than you.

B. Videtur *mihi* parsimonia *magis* quam *profusio*. Interim *nec absumo* candelas, *nec* detero *vestes*.

It seems *to me* Frugality *rather* than *Prodigality*. In the mean Time *I neither consume* Candles, *nor* wear *Cloaths*.

A. Præpostera *frugalitas* quidem *servare* vitrum *ut* perdas *gemmas*. Ille *philosophus* aliter sapuit, *qui* rogatus *quid* esset *pretiosissimum*, respondit *tempus*. Porro *cum* constet *diluculum* esse *optimam* partem *totius* diei, *tu gaudes* perdere *quod* est *pretiosissimum* in pretiosissima re.

Prepostерous *Frugality* indeed *to save* Glass *that* you may lose *Jewels*. That *Philosopher* was otherwise minded, *who* being asked *what* was *the most precious Thing*, answered *Time*. Moreover *since* it is agreed *that the Morning* is *the best* Part *of the whole* Day, *you love* to lose *what* is *the most precious* in the most precious Thing.

B. An hoc perit, *quod* datur *corpusculo?*

Is that lost, *which* is given *to the Body?*

A. Imo *detrahitur* corpusculo, *quod* tum *suavissime afficitur*, maximeq; vegetatur, *cum* reficitur *tempestivo* moderatoq; *somno*, et *corroboratur* matutina vigilia.

Nay *it is taken* from the Body, *which* then *is most sweetly affected*, and most of all recruited, *when* it is refreshed *with seasonable* and moderate *Sleep*, and *is strengthened* with Morning Watching.

B. Sed eſt *dulce* dormire.

But, it is *pleaſant* to ſleep.

A. Quid *poteſt* eſſe *dulce* ſentienti *nihil?*

What *can* be *pleaſant* to one that perceives *nothing?*

B. Hoc *ipſum* eſt *dulce* ſentire *nihil* moleſtiæ.

This *very Thing* is *pleaſant* to perceive *nothing* of Trouble.

A. Atqui *ſunt* feliciores *iſto nomine*, qui *dormiunt* in ſepulchris; *nam* nonnunquam *inſomnia* ſunt *moleſta* dormienti.

But *they are* more happy *in that Reſpect*, who *ſleep* in their Graves; *for* ſometimes *Dreams* are *troubleſome* to a Man aſleep.

B. Aiunt *corpus* ſaginari *maxime* eo ſomno.

They ſay *that the Body* is fattened *moſt of all* with that Sleep.

A. Iſta *eſt* ſagina *glirium*, non *hominum*. Animalia *quæ* parantur *epulis* recte ſaginantur. *Quorſum attinet* homini *accerſere* obeſitatem, *niſi* ut *incedat* onuſtus *graviore* farcina? *Dic* mihi, *ſi* haberes *famulum*, utrum *malles* obeſum, *an* vegetum *et* habilem *ad omnia munia?*

That *is* the fattening *of Dormice*, not *of Men*. Animals *that* are prepared *for Feaſts* are rightly fattened. *What ſignifies it* for a Man *to procure* Fatneſs, *but* that *he may go* loaded *with a heavier* Pack? *Tell* me, *if* you had *a Servant*, whether *you had rather have him* fat, *or* lively *and* fit *for all Services?*

B. Atqui *non ſum* famulus.

But *I am not* a Servant.

A. Sat est *mihi*, quod *malles* ministrum *optum* officiis *quam* bene *saginatum*.

It is enough *for me*, that *you had rather have* a Servant *fit* for Service, *than* well *fattened*.

B. Plane mallem.

Indeed I had rather.

A. At *Plato* dixit *animum* hominis *esse* hominem, *corpus* esse *nihil* aliud *quam* domicilium, *aut* instrumentum. *Tu* certe *fateberis*, opinor, *animum* esse *principalem* portionem *hominis*, corpus *ministrum* animi.

But *Plato* said *that the Soul* of a Man *is* the Man, *that the Body* is *nothing* else *than* a House, *or* Instrument. *You* however *will confess*, I suppose, *that the Soul* is *the principal* Part *of Man*, the Body *the Servant* of the Mind.

B. Esto, *si* vis.

Let it be so, *if* you will.

A. Cum *tibi nolles* ministrum *tardum* abdomine, *sed* malles *agilem* et *alacrem*, cur *paras* ignavum *et* obesum *ministrum* animo.

Since *you would not have* a Servant *heavy* with a great Belly, *but* had rather have one *nimble* and *brisk*, why *do you provide* a lazy *and* fat *Servant* for the Mind.

B. Vincor *veris*.

I am overcome *with Truth*.

A. Jam *accipe* aliud *dispendium*. Ut *animus* longe *præstat* corpori, *ita* fateris *opes* animi *longe* præcellere *bona* corporis.

Now *hear* another *Loss*. As *the Mind* far *excels* the Body, *so* you confess *that the Riches* of the Mind *far* excel *the good Things* of the Body.

B. Dicis

A. Dicis probabile.

You say what is likely.

A. Sed *inter bona* animi, *sapientia* tenet *primas.*

But *amongst the good Things* of the Mind, *Wisdom* has *the first Place.*

A. Fateor.

I confess.

A. Nulla *pars* diei *est* utilior *ad parandam* hanc, *quam* diluculum, *cum* sol *oriens* novus *adfert* vigorem *et* alacritatem *omnibus*, discutitque *nebulas* consuctas *exhalari* e ventriculo, *quæ* solent *obnubilare* domicilium *mentis.*

No *Part* of the Day *is* more useful *for the getting* of this, *than* the Morning, *when* the Sun *rising* fresh *brings* Vigour *and* Briskness *to all Things*, and dissipates *the Fumes* that use *to be exhaled* out of the Stomach, *which* are wont *to cloud* the Habitation *of the Mind.*

B. Non repugno.

I do not say nay.

A. Nunc *supputa* mihi *quantum* eruditionis *possis* parare *tibi* illis *quatuor* horis, *quas* perdis *intempestivo* somno.

Now *reckon up* for me *how much* Learning *you might* get *to yourself* in those *four* Hours, *which* you lose *in unseasonable* Sleep.

B. Multum *profecto.*

Much *indeed.*

A. Expertus sum *plus* effici *in studiis*, una hora *matutina*, quam *tribus* pomeridianis, *idque* nullo *detrimento* corporis.

I have experienced *that more* is done *in one's Studies*, in one Hour *in the Morning*, than *in three* in the Afternoon, *and that* with no *Damage* to the Body.

B. Audivi.

I have heard so.

A. Deinde *reputa* illud; *si* conferas *in summam* jacturam *singulorum dierum*, quantus *cumulus* sit futurus.

Then *consider* that; *if* you cast up *into a Sum* the Loss *of every Day*, how great *a Mass* it will be.

B. Ingens *profecto*.

A huge one *truly*.

A. Qui *profundit* gemmas *et* aurum *temere*, habetur *prodigus*, et *accipit* tutorem; *qui* perdit *hæc* bona *tanto* pretiosiora, *nonne est* multo *turpius* prodigus?

He that *squanders away* Jewels *and* Gold *recklessly*, is reckoned *a prodigal*, and *receives* a Guardian; *he that* throws away *these* good Things *so much* more precious, *is not he* much *more scandalously* prodigal?

B. Sic *apparet*, si *perpendamus* rem *recta* ratione.

So *it appears*, if *we examine* the Matter *by right* Reason.

A. Jam *expende* illud *quod* Plato *scripsit*, nihil *esse* pulchrius, *nihil* amabilius *sapientia*, quæ *si* posset *cerni* corporeis *oculis*, excitaret *incredibiles* amores *sui*.

Now *consider* that *which* Plato *writ*, that nothing *is* more beautiful, *nothing* more lovely *than Wisdom*, which *if* it could *be seen* with bodily *Eyes*, would raise *incredible* Love *of it self*.

B. Atqui *illa* non potest *cerni*.

But *that* cannot *be seen*.

A. Fateor, *corporeis* oculis, *verum* cernitur *oculis* animi,

I confess, *with bodily* Eyes, *but* it is seen *with the Eyes* of the Mind,

quæ,

quæ eſt *potior* pars *hominis*, et *ubi* eſt *incredibilis* amor, *ibi* oportet *adſit* ſumma *voluptas*, quoties *animus* congreditur *cum* tali amica.

which is *the better* Part *of Man*, and *where* there is *incredible* Love, *there* muſt *be* the greateſt *Pleaſure*, as oft as *the Mind* confers *with* ſuch a Miſtreſs.

B. Narras *veriſimile*.

You ſaw *what is likely*.

A. Ito *nunc* et *commuta* ſomnum *imaginem* mortis, *cum* hac *voluptate*, ſi *videtur*.

Go *now* and *change* Sleep, *the Image* of Death, *for* this *Pleaſure*, if *it ſeems good*.

B. Verum *interim* nocturni *luſus* pereunt.

But *in the mean Time* Nightly *Sports* are loſt.

A. Perdit *plumbum* bene, *qui* vertit *in aurum*. Natura *tribuit* noctem *ſomno*. Exoriens *ſol* revocat *cum* omne *genus* animantium, *tum* præcipue *hominem* ad munia *vitæ*. Qui *dormiunt*, inquit *Paulus*, dormiunt *nocte*; et *qui* ſunt *ebrii*, ſunt *ebrii* nocte. *Proinde* quid *eſt* turpius *quam*, cum *omnia animantia* expergiſcantur *cum Sole*, *quædam* etiam *ſalutent* eum *nondum* apparentem, *ſed* adven-

He looſes *Lead* well, *who* turns it *into Gold*. Nature *has given* the Night *for Sleep*. The riſing *Sun* calls upon *both* every *Kind* of living Creatures, *and* eſpecially *Man*, to the Offices *of Life*. They who *ſleep*, ſays *Paul*, ſleep *in the Night*; and *they who* are *drunk*, are *drunk* in the Night. *Therefore* what *is* more ſcandalous *than* when *all Animals* awake *with the Sun*, *ſome* alſo *ſalute* him *not yet* appearing, *but* coming, *with ſinging*; when *the Elephas* adores *the riſing* Sun, tha

tantem *cantu*; cum *elephantus* adoret *orientem* solem, *hominem* stertere *diu* post *exortum* solis? *Quoties* ille *aureus* splendor *illustrat* tuum *cubiculum*, nonne videtur *exprobrare* dormienti, *stulte*, quid *gaudes* perdere *optimam* partem *vitæ tuæ?* Non luceo in *hoc* ut *dormiatis* abditi, *sed* ut *invigiletis* honestissimis rebus. *Nemo* accendit *lucernam*, ut *dormiat*, sed *ut* agat *aliquid* operis: *Et* nihil aliud quam stertis *ad hanc lucernam*, pulcherrimam *omnium?*

Man should snore *a long Time* after *the rising* of the Sun? *As often as* that *Golden* Splendor *enlightens* your *Bed-Chamber*, does it not seem *to upbraid* you sleeping, *thou Fool*, why *dost thou love* to lose *the best* Part *of thy Life?* I do not shine *for this* that *you may sleep* in private, *but* that *you may mind* the most honourable Things. *No body* lights *a Candle* that *he may sleep*, but *that* he may do *some* Work: *And* doest thou nothing else but snore *by this Candle*, the finest *of all?*

B. Declamas *belle*.

You declaim *prettily*.

A. Non *belle*, sed *vere*. Age *non dubito* quin *audiveris* frequenter *illud* Hesiodeum, *parsimonia* est *sera* in fundo.

Not *prettily*, but *truly*. Well *I doubt not* but *you have heard* frequently *that* of Hesiod, *sparing* is *too late* in the Bottom.

B. Frequentissime, *nam* vinum *est* optimum *in medio* dolio.

Very frequently, *for* Wine *is* the best *in the Middle* of the Cask.

A. Atqui *prima* pars *in vita*, nimirum *adolescentiæ*, est *optima*.

But *the first* Part *in Life*, to wit *Youth*, is *the best*

A. Pro-

A. Profecto *ſic* eſt.

Truly *ſo* it is.

B. At *diluculum* eſt *hoc* diei, *quod* adoleſcentia *vitæ*. An non faciunt *igitur* ſtulte, *qui* perdunt *adoleſcentiam* nugis, *matutinas* horas *ſomno?*

But *the Morning* is *that* to the Day, *which* Youth is *to Life*. Do not they do *therefore* fooliſhly, *who* loſe *their Youth* in Trifles, *their Morning* Hours *in Sleep?*

A. Sic *apparet*.

So *it appears*.

B. An eſt *ulla* poſſeſſio, *quæ* ſit *conferenda* cum *vita* hominis?

Is there *any* Poſſeſſion, *that* is *to be compared* with *the Life* of Man?

A. Ne *univerſa* gaza *quidem* Perſarum.

Not *all* the Treaſure *indeed* of the Perſians.

B. An non odiſſes *hominem* vehementer, *qui* poſſet *ac* vellet *decurtare* vitam *tibi* malis *artibus* ad aliquot annos?

Would you not hate *the Man* very much, *who* could *and* would *ſhorten* your Life *for you* by evil *Arts* for ſome Years?

A. Ipſe *mallem* eripere *vitam* illi.

I *had rather* take *his Life* from him.

B. Verum *arbitror* pejores *et* nocentiores, *qui* volentes *reddunt* vitam *breviorem* ſibi.

But *I think them* worſe *and* more miſchievous, *who* voluntarily *make* Life *ſhorter* to themſelves.

A. Fateor *ſi* qui *tales* reperiuntur.

I confeſs *if* any *ſuch* are found.

B. Re-

B. Reperiuntur? *Imo* omnes *similes* tui *faciunt*.

'Found? *Nay* all *like* you *do* that.

A. Bona verba.

Good Words.

B. Optima. *Repta* fic *cum* tuo animo, *nonne Plinius videtur* dixiſſe *rectiſſime*, vitam *eſſe* vigiliam, *et* hominem *vivere* hoc *pluribus* horis, *quo* majorem *partem* temporis *impenderit* ſtudiis. *Somnis enim* eſt *quædam mors*. Unde *et* fingitur *venire* ab inferis, *et* dicitur *germanus* mortis *ab Homero*. Itaque *quos* ſomnus *occupat*, nec cenſetur *inter vivos*, nec *inter mortuos*, ſed *tamen* pòtius *inter mortuos*.

Very good. *Think* this *with* your Mind, *does not Pliny ſeem* to have ſaid *very rightly*, that Life *is* a Watch, *and* that Man *lives* ſo many *the more* Hours, *by how much* the greater *Part* of his Time *he ſpends* in his Studies. *For ſleep* is *a Sort of Death*. From whence *alſo* it is pretended *to come* from Hell, *and* is call'd *the Brother German* of Death *by Homer*. Wherefore *thoſe whom* Sleep *ſeizeth* are neither thought *amongſt the Living*, nor *amongſt the Dead*, but *yet* rather *amongſt the Dead*.

A. Ita *videtur* omnino.

So *it ſeems* indeed.

B. Nunc *ſubducito* rationem *mihi*, quantam *portionem* vitæ *reſecent* ſibi, *qui* ſingulis diebus *perdunt* tres *aut* quatuor *horas* ſomno.

Now *caſt up* the Account *for me*, how great *a Part* of Life *they cut off* from themſelves, *who* every Day *loſe* three *or* four *Hours* in Sleep.

A. Video *immenſam* ſummam.

I ſee *an immenſe* Sum.

B. Non

B. Nonne haberes *alcumiſtam* pro deo, *qui* poſſet *adjicere* decem *annos* ſummæ *vitæ*, et revocare *provectiorem* ætatem *ad vigorem* adoleſcentiæ?

Would not you reckon *the Alchymiſt* for a God, *that* could *a'd* ten *Years* to the Sum *of your Life*, and call back *advanced* Age *to the Vigour* of Youth?

A. Quid ni haberem?

Why ſhould I not reckon him ſo?

E. Sed *potes* præſtare *hoc* tam *divinum* beneficium *tibi*.

But *you may* do *this* ſo *divine* a Benefit *to yourſelf*.

A. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

B. Quia *mane* eſt *adoleſcentia* diei, *juventus* fervet *uſque ad* meridiem. *Mox* virilis ætas, *cui* ſuccedit *veſpera* pro ſenecta; *occaſus* excipit *veſteram*, velut *mors* diei. *Parſimonia autem* eſt *magnum* vectigal, *ſed* nuſquam *majus* quam *hoic*. An non igitur adjunxit *ſibi* ingens *lucrum*, qui *deſiit* perdere *magnam* partem *vitæ*, eamq; *optimam*.

Becauſe *the Morning* is *the Youth* of the Day, *Youth* keeps warm *'till* Noon. *By and by* the manly Age, *after which* comes *the Evening* for old Age; *Sun-ſet* ſucceeds *the Evening*, as *the Death* of the Day. *And Frugality* is *a great* Revenue, *but* no where *greater* than *here*. Has not he therefore procured *to himſelf* a huge *Gain*, who *has ceaſed* to loſe *a great* Part *of his Life*, and that *the beſt*.

A. Prædicas vera.

You ſay true.

B. Proinde *eorum querimonia* videtur *ad-*

Wherefore *their Complaint* ſeems *very* impudent, *modum*

modum impudens, *qui* accuſant *Naturam*, quod finierit *vitam* hominis *tam auguſtis* ſpatiis, *cum* ipſi *ſponte* amputent *ſibi* tantum *ex eo* quod *datum eſt*. Vita *eſt* longa *ſatis* cuique, *ſi* diſpenſetur *parce*. Nec *eſt* mediocris *profectus*, ſi *quis* gerat *quæque* ſuo tempore. *A prandio* vix ſumus *ſemihomines*, cum *corpus* onuſtum *cibis* aggravat *mentem*. Nec *eſt* tutum *evocare* ſpiritus *ab officina* ſtomachi, *peragentes* officium *concoctionis* ad ſuperiora, *multo* minus *a cœna*. At *homo* eſt *totus* homo *matutinis horis*, dum *corpus* eſt *habile* ad omne miniſterium, *dum* alacer *animus* viget, *dum* omnia *organa* mentis *ſunt* tranquilla *et* ſerena, *dum* particula *divinæ* auræ *ſpirat*, ut ait ille, *ac* ſapit ſuam originem, *et* rapitur *ad honeſta*.

who accuſe *Nature* for having bounded *the Life* of Man *within ſo narrow* a Compaſs, *when* they *of their own accord* cut off *from themſelves* ſo much *of that* which *was given them*. Life *is* long *enough* for every one, *if* it be diſpoſed of *ſparingly*. Nor *is it* a mean *Proficiency*, if *a Man* does *every Thing* in its Time. *After Dinner* we are ſcarce *half Men*, when *the Body* loaded *with Meat* oppreſſes *the Mind*. Nor *is it* ſafe *to call off* the Spirits *from the Work-houſe* of the Stomach, *performing* the Offices *of Concoction* to the upper Parts, *much* leſs *after Supper*. But *a Man* is *wholly* Man *in the Morning Hours*, whilſt *the Body* is *fit* for all Service, *whilſt* the chearful *Mind* is vigorous, *whilſt* all *the Organs* of the Mind *are* quiet *and* ſerene, *whilſt* the Particle *of divine* Air *breathes*, as a certain one ſays, *and* has a Tincture of its Original, *and* is carried out *to honourable Things*.

A. Tu concionaris *quidem* eleganter.

You preach *indeed* finely.

B. Fa-

B. Faber ærarius *ob* vile *lucellum* surgit *ante lucem*, et *amor* sapientiæ *non potest* expergefacere *nos*, ut *audiamus* saltem *solem* evocantem *ad inæstimabile* lucrum. *Medici* fere *non dant* pharmacum *nisi* diluculo, *illi* norunt *aureas* horas, *ut subveniant* corpori, *nos non novimus eas* ut locupletemus *et* sanemus *animum?* Quod *si* hæc *habent* leve *pondus* apud te, *audi* quid *illa* cœlestis *sapientia* apud Solomonem *loquatur*. Qui *vigilaverint* ad me, *inquit*, mane *invenient* me. *In mysticis* psalmis, *quanta* commendatio *matutini temporis?* Mane *Propheta* extollit *misericordiam* domini, *mane* ejus vox *auditur*, mane *ejus deprecatio* prævenit *dominum*. Et *apud Lucam* Evangelistam *populus* expetens *sanitatem* et *doctrinam* a domino, *confluit* ad illum *mane*. Quid *suspiras?*

A Brazier *for* poor *Gain* rises *before Light*, and *the Love* of Wisdom *cannot* awake *us*, that *we may hear* at least *the Sun* calling us up *to inestimable* Gain. *Doctors* commonly *give not* Physick *but* in the Morning; *they* know *the golden* Hours, *to relieve* the Body, *do not we know them* to enrich *and* cure *the Mind?* But *if* these Things *have* little *Weight* with you, *hear* what *that* heavenly *Wisdom* with Solomon *says*. They that *watch* for me, *says she*, in the Morning *shall find* me. *In the mystical* Psalms *how great is* the Commendation *of the Morning Time?* In the Morning *the Prophet* extols *the Mercy* of the Lord, *in the Morning* his Voice *is heard*, in the Morning *his Prayer* prevents *the Lord*. And *in Luke* the Evangelist, *the People* desiring *Health* and *Instruction* from the Lord, *flock in* to him *in the Morning*. Why *do you sigh?*

A. Vix teneo lacrymas, *cum* subit *quantam* jacturam *vitæ* fecerim.

I scarce refrain from Tears, *when* I think *how great* a Waste *of Life* I have made.

B. Est *supervacaneum* discruciari *ob ea*, quæ *non possunt* revocari, *sed* tamen *possunt* sarciri *posterioribus curis*. Incumbe *huc* igitur *potius* quam *facias jacturam* futuri temporis *quoque* inani deploratione *præteritorum*.

It is *needless* to be tormented *for those Things*, which *cannot* be recalled, *but* yet *may* be cured *by future Care*. Apply yourself *to this* therefore, *rather* than *make a Waste* of the Time to come *too* by a vain lamenting *of what is past*.

A. Mones *bene*, sed *diutina* consuetudo *jam fecit me sui juris*.

You advise *well*, but *long* Custom *has now brought me under its Dominion*.

B. Phy! Clavus *pellitur* clavo, *consuetudo* vincitur *consuetudine*.

Puh! A Nail *is driven out* by a Nail, *Custom* is overcome *by Custom*.

A. At *durum est* relinquere *ea* quibus *diu assueveris*.

But *it is hard* to leave *those Things* to which *you have been long used*.

A. Initio *quidem*, sed *diversa* consuetudo *primum* lenit *eam* molestiam, *mox* vertit *in summam voluptatem*, ut *non oporteat te* pœnitere *brevis molestiæ*.

At the Beginning *indeed*, but *a different* Custom *first* mitigates *that* Trouble, *by and by* turns it *into the greatest Pleasure*, that *you ought not* to be concerned *for a short Trouble*.

A. Ve-

A. Vereor ut non ſuccedat.

I am afraid it will not ſucceed.

B. Si *eſſes* ſeptuagenarius, *non retraherem* te *a ſolitis*, nunc *vix egreſſus es* decimum ſeptimum *annum*, opinor. *Quid autem eſt* quod *iſta* ætas *non poſſet* vincere, *ſi* adſit *modo* promptus *animus?*

If *you were* ſeventy Years old, *I would not take* you *off from what you were uſed to*, now *you are ſcarce paſt* the ſeventeenth *Year*, I believe. *And what is it* which *that* Age *cannot* conquer, *if* there be *but* a ready *Mind?*

A. Quidem *aggrediar*, conaborque, *ut* fiam *Philologus* ex Philypno.

Truly *I will attempt it*, and endeavour, *that* I may become *a Philologer* of a Lover of Sleep.

B. Si *feceris id*, ſcio ſatis, *poſt* paucos *dies*, et *gratulaberis* ſerio *tibi*, et *eges* mihi *gratis*, qui monuerim.

If *you do that*, I know well enough, *after* a few *Days*, both *you will rejoice* in earneſt *to yourſelf*, and *give* me *Thanks*, who adviſed you to it.

COLLOQUIUM SENILE.

Euſebius, Pampyrus, Polygamus, Glycion.

Eu. QUas *novas* aves *video* hic ? *niſi* animus *fallet* me, *aut* oculi *proſpiciunt* parum, *video* tres *veteres* congerrones *meos* conſidentes, *Pampyrum*, Polygamum *et* Glycionem.

WHat *new* Birds *do I ſee* here ? *Unleſs* my Mind *deceives* me, *or* my Eyes *diſcern* but little, *I ſee* three *old* Companions *of mine* ſitting together, *Pampyrus*, Polygamus *and* Glycion.

Pa. Quid tibi vis *cum* vitreis *oculis* faſcinator ? *Congredere* propius *Euſebi.*

What do you mean *with* your Glaſs *Eyes*, you Wizard ? *Come* nearer *Euſebius.*

Po. Salve *Euſebi*, multum *exoptate.*

God ſave you *Euſebius*, much *long'd for.*

Gly. Sit *bene* tibi *optime* vir.

May it be *well* with you, *very good* Sir.

Eu. Una *ſalute* ſalvete *omnes.* Quis *Deus* aut *caſus* felicior *Deo* conjunxit *nos ?* Nam

In one *Salutation* God ſave you *all.* What *God* or *Chance* more lucky *than a God* has join'd *us ?* For

nemo

nemo noſtrum *vidit* alium *jam* quadraginta *annis*, opinor. *Mercurius* non potuiſſet *contrahere* nos *in unum* melius *ſuo caduceo.*

none of us *has ſeen* another *now* this forty *Years*, I think. *Mercury* could not *have brought* us *together* better *with his Rod.*

Q. Quid *agitis* hic?

What *are you doing* here?

Pa. Sedemus.

We are ſitting.

Eu. Video, *ſed* qua de cauſa?

I ſee, *but* for what Cauſe?

Po. Operimur *currum*, qui *devehat* nos *Antwerpiam.*

We are waiting for *a Coach*, that *ſhould carry* us *to Antwerp.*

Eu. Ad mercatum?

To the Mart?

Po. Scilicet; *ſed* ſpectatores *magis* quam *negotiatores.*

Yes; *but* Spectators *more* than *Traders.*

Eu. Et *nobis eſt iter* eodem. *Verum* quid *obſtat*, quo minus eatis?

And *we are travelling* to the ſame Place. *But* what *hinders* that you do not go?

Po. Nondum convenit *cum* aurigis.

We are not yet agreed *with* the Coachmen.

Eu. Difficile *genus* hominum: *Sed* viſne *ut* imponamus illis?

A hard *Kind* of Men: *But* are you willing *that* we ſhould impoſe upon them?

Po. Liberet *ſi* liceret.

It would pleaſe me *if* it could be.

Eu. Simulemus *nos* velle *abire* ſimul *pedibus*.

Let us pretend *that we* will *go* together *on Foot*.

Po. Credant *citius* cancros *volaturos*, quam *nos* tam *grandes* confecturos *hoc* iter *pedibus*.

They would believe *ſooner* that Crabs *would fly*, than *that we* ſo *elderly* ſhould diſpatch *this* Journey *on Foot*.

Gl. Vultis *rectum* ac *verum* conſilium?

Would you have *right* and *true* Advice?

Po. Maxime.

Yes.

Gl. Illi *potant*, quo diutius *faciunt* id, *hoc* plus *periculi* erit, *necubi* dejiciant *nos* in lutum.

They *are drinking*, the longer *they do* that, *ſo much* the more *Danger* will there be, *leſt ſome where* they throw *us* into the Dirt.

P. Oportet venias *admodum diluculo*, ſi *velis* aurigam *ſobrium*.

You muſt come *very early*, if *you will have* a Coachman *ſober*.

Gl. Quo *perveniamus* maturius *Antwerpiam*, ſtipulemus *currum* nobis *quatuor* folis. *Cenſeo* tantillum *pecuniæ* contemnendum. *Hoc* damnum *penſabitur* multis *commoditatibus*. Sedibimus *commodius*, ac *tranſigemus* hoc *iter* ſuaviſſime *mutuis* fabulis.

That *we may come* the ſooner *to Antwerp*, let us hire *a Coach* for us *four* alone. *I think* that ſo little *Money* is to be deſpiſed. *This* Loſs *will be made up* by many *Conveniences*. We ſhall fit *more conveniently*, and *ſhall paſs* this *Journey* moſt ſweetly *in mutual* Stories.

P. Gly-

Po. Glycion *ſuadet* recte:

Glycion *adviſes* right.

Gl. Tranſegi. *Conſcendamus.* Vah! *nunc* libet *vivere*, poſteaquam *contigit* mihi *videre* ſodales *olim* cariſſimos, *ex* tanto intervallo.

I have bargain'd. *Let us go in.* Oh! *Now* I have a Mind *to live*, after *it has happened* to me *to ſee* Companions *formerly* very dear, *after* ſo long an Interval.

Eu. Ac *videor* mihi *repubeſcere.*

And *I ſeem* to my ſelf *to grow young again.*

Po. Quot *annos* ſupputatis, *ex quo* conviximus *Lutetiæ.*

How many *Years* do you count it, *ſince* we lived together *at Paris.*

En. Arbitror *non* pauciores *quadraginta* duobus.

I think *no* fewer *than forty* two.

Po. Tum *videbamur* omnes æquales.

Then *we ſeemed* all of an Age.

Eu. Ita *eramus* ferme, *aut* ſi *erat* quid *diſcriminis*, erat *perpuſillum.*

So *we were* almoſt, *or* if *there was* any Thing *of Difference*, it was *very little.*

Pa. At *nunc* quanta *inæquilitas?* Nam *Glycion* habet *nihil* ſenii, *et* Polygamus *queat* videri *hujus avus.*

But *now* how great is *the Inequality?* For *Glycion* has *nothing* of old Age, *and* Polygamus *might* ſeem *his Grand-Father.*

Eu. Profecto *ſic* res *habet:* Quid rei *in cauſa?*

Truly *ſo* the Thing *is*, What Thing *is the Occaſion?*

Pa. Quid? *Aut* hic *ceſſavit* ac *reſtitit* in curſu, *aut* ille *antevertit*.

What? *Either* he *has loitered*, and *ſtopped* in the Race, *or* the other *has outrun him*.

Eu. Ohe! *anni* non ceſſant, *quantumvis* homines *ceſſent*.

Oh! *Years* do not loiter, *how much ſoever* Men *may loiter*.

Po. Dic *bona* fide, *Glycion*, quot *annos* numeras?

Tell me *in good* Faith, *Glycion*, how many *Years* do you reckon?

Gl. Plures *quam* ducatos.

More *than* Ducats.

Po. Quot *tandem?*

How many *at laſt?*

Gl. Sexaginta *ſex*.

Sixty *ſix*.

Po. Sed quibus *artibus* remoratus es *ſenectutem?* Nam *neque* canities, *neque* rugoſa *cutis* adeſt. *Oculi* vigent, *ſeries* dentium *utrinque* nitet, *color* eſt *vividus*, corpus *ſucculentum*.

But by what *Arts* have you kept off *old Age?* For *neither* Hoarineſs, *nor* a wrinkled *Skin* is yet come upon you. *The Eyes* are briſk, *the Row* of Teeth *on each Side* is neat, *the Colour* is *lively*, and the Body *full of Blood*.

Gl. Dicam *meas* artes, *modo* tu narres *nobis* viciſſim *tuas* artes, *quibus* acceleraſti *ſenectutem*.

I will tell *my* Arts, *ſo be* you tell *us* again *your* Arts, *by which* you haſtened on *old Age*.

P. Recipio *me facturum*. Dic *igitur*,

I undertake *that I will do it*. Tell us *then*, whi-

quo

quo *contuliſti* te *relicta* Lutetia ?

ther *did you betake* yourſelf *after you left* Paris ?

Gl. Recta *in patriam.* Commoratus *illic* fere *annum,* cæpi *diſpicere* de eligendo *genere* vitæ. *Quam* rem *ego* credo *habere* non *leve* momentum *ad felicitatem.* Circumſpiciebam *quid* ſuccederet *cuiquam* quid *ſecus.*

Directly *into my Country.* Having ſtaid *there* almoſt *a Year,* I begun *to conſider* about chooſing *a Way* of Life. *Which* Thing *I* believe *to have* no *ſmall* Moment *towards Happineſs.* I conſidered *what* ſucceeded *with any one,* what did *otherwiſe.*

Po. Miror *fuiſſe tibi* tantum *mentis,* cum *nihil* fuerit *nugacius* te *Lutetiæ.*

I wonder *you had* ſo much *Senſe,* whereas *nothing* was *more trifling* than you *at Paris.*

Gl. Tum *ætas* ferebat ; *et* tamen *o bone,* non geſſi *omnem* rem *hic* meo marte.

Then *my Age* allowed it ; *and* yet *good Sir,* I did not manage *the whole* Affair *here* by my own Conduct.

Po. Mirabar.

I wondered.

Gl. Priuſquam *aggrederer* quidquam, *adii* quendam *e civibus,* grandem natu, *prudentiſſimum* longo *uſu* rerum, *et* probatiſſimum *teſtimonio* totius *civitatis,* ac *meo judicio* feliciſſimum *etiam.*

Before *I attempted* any Thing, *I went* to one *of the Citizens,* elderly, *very wiſe* by long *Experience* in Affairs, *and* very well approved of *by the Teſtimony* of the whole *City,* and *in my Judgment* very happy *too.*

Eu. Sa-

Eu. Sapiebas.

You were wise.

Gl. Usus *hujus* consilio *duxi* uxorem.

Using *his* Advice *I married* a Wife.

Po. Pulchre dotatam?

With a good Fortune?

Gl. Medioeri *dote*: Ea *res* cessit *mihi* plane *ex animi sententia*.

With a moderate *Fortune*: That *Thing* fell out *to me* truly *according to my Heart's Desire*.

Po. Quot *annos* natus *eras* tum?

How many *Years* old *were you* then?

Gl. Ferme *viginti* duos.

Almost *twenty* two.

Po. O felicem te!

O happy you!

Gl. Non debeo *totum* hoc *fortunæ*, ne quid erres.

I do not owe *all* this *to Fortune*, do not mistake.

Po. Qui sic.

How so?

Gl. Dicam, *alii* diligunt *priusquam* deligant, *ego* delegi *judicio*, priusquam *diligerem*, et *tamen* duxi *hanc* magis *ad posteritatem*, quam *ad voluptatem*. Vixi *cum ea* suavissime *non* plures *octo* annos.

I will tell you, *others* love *before* they choose, *I* chose *judiciously*, before *I loved*, and *yet* I married *her* more *for Issue* than *for Pleasure*. I lived *with her* more pleasantly *no* more *than eight* Years.

Po. Reliquit *orbum?*

Did ſhe leave you *Childleſs?*

Gl. Imo *duo* filii, *totidemque* filiæ *ſuperſunt.*

Nay *two* Sons, *and as many* Daughters *ſurvive her.*

Po. Viviſne *privatus*, an *fugeris* magiſtratu?

Do you live *a private Perſon*, or *do you bear* any Office?

Gl. Eſt mihi *publicum* munus. *Majora* poterant *contingere*, verum *delegi* hoc *mihi*, quod *haberet* tantum *dignitatis*, ut *vindicaret* me *a contemptu*, cæterum *minime* obnoxium *moleſtis* negotiis. *Ita* nec eſt *quod* quiſquam *objiciat* me *vivere* mihi. *Et* eſt unde dem operam *amicis* quoque *nonnunquam:* contentus *hoc* ambii *nihil* magis: *Verum* geſſi *magiſtratum* ſic *ut* dignitas *accreverit* illi *ex me.* Ego *duco* hoc *pulchrius* quam *ſumere mutuo* dignitatem *ex ſplendore* muneris.

I have *a publick* Office. *Greater Places* might *have fallen to me*, but *I choſe* this *for myſelf*, becauſe *it had* ſo much *of Honour*, that *it would ſecure* me *from Contempt*, but *not at all* liable *to troubleſome* Buſineſs. *So* there is no Reaſon *that* any one *ſhould object* that *I live* for myſelf. *And* I have it in my Power to be ſerviceable *to my Friends* too *ſometimes:* content *with this*, I ſought *no* more: *But* I bore *my Office* ſo *that* Dignity *accrued* to it *from me.* I *reckon* this *handſomer* than *to borrow* Dignity *from the Splendour* of an Office.

Eu. Nihil *verius.*

Nothing *more true.*

Gl. Sic

Gl. Sic *confenui* inter *meos* cives *caros* omnibus.

Thus *I grew old* amongſt *my* Citizens *dear* to all.

Eu. Iſtuc *eſt* difficilimum, *cum* dictum fit *non* abs re, *eum* qui *habet* neminem *inimicum*, nec habere *quenquam* amicum; *et* invidiam *eſſe* ſemper *comitem* felicitatis.

That *is* very hard. *ſeeing* it has been ſaid *not* without Reaſon, *that he* who *has* no body *his Enemy*, has not *any one* his Friend; *and* that Envy *is* always *the Companion* of Happineſs.

Gl. Invidia *ſolet* comitari *inſignem* felicitatem. *Mediocritas* eſt *tuta*. Et *hoc* fuit *mihi* perpetuum *ſtudium*, ne compararem quid mei commodi *ex incommodis* aliorum. *Ingeſſi* memet *nullis* negotiis, *ſed* præcipue *continui* me *ab his*, quæ *non poterant* ſuſcipi *ſine* offenſa *multorum*. Itaque *ſi* amicus *erit* juvandus, *benefacio* illi *ſic*, ut *parem* nullum *inimicum* mihi *hac de cauſa*. Et *ſi* quid *ſimultatis* ortum fuerit *alicunde*, aut lenio *purgatione*, aut *extinguo* officiis, *aut* patior *intermori* diſſimulatione. *Abſtineo*

Envy *uſes* to attend upon *extraordinary* Happineſs. *A Mean* is *ſafe*. And *this* was *my* conſtant *Care*, not to procure to my ſelf any Advantage *by the Diſadvantage* of others. *I thruſt* my ſelf *into no* Buſineſs, *but* eſpecially *kept* my ſelf *from that* which *could not* be undertaken *without* the Offence *of many*. Wherefore *if* a Friend *is* to be aſſiſted, *I befriend* him *ſo*, that *I procure* no *Enemy* to my ſelf *upon that Account*. And *if* any *Difference* ariſes *on any Hand*, I either ſoften it *by clearing my ſelf*, or *quaſh it* by Kindneſs, *or* ſuffer it *to die away* by taking no Notice. *I abſtain* always *from Contention*; which *if* it happen, *I had rather* ſem-

semper *a contentione*; quæ *si* inciderit, *malo* facere jacturam *rei* quam *amicitiæ*. In cæteris *ago* quendam Mitionem, *arrideo* omnibus; *saluto* et *resaluto* benigniter. *Repugno* nullius *animo*. Damno *institutum* aut *factum* nullius: *Præfero* me *nemini*: Quod *velim* taceri, *credo* nemini: *Non scrutor* aliorum *arcana*, et *si* forte *novi* quid, *nunquam effutio*. Aut taceo *de his* qui *non sunt* præsentes, *aut* loquor *amice* ac *civiliter*. Magna *pars* simultatum *inter* homines *nascitur* ex intemperantia *linguæ*. Nec excito *nec* alo *alienas* simultates. *Sed* ubicunque *opportunitas* datur, *aut extinguo*, aut *mitigo*. His rationibus *hactenus* vitavi *invidiam*, et *alui* benevolentiam *meorum* civium.

suffer the Loss *of Money* than *Friendship*. In other Things *I act* a Mitio, *I smile upon* all Men; *I salute* and *resalute* kindly. *I oppose* no Man's *Inclinations*. I condemn *the Usage* or *Actions* of no Man. *I prefer* myself *before no body*: What *I would have* concealed, *I trust* to no Body: *I examine not into* other Men's *Secrets*, and *if* by chance *I know* any Thing, *I never blab it*. I either hold my Tongue *of those* who *are not* present, *or* speak *friendly* and *civilly*. A great *Part* of the Quarrels *amongst* Men *arises* from the Intemperance *of the Tongue*. I neither excite *nor* promote *other Men's* Quarrels. *But* whereſoever *an Opportunity* is given, *I either put an End to them*, or *lessen them*, By these Means *hitherto* I have avoided *Envy*, and *preserved* the Good-will *of my* Citizens.

Pa. Non sensisti *cælibatum* gravem?

Did you not find *a single Life* troublesome?

Gl. Nihil *unquam* accidit *mihi* quidem

Nothing *ever* happened *to me* indeed *more bitter* in *acer-*

acerbius in vita *morte* uxoris: *ac* optassem *vehementer*, illam *consenescere* una *mecum*, et *frui* communibus *liberis*; sed *quando* visum est *aliter* superis, *judicavi* sic *expedire magis* utrique; *neque* putavi *causam* cur *discruciarem* me *inani* luctu, *præsertim* cum *is* nihil prodesset *defunctæ*.

my Life, *than the Death* of my Wife: *And* I could have wished *mightily*, that she *might have grown old* together *with me*, and *enjoy'd* our common *Children*; but *since* it seemed *otherwise* to God, *I judged it* so *to be better* for both: *neither* did I think *there was any Cause* why *I should torment* my self *with vain* Mourning, *especially* since *that* would do no good *to the deceased*.

Po. Nunquamne incessit libido *repetendi matrimonii*, præsertim *cum* istud *cessisset* feliciter?

Had you never a Desire *to marry again*, especially *since* it *fell out* luckily?

Gl. Incessit libido; *sed* duxeram *uxorem* causa *liberorum*; non duxi *rursus* causa *liberorum*.

I had a Desire; *but* I had married *a Wife* for the Sake *of Children*; I did not marry *again* for the Sake *of Children*.

P. At *est* miserum *cubare* solum *totas* noctes.

But *it is* miserable *to lie* alone *whole* Nights.

Gl. Nihil *est* difficile *volenti*. Tum *cogita* quantas *commoditates* cælibatus *habeat*. Quidam *decerpunt* ex omni re, *si* quid

Nothing *is* difficult *to one that is willing*. Then *consider* how great *Advantages* a single Life *has*. Some *take* out of every Thing, *if* any *Incoveniency*

quid *incommodi* ineſt: *Qualis* ille *Crates* videtur *fuiſſe*, cujus titulo *fertur* Epigramma *colligens* mala *vitæ*. Iſtud *proverbium placet* his, *optimum* non naſci. *Metrodorus* arridet *mihi* magis, *decerpens* undiquaque, *ſi* quid *boni* ineſt. *Nam* ſic *vita* fit *dulcior*. Et *ego* induxi *animum* ſic *ut* oderim *vel* expetam *nihil* vehementer. *Ita* fit, *ut* ſi *quid* boni *contingat*, non efferar *aut* inſoleſcam, *ſi* quid *decedat*, non admodum crucier.

is in it: *Such as* that *Crates* ſeems *to have been*, under whoſe Name *goes* an Epigram, *collecting* the Evils *of Life*. That *Proverb pleaſes* them, *'tis beſt* not to be born. *Metrodorus* pleaſes *me* more, *gathering* from all Sides, *if* any *Good* be in a Thing. *For* ſo *Life* becomes *more pleaſant*. And *I* have brought *my Mind* to that, *that* I hate *or* deſire *nothing* very much. *So* it comes to paſs, *that* if *any* Good *happens to me*, I am not elated *or* inſolent; *if* any Thing *is loſt*, I am not much troubled.

Po. Næ *tu* es *Philoſophus* ſapientior *Thalete* ipſo, *ſi* quidem *potes* iſtud.

Truly *you* are *a Philoſopher* wiſer *than Thales* himſelf, *if* indeed *you can do* that.

Gl. Si *quid* ægritudinis *obortum eſt* animo, *ut* vita *mortalium* fert *multa* hujuſmodi, *ejicio* ex animo *protinus*, ſive *ſit* ira *ex offenſa*, ſive *quid* aliud *factum* indigne.

If *any Thing* of Trouble *ariſes* in my Mind, *as* the Life *of Mortals* produces *a great many Things* of this Kind, *I caſt it* out of my Mind *immediately*, whether *it be* Anger *from any Offence*, or *any Thing* elſe *done* unworthily.

Po. At *ſunt* quædam *injuriæ* quæ *mo-*

But *there are* ſome *Injuries* which *would raiſe*

veant ſtomachum *vel* placidiſſimo: *Et* tales *ſunt* frequenter *offenſæ* famulorum.

Reſentment *even* in the meekeſt Man: *And* ſuch *are* frequently *the Offences* of Servants.

Gl. Patior *nihil* reſidere *in animo:* Si *queam* mederi, *medeor:* Sin *minus*, cogito *ſic*, quid *proderit* me *ringi*, re *habitura* nihilo *melius?* Quid multis? *Patior* ut ratio impetret *hoc* a me *mox*, quod *tempus* paulo *poſt* impetraret *a me*. Certe *eſt* nullus *dolor* animi *tantus* quem *patiar* ire cubitum *mecum*.

I ſuffer *nothing* to ſettle *in my Mind:* If *I can* cure it, *I do cure it:* But if *not*, I think *thus*, what *will it ſignify* for me *to be vexed*, the Thing *being like to be* nothing *the better?* What needs many Words? *I ſuffer* Reaſon to obtain *that* of me *preſently*, which *Time* a little *after* would obtain *of me*. However *there is* no *Trouble* of Mind *ſo great* which *I ſuffer* to go to Bed *with me*.

Eu. Nihil mirum *ſi* tu *non ſeneſcis*, qui *ſis* tali *animo*.

No wonder *if* you *do not grow old*, who *are* of ſuch *a Mind*.

Gl. Atque *adeo* ne reticeam *quid* apud amicos, *cavi* cum primis, *ne committerem* quid *flagitii*, quod *poſſet* eſſe *probro* vel *mihi* vel *meis* liberis; *nam* nihil *eſt* irrequietius *animo* conſcio *ſibi* male. *Quod* ſi *quid* culpæ *fit* admiſſum, *non eo* cubitum, *priuſquam* recon-

And *accordingly* that I may not conceal *any Thing* with my Friends, *I took Care* eſpecially *not to commit* any *Crime*, which *might* be *a Scandal* either *to me* or *my* Children; *for* nothing *is* more reſtleſs *than a Mind* conſcious *to itſelf* of any Thing that is bad. *But* if *any* Fault *be* committed, *I do not go* to Bed, *before* I reconcile *myſelf* to God.

ciliaro

ciliaro *me Deo. Convenire* bene *cum* Deo *eſt* fons *veræ* tranquilitatis : *Nam homines* non poſſunt *nocere* his *magnopere*, qui *vivunt* ſic.

To agree well *with* God *is* the Fountain *of true* Tranquility : *For Men* cannot *hurt* them *much*, who *live* ſo.

Eu. Num *quando* metus *mortis* cruciat *te ?*

Whether *at any Time* does the Fear *of Death* torment *you ?*

Gl. Nihilo *magis* quam *dies* nativitatis *macerat*. Scio *moriendum*. Iſta *ſolicitudo* fortaſſis *adimat* mihi *aliquot* dies *vitæ*, certe *poſſet* adjicere *nihil*. Itaque *committo* hanc *totam* curam *Deo*. Ipſe *curo* nihil *aliud* quam *ut* vivam *bene* ſuaviterque.

No *more* than *the Day* of my Birth *troubles me*. I know *I muſt die*. That *Trouble* perhaps *would take away* from me *ſome* Days *of my Life*, however *it could* add *nothing*. Wherefore *I commit* this *whole* Care *to God*. I *mind* nothing *elſe* but *that* I may live *well* and pleaſantly.

Po. At *ego* ſeneſcerem *tædio* ſi *degerem* tot *annos* in *eadem* urbe, *etiamſi* contingat *vivere* Romæ.

But *I* ſhould grow old *with Wearineſs*, if *I ſhould live* ſo many *Years* in *the ſame* City, *although* it ſhould happen to me *to live* at Rome.

Gl. Mutatio *loci* quidem *habet* nonnihil *voluptatis* ; vero *ut* peregrinationes longinquæ *addunt* prudentiam *fortaſſe*,

The Change *of Place* indeed *has* ſomething *of Pleaſure* ; but *as* travelling into foreign Countries *gives* Prudence *perhaps*, *ſo* has it *very much* Danger.

ita habent *plurimum* periculorum. *Videor* mihi *obire* totum *orbem* tutius *in* Geographica tabula, *neque videre* paulo *plus* in hiſtoriis, *quam* ſi *volitarem* viginta *totos* annos, *ad exemplum* Ulyſſis, *per* omnes *terras* mariaque. *Habeo* prædiolam, *quod* abeſt *non* plus *quam* duobus *millibus* paſſuum *ab urbe*. Ibi *fio* ruſticus *ex* urbano *nonnunquam*. Atque *recreatus* ibi, *redeo* novus *hoſpes* in urbem : *Nec* ſaluto *ac* ſalutor *aliter* quam *ſi* renavigaſſem *ex* inſulis *nuper* inventis.

I ſeem to myſelf *to paſs over* the whole *World* more ſafely *in* a Map, *and not to ſee* a little *more* in Hiſtories, *than* if *I roved about* twenty *whole* Years, *after the Example* of Ulyſſes, *through* all *Lands* and Seas. *I have* a little Eſtate *which* is diſtant *no* more *than* two *thouſand* Paces *from the City*. There *I become* a Countryman *of* a Citizen *ſometimes*. And *being refreſh'd* there, *I return* a new *Gueſt* into the City ; *nor* do I ſalute *and* am ſaluted *otherwiſe* than *if* I had ſail'd back *from* the Iſlands *lately* found out.

Eu. Non adjuvas *valetudinem* pharmacis ?

Do not you ſupport *your Health* by Phyſick ?

Gl. Mihi nihil rei *cum* medicis. *Nec incidi* venam *unquam*, nec *devoravi* catapotia, *nec* hauſi *potiones*. Si *quid* laſſitudinis *oboritur*, propello *malum* moderatione *victus*, aut *ruſticatione*.

I have nothing to do *with* the Doctors. *I have neither opened* a Vein *at any Time*, nor *ſwallowed* Pills, *nor* drunk *Potions*. If *any* Languor *ariſes*, I remove *the Evil* by a Moderation *of Diet*, or *living in the Country*.

Eu. Nihilne tibi *cum* ſtudiis ?

Have you nothing to do *with* Studies. Gl.

Gl. Eſt; *nam* in his *eſt* præcipua *oblectatio* vitæ. *Verum* oblecto, *non* macero *me* his. *Siquidem* ſtudeo *vel* ad voluptatem, *vel* ad utilitatem *vitæ*, non autem *ad oſtentationem*. A cibo *aut paſcor* literatis *fabulis*, aut *adhibeo* lectorem. *Nec* unquam incumbo *libris* ultra *horam*. Tum *ſurgo*, et *arrepta* teſtudine *vel cantillo* obambulans *pauliſper* in cubiculo, *vel* repeto *mecum* quod *legerim*, et *ſi* congerro *eſt* in promptu, *refero*; mox *redeo* ad librum.

I have; *for* in theſe *is* the chief *Diverſion* of my Life. *But* I divert, *not* torment *myſelf* with them. *For* I ſtudy *either* for Pleaſure, *or* for the Convenience *of Life*, and not *for Oſtentation*. After Meat *I am either cheared* with learned *Stories*, or *I employ* a Reader. *Nor* do I ever mind *my Books* above *an Hour*. Then *I riſe*, and *taking up* my Fiddle, *I either play*, whilſt I walk *a little* in my Chamber, *or* I run over *with myſelf* what *I have read*, and *if* a Companion *be* at hand, *I relate it to him*; by and by *I return* to my Book.

Eu. Dic *bona* fidè, *ſentis* nulla *incommoda* ſenectutis, *quæ* ſeruntur *eſſe* plurima?

Tell me *in good* Truth, *do you perceive* no *Inconveniences* of old Age, *which* are reported *to be* very many.

Gl. Somnus *eſt* aliquanto *deterior*, nec *eſt* memoria *perinde* tenax, *niſi* infixero *aliquid*. Liberavi *meam* fidem, *expoſui* vobis *meas* magicas *artes*, quibus *alo* meam *juventutem*. Nunc *referat Polygamus* pari

My Sleep *is* ſomething *worſe*, nor *is* my Memory *ſo* tenacious, *unleſs* I fix *any Thing in it*. I have diſcharged *my* Credit, *I have related* to you *my* Magical *Arts*, whereby *I keep up* my *Youth*. Now *let Polygamus relate* with the like *Faithfulneſs*, how

fide, unde *collegerit* tantum *senii*.

he contracted so much *old Age*.

Po. Equidem *celabo* nihil *tam fidos* sodales.

Truly *I will conceal* nothing *from so faithful* Companions.

Eu. Narrabis *etiam* taciturnis.

You will tell it *too* to those that will hold their Tongues.

Po. Cum *agerem* Lutetiæ, *ipsi* nostis *quam non abhorruerim ab Epicuro*.

When *I lived* at Paris, *you yourselves* know *how far I was from disliking Epicurus*.

Eu. Sane *meminimus*, sed *arbitrabamur* te *relicturum* istos *mores* una *cum* adolescentia *Lutetiæ*.

Indeed *we do remember*, but *we thought* that you *would leave* those *Manners* together *with* your Youth *at Paris*.

Po. Ex *multis* nuas *adamaramillic*, *abduxi* unam *mecum* domum, *eamque* gravidam.

Of *many* which *I had loved* there, *I carried* one *with me* Home, *and her* with Child.

Eu. In *paternas* ædes ?

Into *your Father's* House ?

Pa. Recta ; *sed* mentitus *eam* esse *conjugem* cujusdam *amici* mei, *qui* venturus esset *mox*.

Directly ; *but* pretending *that she* was *the Wife* of a certain *Friend* of mine, *who* would come *by and by*.

Eu. Credidit *pater* id ?

Did *your Father* believe it ?

Po. Imo

Po. Imo *olfecit* rem *intra* quatriduum. *Mox* fuere *ſæva jurgia*. *Nec* tamen *temperabam* interim *ab conviviis*, ab alea, *cæteriſque* malis *artitibus*. Quid multis? *Cum* pater *non faceret* finem *objurgandi*, negans *ſe* velle *alere* tales *gallinas* domi, *ac* ſubinde *minitans* abdicationem, *verti ſolum*, et *demigravi* alio *cum* mea *gallina*. Ea *genuit* mihi *aliquot* pullos.

Nay *he ſmelt out* the Matter *within* Four Days. *Preſently* there was *cruel* Scolding. *Nor* yet *did I abſtain* in the mean Time *from Feaſts*, from Dice, *and other* bad *Arts*. What needs many Words? *When* my Father *would not make* an End *of ſcolding*, denying *that he* would *keep* ſuch *Hens* at Home, *and* now and then *threatning* to diſcard me, *I ran away*, and *removed* to another Place *with* my *Hen*. She *brought* me *ſome* Chickens.

Gl. Unde *res ſuppetebat?*

Where *had you Money?*

Po. Mater *dabat* nonnihil *furtim*, ac *præterea* plus *fatis* æris alieni *conflatum eſt*.

My Mother *gave me* ſomething *by Stealth*, and *beſides* more *than enough* of Debt *was contracted*.

Eu. Reperiebantur *tnm* fatui, *ut* crederent *tibi?*

Were there any found *ſo* fooliſh *as* to truſt *you?*

Po. Sunt *qui* credant *nullis* libentius.

There are thoſe *who* truſt *none* more willingly.

P. Quid *tandem?*

What *at laſt?*

Po. Tandem *cum* pater *ſerio* pararet *abdicationem*, amici *interceſſerunt*, et *compoſuerunt* hoc *bellum* his legibus, *ut* ducerem uxorem *noſtratem*, et *repudiarem* Gallam.

At laſt *when* my Father *in earneſt* was preparing *to diſinherit me*, Friends *interceded*, and *made up* this *Difference* upon theſe Terms, *that* I ſhould marry *a Woman of our own Country*, and *divorce* my French-woman.

Eu. Erat

Eu. Erat *uxor?*

Po. Verba *futuri* temporis *interceſſerant*, ſed *congreſſus* præſentis *temporis* acceſſerat.

Eu. Qui *licuit igitur* divertere *ab illa?*

Po. Poſt *reſcitum eſt* eſſe meæ Gallæ *maritum* Gallum, *unde* ſubduxerat *ſe* pridem.

Eu. Habes *ergo* uxorem *nunc?*

Po. Non niſi *hanc* octavam.

Eu. Octavam! *Non dictus es* Polygamus *ſine* augurio. *Fortaſſe* omnes *deceſſerunt* ſteriles.

Po. Imo *nulla non* reliquit *aliquot* catulos *domi meæ.*

Eu. Ego *malim* tot *gallinas*, quæ *parerent* ova *mihi* domi. *Non tædet* polygamiæ?

Po. Adeo tædet *ut* ſi *hæc* octava *moreretur* hodie, *ducerem* nonam *perendie.* Imo *hoc* male habet *me*, quod *non liceat* habere *binas* aut *ternas*, cum

Was ſhe *your Wife?*

Words *of the future* Time *had paſſed betwixt us*, but *a Rencounter* of the preſent *Time* had been added to them.

How *could you then* part *from her?*

Afterwards *it was known* that my French Woman had *a Huſband* a French Man, *from whom* ſhe had withdrawn *herſelf* long before.

Have you *therefore* a Wife *now?*

But *this* Eighth.

An Eighth! *You were not called* Polygamus *without* Augury. *Perhaps* they all *died* barren.

Nay, *every one* left *ſome* young Ones *in my Houſe.*

I had rather have as many *Hens*, that *might lay* Eggs *for me* at Home. *Are you not weary* of marrying ſo often?

I am ſo weary, *that* if *this* Eighth *ſhould die* To-Day, *I would marry* a Ninth *the next Day after To-morrow.* Nay *this* vexes *me*, that *it is not lawful* to have *two* or *three*, when

binas

unus gallus *possideat* tot *gallinas*.

Eu. Equidem *haud miror*, si *parum pinguisti*, quodque *collegeris* tantum *senii*: nam *nihil* accelerat *senectutem* æque quam *immodicæ* atque *intempestivæ* compotationes, *impotentes* amores *mulierum*, et *immoderata* salacitas. *Sed* quis *alit* familiam?

Po. Mediocris *res* accessit *ex obitu* parentum, *et* laboratur *gnaviter* manibus.

Eu. Desciviſti *igitur* a literis.

Po. Plane *ab equis*, quod aiunt, *ad asinos*; ex heptatechno *factus* faber *monotechnus*.

Eu. Miſer!

Po. Nunquam vixi *cælebs* ultra *decem* dies, *semperque* nova *nupta expulit* veterem *luctum*. Habetis *summam* vitæ meæ *bona* fide. *Atque* utinam *Pampyrus* narret *nobis* quoq; *fabulam* ſuæ vitæ, *qui* portat *ætatem* belle *satis*. Nam, *ni* fallor, *eſt* grandior *me* duobus *aut* tribus *annis*.

one Cock *has* ſo many *Hens*.

Truly *I do not wonder*, if *you are not fat*. and that *you have contracted* ſo much *of old Age*: For *nothing* haſtens on *old Age* ſo much as *exceſſive* and *unſeaſonable* Drinking, *extravagant* Love *of Women*, and *immoderate* Wantonneſs. *But* who *maintains* your Family.

A ſmall *Eſtate* came to me *by the Death* of my Parents, *and* I work *hard* with my Hands.

You have deſerted *therefore* from Letters.

Indeed *from Horſes*, *as* they ſay, *to Aſſes*; of a Man of ſeven Arts *I am become* a Workman *of one Art*.

Poor Man!

I never lived *a ſingle Man* above *ten* Days, *and always* a new-married Wife *expelled* my old *Sorrow*. You have *the Sum* of my Life *in good* Earneſt. *And* I wiſh *Pampyrus* would tell *us* too *the Story* of his Life, *who* bears *Age* well *enough*. For, *unleſs* I am miſtaken, *he is* elder *than me* by two *or* three *Years*.

Pa. Di-

Pa. Dicam *equidem*, ſi *vobis vacat* audire *tale* ſomnium.

Eu. Imo *erit* voluptas *audire*.

Pa. Ubi *rediſſem* domum, *ſtatim* ſenex *pater* cœpit *urgere* me, *ut amplecterer* aliquod *genus* vitæ, *unde* nonnihil *queſtus* accederet *rei familiari*: At *poſt* longam *conſultationem*, negotiatio *placuit*.

Po. Miror *hoc* genus *vitæ* arriſiſſe *potiſſimum*.

Pa. Eram *natura* fitiens *cognoſcendi* novas *res*, varias *regiones*, urbes, *linguas*, ac *mores* hominum. *Negotiatio* videbatur *maxime* appoſita *ad id*: Ex quibus *naſcitur* prudentia.

Po. Sed *miſera*, videlicet *quæ* ſit *emenda* plerumque *magnis* malis.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Itaque *pater* numeravit *ſatis amplam* ſortem, *ut* auſpicarer *negotiationem*. Simulque *uxor* cum *magna* dote *ambiebatur*, ſed *ea forma*, quæ *poterat* com-

I will tell you *indeed*, if *you are at Leiſure* to hear *ſuch* a Dream.

Nay *it will be* a Pleaſure *to hear it*.

When *I had returned* home, *immediately* my aged *Father* begun *to urge* me *to embrace* ſome *Way* of Life, *whereby* ſomething *of Increaſe* might accrue *to our Eſtate*: And *after* long *Conſultation*, Merchandiſe *pleaſed me*.

I wonder *that this* Kind *of Life* pleaſed you *eſpecially*.

I was *by Nature* greedy *of knowing* new *Things*, diverſe *Countries*, Cities, *Languages*, and *Manners* of Men. *Merchandiſe* ſeemed *the moſt* appoſite *to that Purpoſe*: From which Things *ariſeth* Prudence.

But *miſerable*, to wit *what* is *to be bought* for the moſt Part *with great* Evils.

So *it is*. Wherefore *my Father* gave me *a good large* Stock, *that* I might begin *my Merchandiſe*. And at the ſame Time *a Wife* with *a great* Fortune *was courted*, but *of that Beauty*, which *might* remendare

mendare *et* indotatam.

Eu. Succeſſit?

Pa. Imo *priuſquam* redirem *domum*, et *ſors* et *uſura* periit.

Eu. Naufragio *fortaſſe*.

Pa. Plane *naufragio*, nam *impegimus in* ſcopulum *periculoſiorem* quavis *Malea*.

Eu. In quo *mari* occurrit *iſte* ſcopulus? *Aut* quod *nomen* habet?

Pa. Non poſſum *dicere* mare; *ſed* ſcopulus *eſt* infamis *exitiis* multorum. *Latine* dicitur *alea*; quomodo *vos* Græci *nominetis* neſcio.

Eu. O te ſtultum!

Pa. Imo *pater* ſtultior, *qui* crederet *tantam* ſummam *adoleſcenti*.

Gl. Quid *factum eſt* deinde?

Pa. Nihil *eſt factum*, ſed *cæpi* cogitare *de ſuſpendio*.

Gl. Erat *pater* adeo *implacabilis?*

Pa. Interim *excidi ab uxore*, miſer. *Nam* parentes *puellæ* ſimul

commend one *even* without a Fortune.

Did it ſucceed?

Nay *before* I returned *Home*, both *Principal* and *Uſe* was gone.

By Shipwreck *perhaps*.

Plainly *by Shipwreck*, for *we ſtruck* upon a Rock *more dangerous* than any *Malea*.

In what *Sea* occurs *that* Rock? *Or* what *Name* has it?

I cannot *tell* the Sea; *but* the Rock *is* infamous *for the Ruin* of many. *In Latin* it is called *Alea*; how *you* Greeks *name it* I know not.

O you Fool!

Nay *my Father* was more fooliſh, *who* truſted *ſo great* a Sum *to a young Man*.

What *was done* then?

Nothing *was done*, but *I began* to think *of Hanging*.

Was *your Father* ſo *implacable?*

In the mean Time *I was baulked of my Wife*, poor Man. *For* the Parents *of* atque

atque *cognoverunt* hæc *auſpicia*, renunciarunt *affinitatem*; *et* amabam *perditiſſime*.

Gl. Miſeret me *tui*. Sed *interim* quid *conſilii* tentatum eſt.

Pa. Id *quod* ſolet *in deſperatis* rebus. *Pater* abdicabat, *res* perierat, *uxor* perierat. *Quid plura?* Deliberabam *ſerio* mecum, *an* ſuſpenderem *me*, an *conjicerem* memet *aliquo* in monaſterium.

Eu. Crudele *conſilium*. Scio *utrum* elegeris, *mitius* genus *mortis*.

Pa. Imo *quod* viſum eſt *mihi* tum *crudelius*, adeo *totus* diſplicebam *mihi*.

Gl. Atqui *complures* dejiciunt *ſe* eo, *ut* vivant *ſuavius*.

Pa. Corraſo *viatico*, ſubduxi *me* furtim *procul* a patria.

Gl. Quo *tandem?*

Pa. In Hiberniam. *Illic* factus ſum *canonicus* ex horum genere, *qui*

the Girl, as ſoon as *they knew* theſe *Omens*, renounc'd *Affinity with me*; *and* I loved *moſt deſperately*.

I pity *you*. But *in the mean Time* what *Courſe* was tried?

That *which* is uſual *in deſperate* Caſes. *My Father* diſcarded me, *my Subſtance* was gone, *my Wife* was gone. *What needs more Words?* I deliberated *ſeriouſly* with myſelf, *whether* I ſhould hang *myſelf*, or *put* myſelf *ſomewhere* into a Monaſtery.

A *cruel Reſolution*. I know *which* you choſe, *the milder* Kind *of Death*.

Nay *what* ſeemed *to me* then *the more cruel*, ſo *entirely* did I diſpleaſe *myſelf*.

But *a great many* put *themſelves* in there, *that* they may live *more pleaſantly*.

Having ſcraped together *Money for my Journey*, I withdrew *myſelf* privately *to a great Diſtance* from my Country.

Whither *at laſt?*

Into Ireland. *There* I was made *a Canon* of their Kind, *who* are *Linnen*

qui

qui sunt *linei* extime, *lanei* intime.

Gl. Hybernasti *igitur* apud *Hibernos*?

Pa. Non. *Sed* versatus *apud* hos *duos* menses *navigavi* in Scotiam.

Gl. Quid *offendit* te *apud* illos?

Pa. Nihil *nisi* quod *illud* institutum *videbatur* mihi *mitius* quam *pro meritis* ejus *qui* erat *dignus* non *uno* suspendio.

Eu. Quid *feciſti* in Scotia?

Pa. Illic *ex lineo* factus sum *pelliceus* apud Carthusios.

Eu. Homines *plane* mortuos *mundo*.

Pa. Ita *viſum eſt* mihi *cum* audirem *illos* canentes.

Gl. Quid *mortui canunt* etiam? *Quot* menses *egiſti* apud *illos* Scotos?

Pa. Propemodum *ſex*.

Gl. O Constantiam!

Eu. Quid *offendit* illic?

Pa. Quia *vita* visa eſt *mihi* segnis *et* delicata;

without, *and Woollen* within.

Did you Winter *then* amongſt *the Iriſh*?

No. *But* having been *with* them *two* Months, *I ſailed* into Scotland.

What *offended* you *amongſt* them?

Nothing *but* that *that* Conſtitution *ſeemed* to me *more gentle* than *to ſuit the Deſerts* of him *who* was *worthy* not *of a ſingle* hanging.

What *did you do* in Scotland?

There *of a Linnen Man* I become *a Leathern one* amongſt the Carthuſians.

Men *plainly* dead *to the World*.

So *it appeared* to me *when* I heard *them* ſinging.

What *do the Dead ſing* too? *How many* Months *did you ſpend* with *thoſe* Scots?

Almoſt *ſix*.

O Conſtancy!

What *offended you* there?

Becauſe *the Life* ſeemed *to me* lazy *and* nice; *then*

cata ; *deinde* reperi *multos* illic *cerebri* non *admodum* ſani, *ob ſolitudinem*, ut *arbitror*. Mihi erat *parum* cerebri, *verebar* ne *totum periret*.

I found *many* there *of a Brain* not *very* ſound, *becauſe of the Solitude*, as *I imagine*. I had *but little* Brain, *I was afraid* leſt *it ſhould all be loſt*.

Po. Quo *devolaſti* deinde ?

Whither *did you fly* then ?

Pa. In Galliam. *Reperi* illic *quoſdam* totos *pullatos*, ex inſtituto *divi* Benedicti, *qui* teſtantur *colore* veſtis *ſe* lugere *in* hoc mundo ; *et* inter *hos* qui *pro* ſumma *veſte* ferrent *cilicium* ſimile *reti*.

Into France. *I found* there *ſome* all *in black*, of the Order *of St.* Benedict, *who* teſtify *by the Colour* of their Coat, *that they* mourn *in* this World ; *and* amongſt *them* ſome who *for* their upper *Garment* wore *Hair-Cloth* like *a Net*.

Gl. O gravem *macerationem* corporis !

O grievous *Mortification* of the Body !

Pa. Hic *egi* undecim *menſes*.

Here *I ſpent* eleven *Months*.

Eu. Quid *obſtitit*, quo minus maneres *illic* perpetuo ?

What *hindered you* from ſtaying *there* always ?

Pa. Quia *illic* reperi *plus* cæremoniarum *quam* veræ *pietatis*. Præterea *audieram* eſſe *quoſdam* multo *ſanctiores* his *quos* Bernardus *revocaſſet* ad *ſeveriorem* diſciplinam, *pulla* veſte *mutata* in candidam : *Apud* hos *vixi* decem *menſes*.

Becauſe *there* I found *more* of Ceremonies *than* true *Piety*. Beſides *I had heard* that there were *ſome* much *more holy* than theſe *whom* Bernard *had brought* to *a more ſevere* Diſcipline, *the black* Garment *being changed* into a white : *With* theſe *I lived* ten *Months*.

Eu. Quid

Eu. Quid *offendebat* hic?

Pa. Nihil *admodum*; nam *reperi* hos *ſodales* commodos *ſatis*. Sed *Græcum* proverbium *movebat* me. *Itaque* decretum erat *aut* non eſſe *Monachum*, aut *eſſe* Monachum *inſigniter*. Acceperam *eſſe* quoſdam *Brigidenſes*, homines *plane* cœleſtes. *Contuli* me *ad hos*.

What *offended you* here?

Nothing *very much*; for *I found* theſe *Companions* good *enough*. But *the Greek* Proverb *moved* me. *Wherefore* I was reſolved *either* not to be *a Monk*, or *to be* a Monk *remarkably*. I had heard *there were* ſome *Brigidenſians*, Men *truly* celeſtial. *I betook* myſelf *to them*.

Eu. Quot *menſes* egiſti *illic*?

Pa. Biduum, *nec* id *ſane* totum.

How many *Months* did you ſpend *there*?

Two Days, *nor* that *indeed* entire.

Gl. Diſplicuit hoc genus vitæ *uſque adeo*?

Pa. Non recipiunt *niſi qui obſtringat* ſe *mox* profeſſioni. *At* ego *nondum adeo inſaniebam* ut *præberem* me *facile* capiſtro, *quod* nunquam liceret *excutere*. Et *quoties* audiebam *virgines* canentes, *uxor* erepta *cruciabat* animum.

Did this Kind of Life diſpleaſe you *ſo much*?

They admit no one *that does not bind* himſelf *immediately* to the Profeſſion. *But* I *was not yet ſo mad* as *to put* myſelf *eaſily* into a Nooſe, *which* I ſhould never be able *to ſhake off*. And *as often as* I heard *the Virgins* ſinging, *the Wife* I had loſt *tormented* my Mind.

Gl. Quid *deinde*?

Pa. Animus *ardebat* amore *ſanctimoniæ*. Tandem *obambulans* incidi *in quoſdam* præferentes *crucem*.

What *then*?

My Mind *was inflamed* with the Love *of Holineſs*. At laſt *as I was walking* I lighted *upon ſome* carrying *a Croſs*. This *Badge* plea-

Hoc *signum* arrisit *mihi* protinus, *sed* varietas *remorabatur* electionem. *Alii* gestabant *album*, alii *rubram*, alii *viridem*, alii *versicolorem*, alii *simplicem*, alii *duplicem*. Ego *ne relinquerem* quid *intentatum*, gessi *ferme* omnes *formas*. Verum *comperi* ipsa re, *esse* longe *aliud* circumferre *crucem* in pallio *seu* tunica, *quam* in corde. *Tandem* fessus *inquirendo*, sic *cogitabam* mecum, *ut* assequar *omnem* sanctimoniam *semel*, petam *sanctam* terram, *ac* redibo *domum* onustus *sanctimonia*.

Po. Num profectus es *eo?*

Pa. Maxime.

Po. Unde *suppetebat* viaticum?

P. Demiror *istud* venire tibi in mentem *nunc* denique *ut rogares*, ac *non percunctatum fuisse* multo *ante*. Sed *nosti* proverbium, *quævis* terra *alit* artificem.

Gl. Quam *artem* circumferebas?

sed *me* immediately, *but* the Variety *hindered* my Choice. *Some* bore *a white one*, some *a red*, some *a green*, some a *party-coloured one*, some *a single*, some *a double one*. I *that I might not leave* any Thing *untried*, wore *almost* all *the Sorts*. But *I found* by the Thing itself, *that it is* quite *another Thing* to carry *a Cross* upon a Gown *or* a Tunick, *than* in the Heart. *At last* being weary *with enquiring*, thus *I thought* with myself, *that* I may get *all* Holiness *at once*, I will go to *the Holy* Land, *and* will return *Home* loaded *with Holiness*.

Did you go *thither?*

Yes.

Whence *had you Money* for your Journey?

I wonder *that this* is come into your Mind *now* at last *to ask*, and *that you did not ask that* long *before*. But *you know* the Proverb, *any* Country *maintains* an Artist.

What *Art* did you carry about?

Pa. Chi-

Pa. Chiromanticam.

Gl. Ubi *didiceras* eam?

Pa. Quid refert?

Gl. Quo Præceptore?

Pa. Eo *qui* docet *nihil non*, ventre. *Prædicebam* præterita, *præsentia*, et *futura*.

Gl. Et *sciebas?*

Pa. Nihil *minus*; sed *divinabam* audacter, *idque* tuto, *videlicet*, pretio *accepto* prius.

Po. Poterat *tam* ridicula *ars* alere *te?*

Pa. Poterat *et* quidem *cum* duobus *famulis*; tantum *fatuorum* et *fatuarum* est *ubique*. Attamen *cum* adirem *Hierosolymam*, addideram *me* in comitatum *cujusdam* magnatis, *prædivitis*, qui *natus annos septuaginta*, negabat *se* moriturum *æquo* animo, *nisi* adisset *Hierosolymam* prius.

Eu. Et *reliquerat* uxorem *domi?*

Pa. Atque *sex* liberos *etiam*.

Eu. O senem *impie*pium! *Atque* rediisti *illinc* sanctus?

The Chiromantick.

Where *had you learnt* it?

What signifies that?

Under what Master?

Him *who* teaches *every Thing*, the Belly. *I foretold* Things past, *present*, and *to come*.

And *did you know them?*

Nothing *less*; but *I guessed* boldly, *and that* safely, *that is*, my Reward *being received* first.

Could *so* ridiculous *an Art* maintain *you?*

It could, *and* indeed *with* two *Servants*; so many *foolish Men* and *foolish Women* are there *every where*. Yet *when* I went *to Jerusalem*, I join'd *myself* to the Company *of a certain* great Man, *very rich*, who *being seventy Years old*, denied *that he* should die *with a contented* Mind, *unless* he went *to Jerusalem* first.

And *had he left* a Wife *at Home?*

And *six* Children *too*.

O an Old Man *impiously* pious! *And* did you return *from thence* holy?

Pa. Vis *fatear* verum? *Aliquanto* deterior *quam* iveram.

Eu. Sic, *ut* audio, *amor* religionis *eſt* excuſſus.

Pa. Imo *magis incanduit*. Itaque *reverſus* in Italiam, *addixi* me *militiæ*.

Eu. Itane *venabaris* religionem *in bello?* Quo *quid* poteſt *eſſe* ſceleratius?

Pa. Erat *ſancta* militia.

Eu. Fortaſſis *in Turcas*.

Pa. Imo *quoddam* ſanctius, *ut* prædicabant *tum*.

Eu. Quidnam?

Pa. Julius *ſecundus* belligerabat *adverſus* Gallos. *Porro* experientia *multarum* rerum *etiam* commendabat *militiam* mihi.

Eu. Multarum, *ſed* malarum.

Pa. Ita *comperi* poſt. *Et* tamen *vixi* durius *heic* quam *in* monaſteriis.

Eu. Quid *tum* poſtea? *Jam* animus *cæpit* vacillare, *utrum* redirem *ad* negotiationem

Would you have me *confeſs* the Truth? *Something* worſe *than* I went.

Thus, *as* I hear, *the Love* of Religion *was* expelled.

Nay *it was more inflamed*. Wherefore *returning* into Italy, *I applied* myſelf *to War*.

Ay, *did you hunt for* Religion *in War?* Than which *what* can *be* more wicked?

It was *a holy* Warfare.

Perhaps *againſt the Turks*.

Nay *ſomething* more holy, *as* they ſaid *then*.

What?

Julius *the ſecond* waged War *againſt* the French. *Moreover* the Experience *of many* Things *likewiſe* recommended *War* to me.

Of many, *but* bad Things.

So *I found* afterwards. *And* yet *I lived* more hardly *here* than *in* the Monaſteries.

What *then* afterwards? *Now* my Mind *began* to waver, *whether* I ſhould return *to* Merchandize *which*

onem

onem *intermissam*, an *persequerer* religionem *fugientem*. Interim *venit* in mentem *posse* conjungi.

Eu. Quid? *Ut* esses *simul* et *negotiator* et *monachus*.

Pa. Quidni? *Nihil* religiosius *ordinibus* Mendicantium; *et* tamen *nihil* similius *negotiatione*; volitant *per* omnes *terras* et *maria*; vident *multa*, audiunt *multa*, penetrant *in* omnes *domos*, plebeiorum, *nobilium*, atque *regum*.

Eu. At *non componantur*.

Pa. Sæpe *felicius* nobis.

Eu. Quod *genus* ex his *delegisti*?

Pa. Expertus sum *omnes* formas.

Eu. Nulla placuit?

Pa. Imo *omnes perplacuerunt*, si licuisset *negotiari* statim. *Verum* perpendebam *sudandum mihi* diu *in choro* priusquam *negotiatio* crederetur *mihi*. Jamque *cœpi* cogitare *de venanda* Abbatia. *Sed* primum *I had given over*, or *pursue* Religion *flying from me*. In the mean Time *it came* into my Mind *that they might* be joined together.

What? *That* you might be *at once* both *a Merchant* and *a Monk*.

Why not? *Nothing* is more religious *than the Orders* of the Mendicants; *and* yet *nothing* is more like *Merchandize*; they rove *through* all *Lands* and *Seas*; they see *many Things*, they hear *many Things*, they thrust *into* all *Houses*, of Commoners, *Noblemen*, and *Kings*.

But *they do not traffick*.

Oftentimes *more successfully* than us.

What *Sort* of these *did you choose*.

I tried *all* Sorts.

Did none please you?

Nay *they all pleased me very well*, if I might *have traded* immediately. *But* I considered *that I must sweat* a long Time *in the Company*, before *the Business of Traffick* would be trusted *to me*. And now *I begun* to think *of hunting after* an Abbot's Place. *But* in the

heic

heic Delia *non favet* omnibus, *et* venatio *eſt* ſæpe *longa*. Itaque *octo* annis *conſumptis* in hunc modum, *cum* mors *patris* eſſet *nuntiata*, reverſus *domum*, ex conſilio *matris* duxi *uxorem*, et *redii* ad veterem *negotiationem*.

Gl. Dic *mihi*, cum *ſumeres* ſubinde *novam* veſtem, *ac* velut *transformareris* in aliud *animal*, qui *potuiſti* ſervare *decorum*?

Pa. Qui *minus* quam *hi* qui *in* eadem *fabula* agunt *varias* perſonas?

Eu. Dic *nobis* bona *fide*, qui *expertus es* nullum non *genus* vitæ, *quid* probas *maxime* omnium?

Pa. Omnia *non congruunt* omnibus: *Nullum* arridet *mihi* magis *quam* hoc *quod* ſecutus ſum.

Eu. Tamen *negotiatio* habet *multa* incommoda.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Sed *quando* nullum *genus* vitæ *caret* omnibus *incommodis*, orno *hanc* firſt Place *here* Delia *does not favour* all Men, *and* the Hunting *is* often *long*. Therefore *eight* Years *being ſpent* after this Manner, *when* the Death *of my Father* was *told me*, returning *Home*, by the Advice *of my Mother* I married *a Wife*, and *returned* to my old *Traffick*.

Tell *me*, when *you took* now and then *a new* Coat. *and* as it were *were changed* into another *Creature*, how *could you* keep up *a Decorum*?

Why *leſs* than *they* who *in* the ſame *Play* act *various* Perſons?

Tell *us* in good *Earneſt*, you who *have tried* every *Kind* of Life, *which* do you approve *moſt* of all?

All Things *do not agree* with all Men: *None* pleaſes *me* more *than* this *which* I have followed.

Yet *Merchandize* has *many* Inconveniencies.

So *it is*. But *ſeeing* no *Kind* of Life *is without* all *Inconveniencies*, I mind *this* Province *which* I have got.

ſpar-

ſpartam *quam* nactus ſum. *Verum* nunc *ſupereſt* Euſebius, *qui* non gravabitur *explicare* aliquam *ſcænam* ſuæ *vitæ*.

But now *remains* Euſebius, *who* will not think much *to relate* ſome *Scene* of his *Life*.

Eu. Imo *totam* fabulam, *ſi* videtur, *nam* non habet *multos* actus.

Nay *the whole* Play, *if* it ſeems good, *for* it has not *many* Acts.

Gl. Erit *magnopere* gratum.

It will be *very* grateful.

Eu. Ubi *rediiſſem* in patriam, *deliberavi* apud me *annum* quodnam *genus* vitæ *vellem amplecti*: Simulque *exploravi* meipſum, *ad quod* genus *eſſem* propenſus *aut* idoneus. *Interim* præbenda *eſt oblata*, quam vocant, *ſatis opimi* proventus. *Accepi*.

When *I was return'd* into my own Country, *I deliberated* with myſelf a *Year* what *Kind* of Life *I ſhould embrace*. And at the ſame Time *I examined* myſelf, *for what* Kind *I was* inclinable *or* fit. *In the mean Time* a Prebend *was offered me*, as they call it, *of a good rich* Income. *I accepted it*.

Gl. Hoc *genus* vitæ *vulgo* male audit.

This *Sort* of Life *commonly* goes under an ill Name.

Eu. Videtur *mihi* exoptandum *ſatis*, ut *humanæ* res *ſunt*. An putatis *eſſe* mediocrem *felicitatem*, tot *commoda* dari *ſubito* velut *e cælo*, dignitatem, *honeſtas* ædes, *beneque* inſtructas, *ſatis amplos* annuos *reditus*, honorificum *ſodalitium*, deinde *templum*, ubi,

It ſeems *to me* deſirable *enough*, as *human* Affairs *are*. Do you think it *to be* a ſmall *Happineſs*, that ſo many *good Things* ſhould be given a Man *on a ſudden*, as it were *from Heaven*, Honour, *a handſome* Houſe, *and well* furniſhed, *a good large* yearly *Income*, honourable *Company*, and then *a Church*, where, *if* you have

ubi, *si* libeat, *vaces* religioni?

Pa. Illic *luxus* offendebat *me;* et *infamia* concubinarum, *tum* quod *plerique* ejus generis *oderunt* literas.

Eu. Ego *non specto* quid *alii* agunt, *sed* quid *est* agendum *mihi*, et *adjungo* me *melioribus*, si *non possum* reddere *alios* meliores.

Po. Vixisti *perpetuo* in isto *genere?*

Eu. Perpetuo, *nisi* quod *egi* quatuor *annos* primum *Patavi*.

Po. Quamobrem?

Eu. Partitus sum *hos* annos *ita*, ut *darem* sesquiannum *studio* medicinæ, *reliquum tempus* theologiæ.

Po. Cur *id?*

Eu. Quo *melius moderarer* et *animum* et corpus, *et* nonnunquam *consulerem* amicis. *Nam* et concionor *nonnunquam* pro mea sapientia. *Sic* hactenus *vixi* tranquille *satis*, contentus *unico* sacerdotio, *nec ambiens* quidquam *præterea*, recusaturus *etiam* si *offeratur*.

a Mind *you may attend upon* Divine Worship?

There *Luxury* offended *me*, and *the Infamy* of Concubines, *and also* that *most Men* of that Way *hate* Learning.

I *do not regard* what *others* do, *but* what *is* to be done *by me*; and *join* my self *to the better Sort*, if *I cannot* make *others* better.

Have you lived *always* in that *Way?*

Always, *but* that *I spent* four *Years* at first *at Patavium*.

What for?

I divided *those* Years *so*, that *I gave* a Year and a half *to the Study* of Physick, *the rest of my Time* to Divinity.

Why *that?*

That *I might the better manage* both *Mind* and Body, *and* sometimes *assist* my Friends. *For* I preach too *sometimes* according to my Wisdom. *Thus* so far *I have lived* quietly *enough*, content *with one* Living, *and not seeking* for any Thing *besides*, and would refuse it *too*, if *it should be offered*.

Pa. Uti-

Pa. Utinam *liceret* diſcere, *quid* cæteri noſtri ſodales *agant*, quibuſcum *viximus* familiariter.

I wiſh *we could* learn *what* the reſt of our Companions *are doing*, with whom *we lived* familiarly.

Eu. Poſſum *commemorare* quædam *de nonnullis*; ſed *video* nos *non abeſſe* procul *a civitate*; quare, *ſi* videtur, *conveniemus* in idem *diverſorium*. Ibi *per otium* conferemus *de cæteris* affatim.

I can *relate* ſome Things *of ſome of them*; but *I ſee* we *are not* far *from the City*; wherefore, *if* it ſeems good, *we will repair* to the ſame *Inn*. There *at our Leiſure* we will confer *about other Things* at large.

Hugitio Auriga. Unde *nactus es* tam miſeram *ſarcinam*, luſce?

Where *got thou* ſo miſerable *a Luggage*, Blinkard?

Henricus Auriga. Imo, *quo* defers *iſtud* lupanar, *ganeo?*

Nay, *whither* art thou carrying *that* bawdy Company, *thou Rake?*

Hug. Debueras *effundere* iſtos *frigidos* ſenes *alicubi* in urticetum, *ut caleſcerent*.

Thou ſhouldeſt *have thrown* thoſe *frigid* old Fellows *ſomewhere* into a Bed of Nettles, *to warm them*.

Hen. Imo *tu cura* iſtum *gregem*, ut præcipites *alicubi* in profundam *lamam*, ut refrigerentur, *nam* calent plus *ſatis*.

Nay *do thou take Care* of that *Company*, to throw them *ſomewhere* into a deep *Ditch*, to cool, *for* they are more warm than *enough*.

Hug. Non ſoleo *præcipitare* meam *ſarcinam*.

I do not uſe *to overthrow* my *Load*.

Hen. Non? *Atqui* vidi *te* nuper *dejeciſſe* ſex *Carthuſianos* in

No? *But* I ſaw *thee* lately *throw* ſix *Carthuſians* into the Dirt, *ſo* that *they*

cœnum,

cœnum, *ſic* ut *emergerent* nigri, *pro candidis*. Tu *interim* ridebas, *quaſi* re bene geſta.

Hug. Nec injuria; *Dormiebant omnes*, et *addebant* multum *ponderis* currui meo.

Hen. At *mei* ſenes *ſublevarunt* meum *currum* egregie, *per* totum *iter* garrientes *perpetuo*. Nunquam vidi *meliores*.

Hug. Tamen *non ſoles* delectari *talibus*.

Hen. Sed *hi* ſeniculi *ſunt* boni.

Hug. Qui *ſcis?*

Hen. Quia *bibi* per eos *ter* per viam *inſigniter* bonam *cereviſiam*.

Hug. Ha, ha, hæ. *Sic* ſunt *boni* tibi.

came out black, *inſtead of white*. Thou *in the mean Time* laughedſt, *as if* the Thing had been well done.

Not without Reaſon: *They were all aſleep*, and *added* much *Weight* to my Coach.

But *my* old Men *have eaſed* my *Chariot* extraordinarily, *through* the whole *Journey* prating *perpetually*. I never ſaw *better*.

Yet *thou doſt not uſe* to be pleaſed *with ſuch*.

But *theſe* old Fellows *are* good.

How *knoweſt thou?*

Becauſe *I drank* with them *thrice* by the Road *extraordinary* good *Ale*.

Ha, ha, hæ. *So* they are *good* with thee.

FINIS.

Rare
Book.
Room